A. N. C.

JUNE

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
THEODORE DREISER
THE SCOTT FITZGERALD
GIOVANNI GENTILE
FRANCESCO NITTI
JIM TULLY
HILLEL BERNSTEIN
THOMAS BEER
THEODORE PRATT
JOHN R. TUNIS
FRED C. KELLY

FICTION

JACOB WASSERMANN
D. H. LAWRENCE
W. R. BURNETT
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
EDWARD ACHESON
M. C. BLACKMAN
HARRY ASHE
MICHAEL FESSIER
DON WRIGHT

SPORTS

FORD FRICK
CAL JOHNSON
SANDERSON SMITH
HERB GRAFFIS

HUMOR

RAYMOND KNIGHT
WALLACE IRWIN
NORMAN MATSON
JOSEPH SCHRANK
SHELDON DICK

POETRY

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
EVERETT SHINN
GEORGE PETTY
D. McKAY
TY MAHON
SIDNEY HOFF
HOWARD BAER
G. D'ALESSIO

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

INDEX ON PAGE 11

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IN CANADA FIFTY-FIVE CENTS

"Better pick the one with Body by Fisher"

HERE is a wife who is looking at motor cars — she has found the one SHE likes, and wants to be sure her husband agrees... She has told him of the cars she looked at, and he is confirming her judgment with the soundest, briefest, safest advice a buyer can have: "Better pick the one with Body by Fisher"... He knows that means a General Motors car, which tells him all he needs to know about the chassis... He knows that means not only the alluring style and smartness that his wife admires—but also time-tested and owner-approved Fisher No Draft Ventilation — and the comfort of spacious ROOM, generous leg-room, elbow-room, headroom — for every person in the car... In eight words he has shrewdly compressed the sum of the nation's experience with motor cars . . . Seek as you will, there's no better advice for you.

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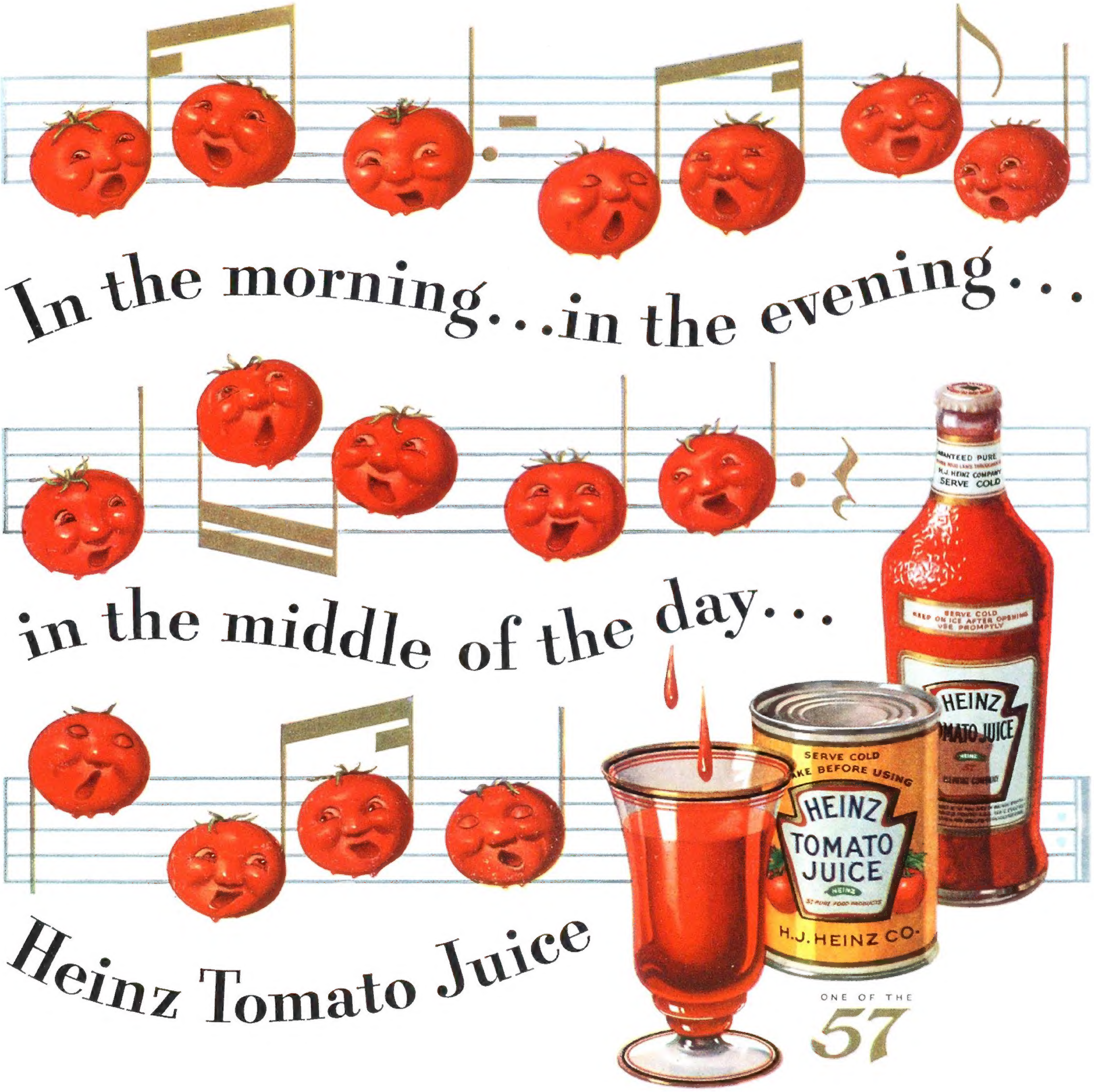
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ONE OF THE
57

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Vol. II No. 1
Whole No. 7

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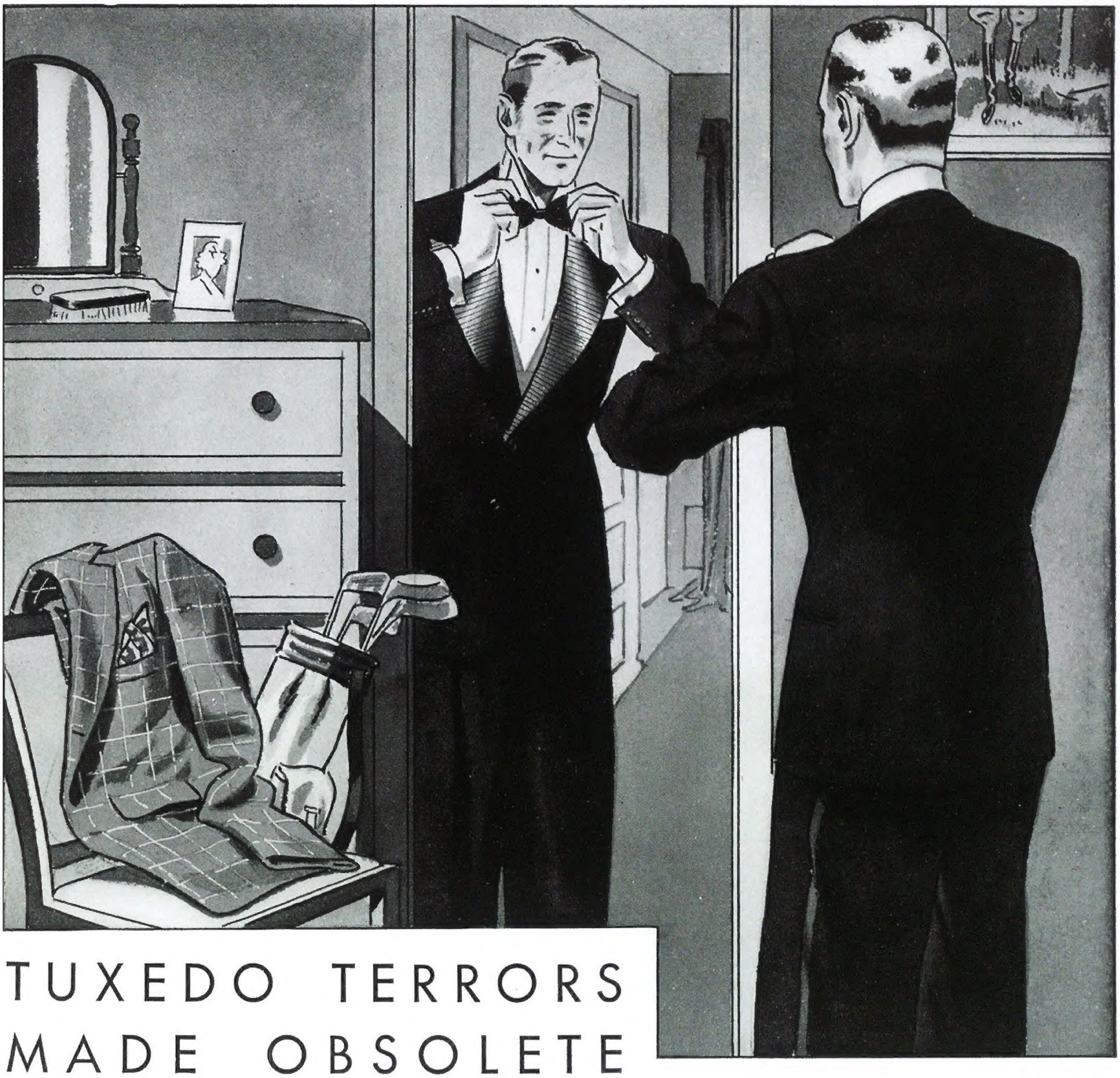

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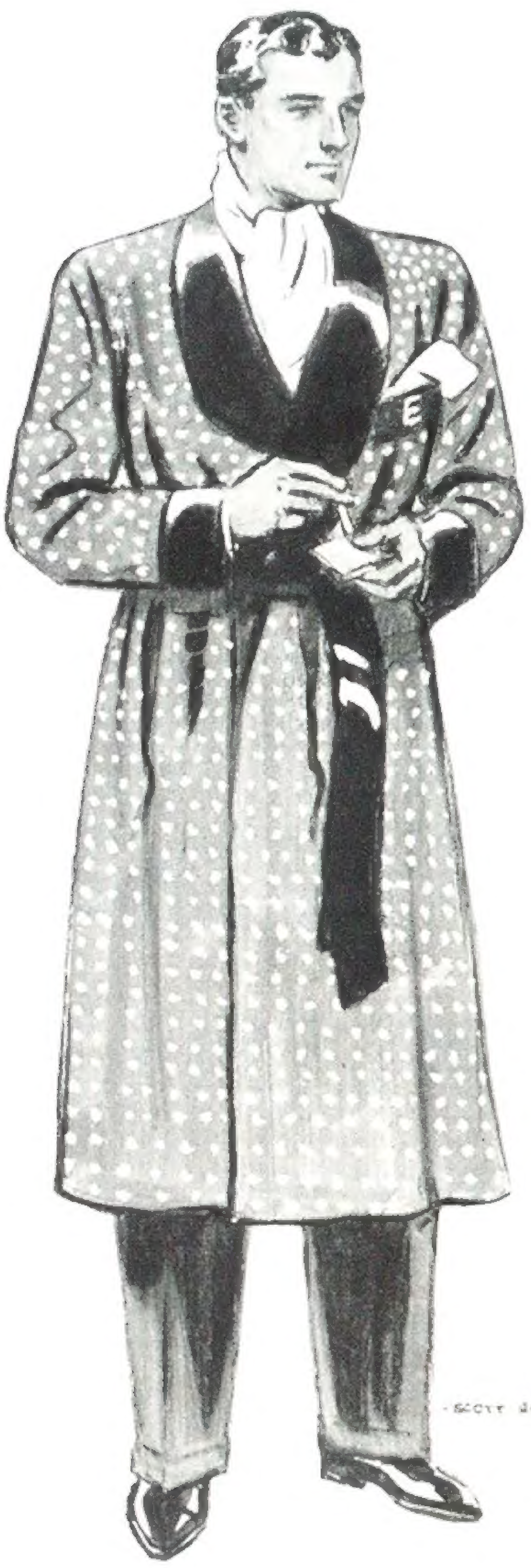
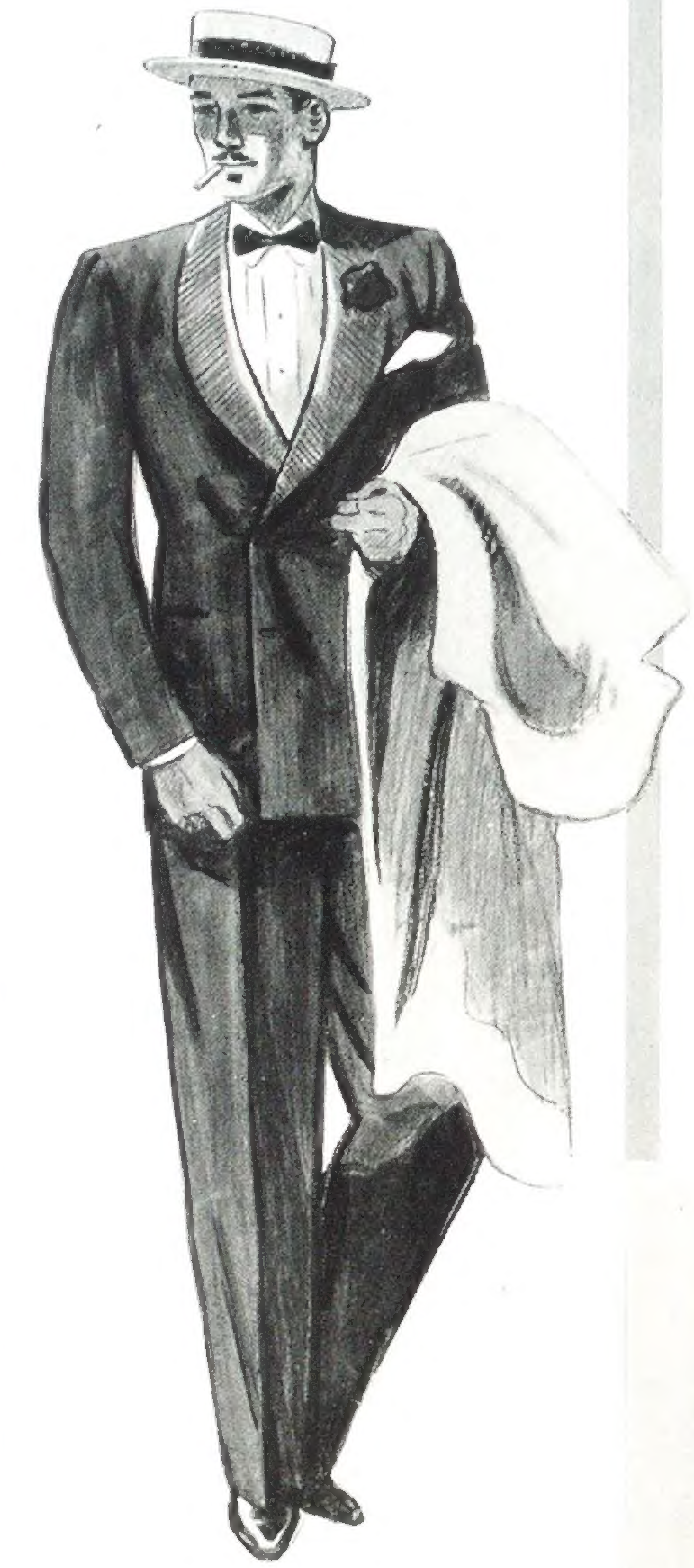
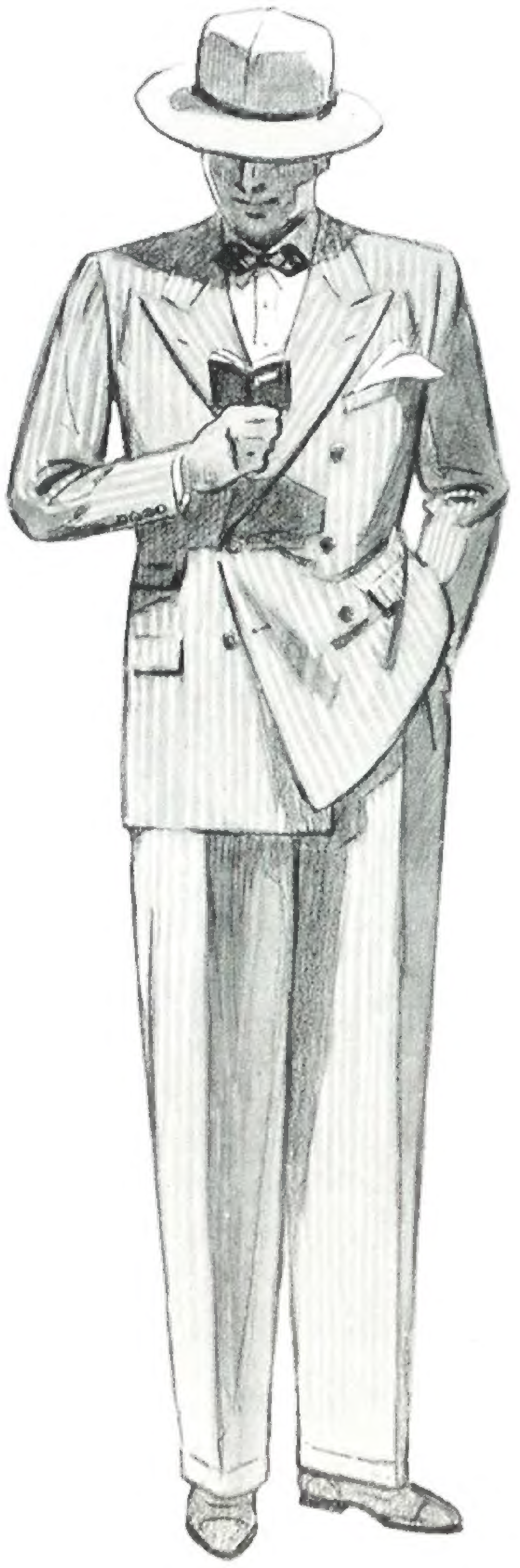


YOU'LL CALL DOWN *many blessings on such a robe as this. Foulard is a grand man's fabric and packs in almost no space. Shawl collar, cuffs, sash—by Skinner. Dots, by the way, are always a help when you want a touch of gentlemanly dash.*



NO NEED TO LET GO *and just wilt, simply because midday heat hangs on after dark. Don a double-breasted, very light-weight dinner jacket. Informal details, as shown, help, too—and are dead to right, along with a Skinner lining and facing.*



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Edited by
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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WM. H. WEINTRAUB

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the new clothes and accessories in sketches ....
by Fellows, Hurd, Sharp, Kling and Erman, beginning on 93

JOHN GROTH, *Art Director*

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

As for the first six months

With this issue, ESQUIRE goes into Volume Two. Volume One was lavished with both cheers and booes for its galaxy of big names; accorded nothing but praise for its representation of unknown authors who got their first break in ESQUIRE. ESQUIRE has consistently followed the program with which it inaugurated Volume One, and has been inconsistently damned for doing so. The Magazine for Men has been panned for not being a magazine for children. The Magazine for Men has been taken to task for being unladylike in its language, and first, last and all the time, the big names have been booed. This doesn't bother us unduly. In fact, ESQUIRE is flattered that its readers react to it quite like they react to a sporting event.

The crowd must have someone to boo at: that's why champions are crowned. It's as natural to over-criticize those who are on top as it is to over-praise those who are still on their way up. We share this weakness ourselves; we get more kick out of digging up an unknown than out of corralling a star of the first magnitude. But we realize that it is just as unfair to our Louis Paul's and Francis Fuhr's to compare them favorably with De Maupassant, on the strength of a single story, as it is to hop on a Hemingway for not pounding out another "Farewell to Arms" every time he takes the top off his typewriter in the course of his travels. We have proved our sincerity in wanting to give the unknowns a break—it is the magazine's most enjoyable single function—but if ESQUIRE's pages were to become populated only by unknowns, the magazine would cease to be a gate worth crashing for the young fellows who have reputations to make.

And as for the months to come

Next month and in the months coming up we will bring you stories by Pirandello, whom you've heard of, and Guido D'Agostino of whom you haven't, by Arnold Zweig, who is famous now, and Robert Smith, who isn't but may be some day. Stick around, it'll be a lively show and, hooting or cheering, you'll at least be amused.

Wait till you hear the one about the doctor who wrestles the sharks, or the one about the gambling system that can't lose and that you won't have the patience to stick to. Or the one about the drinks you've never mixed, or the one about the tricks that forgers use, or about the pleasant ways there are to win a medal, or about the Bushmaster that got loose, or any of a dozen sports stories—brother, you ain't heard nothin' yet.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PEGLER'S OVERDUE

Esquire is looking up. Rapid strides certainly have been taken.

On the other side of the ledger, Ludwig still appears to be capitalizing a name fast becoming deliquescent through sloppy choice of subject matter, indifferent writing. Fessier, after a significant start, flopped dismally on his "I Died Last Year." Knight remains consistently unfunny, reputation or no. Vin Richards might have rewritten any three of Tunis' net items in his US weekly chatter. Langston Hughes' stab at simple realism laid an egg: it served its purpose through pre-publication hullabaloo, masterfully handled. Levin's doggerel was superfluous to the clever art in the Huey Long feature. McFee's "Little Angevine" opening was notably plodding. Byron Bishop's synthetic goo merited the Backstage apology.

Far and away the best item was Robert Allen's Washington comment: more, please! "a. d. in Africa" was superbly humorous—thanks, Mr. Hemingway. H. E. Bates, Cap. Grant, Sholom Asch, Georges d'Esparbes, Bercovici, de Casseres, Surdez, Layng, Paul Kearney rang the bell. Rascoe, for the first time, was Rascoe. Robert Buckner is sure-fire. Clothes, art, and comment remains unquestionably excellent. Now, how about more Pegler? Mencken, Broun, Cabell, Stan Walker, Ed C. Hill are worth a shot.

Sincerely,
Dallas, Texas — Raymond B. Brock

BEASLEY WROTE IN FEBRUARY

To a keen follower of sports your articles by Hugh Fullerton and Mercer Beasley let me down considerably. Beasley's must have been written three or four months ago, as Lester Stoeffen is now considered the best bet for the Davis Cup team with Shields, Wood, and Allison battling for the other singles post. Van Ryn is definitely out of the doubles.

As for Hugh Fullerton's discourse on the evolution of the baseball, why not choose a more timely topic such as the one this same writer used in the April 21st issue of Liberty—How the Big League Teams Shape Up This Year.

Dean Cromwell's "Wrecking the Records" in the March issue was great; also let's have another shot of straight literary gin as served by Paul Gallico.

Notwithstanding the above, I think Esquire is tops in its field.

Yours truly,
West New York, N. J. — Milton J. Obercian

TAKE A BOW, MR. WILKINS

It is to be assumed, of course, that Esquire has published the letter of John Grimball Wilkins in its original form. Referring to Langston Hughes' "masterpiece," Mr. Wilkins leaves us high and dry in search of a word to adequately describe his own little literary gem.

I do not question Mr. Wilkins' criticism of the story referred to—he may be excused on, let us say, geographical grounds—but it becomes somewhat of a strain on fair play to excuse the gentleman from having put forth that criticism in such a shambles of incorrect punctuation. In particularly bad taste was his concluding "slam" at those intellectuals that seem so to annoy him.

An American might find it to be a most futile business to "bawl out" a Frenchman in English, Mr. Wilkins.

Locust Valley, N. Y. — Thomas R. Pynchon

MAUPASSANT WAS GOOD, TOO

Good work you're doing on giving the new writers a chance!

Louis Paul and Francis Fuhr can stand up before Maupassant in the quality of their single achievements and your policy of giving new writers a hearing can help them on the quantity.

St. Stephens College — Prof. Ed. N. Voorhees
Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

JUST ANOTHER CHICAGO MURDER

It's too bad that a magazine with merit should be handicapped by a Chicago address particularly when nothing but the *address* links your publication to the city of hogs and cattle. I see nothing in the April issue with a reference to Chicago but a Kuppenheimer clothing ad. Everything else is the East.

Your periodical rates a New York address; reads New York; looks New York, and would undoubtedly succeed were it a New York publication, but you cannot expect a Chicago publication to go over here, even though it be as classy as yours. Easterners are prejudiced against anything with a Chicago background and justly so because of publicity given gang wars and gun men. What easterner would buy a Chicago magazine to obtain a line on smarter styles in clothing or hats? It's ridiculous, isn't it? Particularly styles emanating from a hick town like Chicago. As I say, all reference to wearing apparel, both men and women, looks New York, but the fact that the publication comes from Chicago kills it.

Yours truly,
New York City — E. H. Cole

STRAIGHT PRAISE: WE'RE SLIPPING

There is always one thing that is not objectionable to real men, and that is diversified reading matter. I venture to add that Esquire represents this.

Since I began reading Esquire, I have been careful to fondle each issue until I was sure of having perused its entire contents. This is excellent for a book to a man who heretofore merely glanced at magazines.

Esquire is neatly and properly arranged, the binding is fair, and as a whole the printed matter is acceptable.

Continue with the good drawings by E. Simms Campbell and Ty Mahon, also a hand to the stylists. Neither my friends nor I have found anything undesirable in the writing of Langston Hughes—more power to your entire staff.

So keep the good ship Esquire asail regardless of that element of readers who aren't even satisfied with themselves.

Success from a dyed-in-the-wool Esquire enthusiast—

New Orleans, La. — Elbert J. Durden

SEE JULY: "PITCHERS GROW TIRED"

You have a fine mag and trust you hold it to the level it has now established for itself. Even we "bible belt" residents get a bang out of it.

May I add my suggestions to the many you have already received, reiterating some of the desires of others?

I'd like to see a hobby section. Make it wood working one month, possibly stamp collecting another, gardening another, horses another, and then there's hunting and a score of others. I think it would "take" with the readers.

From a sports angle let's have more yarns like that undertaker's convention by Paul Gallico. Then Westbrook Pegler had better forget about the nation's problems and return to the sports field where he can be entertaining. If you could swing that for Esquire it sure wouldn't harm anything.

I'd also like to see some baseball and golfing yarns, especially baseball. That's the sport of the midwesterner in the summertime.

Respectfully,
Council Bluffs, Iowa — Harry Mauck, Jr.
Sports Editor

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

Your story, "A Good Job Gone," much-touted as it was, was not such a good job done. Langston Hughes has written much better short stories. And he can write much better stuff. I know it, and I suspect that he knows it.

I don't want to cavil, but in general the one serious criticism I have to make is that you print too many solicited authors. As I imagine the process, you ask an author of good reputation for some of his work. He responds with alacrity, of course, dips into his waste basket for his latest rejection and presto! the stuff is featured in Esquire!

Am I right? If I am wrong, here are my apologies; and, incidentally, my congratulations for a good magazine.

New York City — Edward Fiess

Editor's Note: Most Esquire articles are written to order. This is true of all that carry well known names. If and when they flop, you would do well to remember that the responsibility is at least half ours, for picking the right man for the wrong subject, or vice versa. As for fiction, that of the unknowns has often traveled a good deal, while that of the well known is usually purchased prior to its completion. A notable exception: Paul Gallico's undertaker story, "Keeping Cool at Conneaut," which was turned down by almost every paying magazine you've ever heard of, and which proved to be one of Esquire's most memorable hits.

"THOSE WHO CAN'T, TEACH"

I read with much interest, yet with apparent dismay, the article written by Mercer Beasley in the May issue of "Esquire."

Mercer Beasley shows the apparent faults of each of the top ranking players, but he fails to show desirable remedies for these faults. For instance, he says that Crawford does not fear speed, but he does fear accuracy coupled with speed such as Perry gave him in the American finals. Even a beginner knows that accuracy and speed is more effective than speed itself.

Beasley goes on to say that the United States cannot play a waiting game because of their lack of *patience*. This is entirely untrue, but there is no doubt that the offensive players have had the greatest success throughout the world.

He goes on to say that he is of the opinion that the Davis Cup team should be prepared to play each individual player exactly as he should be played. No general plan will do. Crawford, Austin, Perry, in fact every player must be played differently. I disagree with Mercer Beasley strongly upon this particular point. He is absurd in this statement. He does not realize the amount of work this would entail. Imagine trying to make Shields change his Davis Cup tactics within the course of one Davis Cup play! There is no doubt in my mind that a player can be more effective if he concentrates upon one style of play than if he has to change his style three times within the course of a month. Mercer Beasley never played the game to any extent! He only taught the game. A person has more time when teaching than when playing to react to certain conditions. Why is it then that Mercer Beasley never acquired accuracy in the game himself?

Mercer Beasley believes the correct time to name the team for Davis Cup play is just before sailing time. Does Beasley realize the mental strain that would be upon the players because of uncertainty whether they were going to play or not?

In my opinion Mercer Beasley because of his lack of experience in competitive play has failed to consider the mental condition of the player under strain and his reaction to stimuli. If Mercer Beasley was more a student of psychology he would realize that his ideas would only work when applied to machinery and not to human beings.

Yours, for a fairer criticism on sports and the players,
Newark, New Jersey — Morton Schloss

SCENARIO FOR D. McKAY

This really happened!

During the still-remembered cold spell, a city nurse in one of our big factory towns heard of a family that was up against it. The father had been dead three years . . . there was no wage earner in the family . . . there *were* lots of children.

So the C. N. sallied forth, bent on good works.

Things were worse than even she had expected. No food . . . little clothing . . . dirt by the tonsful . . . wind whistling through the cracks, AND . . .

Two suspiciously small babies, considering that the father had been dead for three years!

Up went the eyebrows of the City Nurse!

"Didn't I understand your husband is dead?" she asked!

The reply was prompt . . .

"Yes, but *I* ain't!"

Sincerely,
Columbus, Ohio — Harriet Hilleboe

WHO'S AFRAID OF A BIG FAT CAT?

I simply cannot understand how you can print a magazine at such a high intellectual level and sell it to the general public. I am wondering how long you can keep it up.

Two forces are bound to defeat you—morons protesting the "morality" of your publication, and Fat Cat Advertisers who I am sure think you are not "conservative" enough.

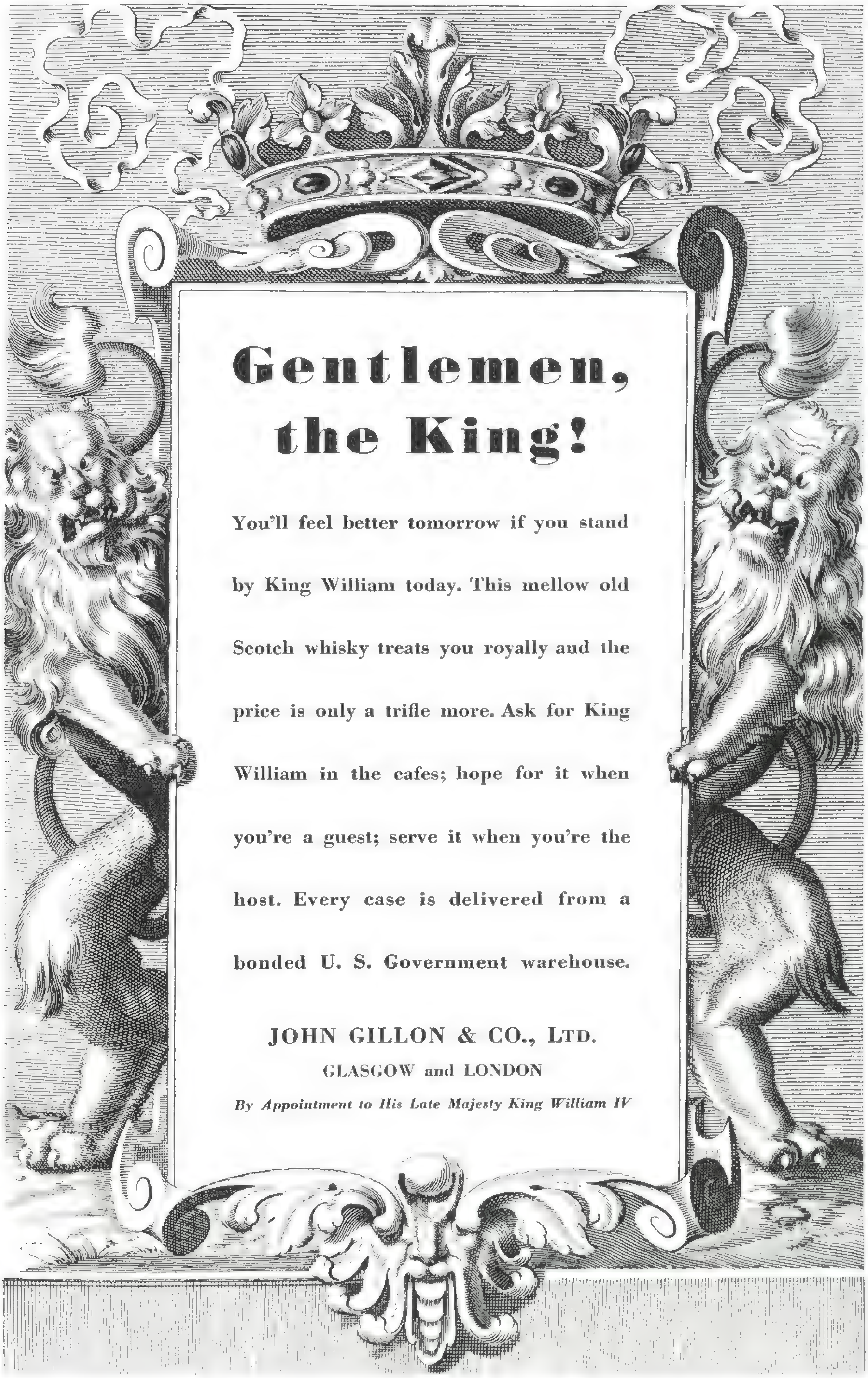
Your present policy may succeed—that is, sprinkling intelligent articles in with those catering to the patriotic society boys. In this way, you may please everybody.

But I can as well imagine the "Nation" featuring Mark Sullivan, or the Saturday Evening Post deviating from its Boy Scout, Good Old Days, Dog Eat Dog philosophy.

Of course President Roosevelt seems to walk well on stilts, one labelled Right Wing, the other Left, but can you birds master his technic?

Sincerely,
Minneapolis, Minnesota — Ed. Sabin

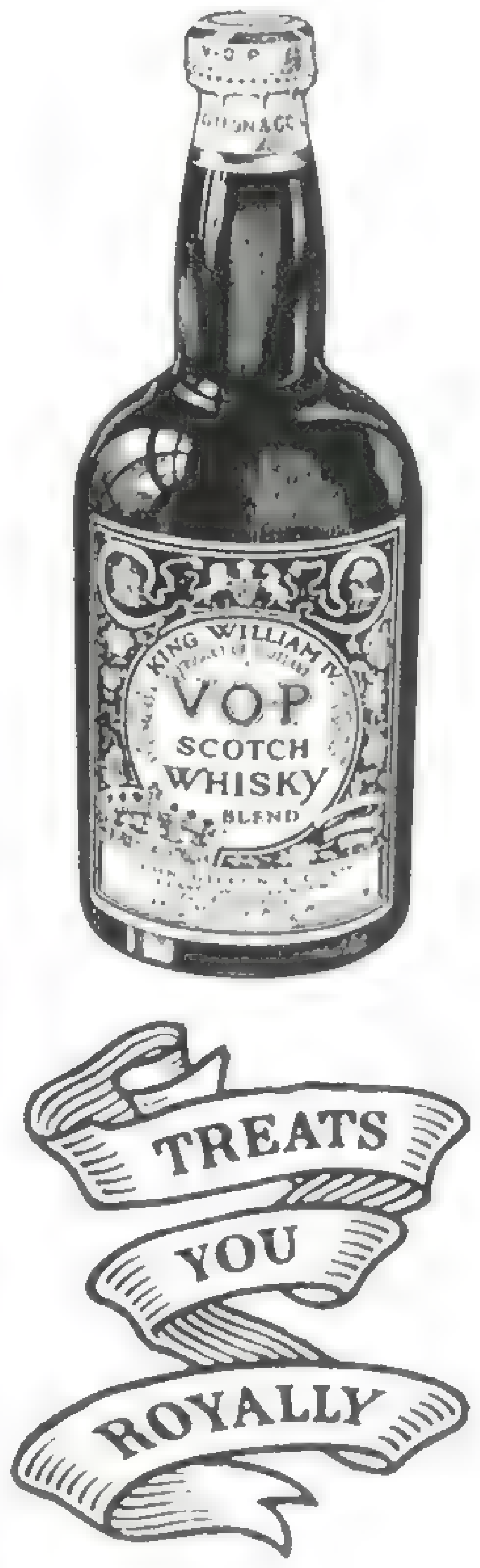
Continued on page 144



Gentlemen, the King!

You'll feel better tomorrow if you stand by King William today. This mellow old Scotch whisky treats you royally and the price is only a trifle more. Ask for King William in the cafes; hope for it when you're a guest; serve it when you're the host. Every case is delivered from a bonded U. S. Government warehouse.

JOHN GILLON & CO., LTD.
GLASGOW and LONDON
By Appointment to His Late Majesty King William IV



KING WILLIAM IV V·O·P SCOTCH WHISKY

Sole U. S. Distributor • BLUEBELL IMPORTING CORPORATION, Graybar Building, New York

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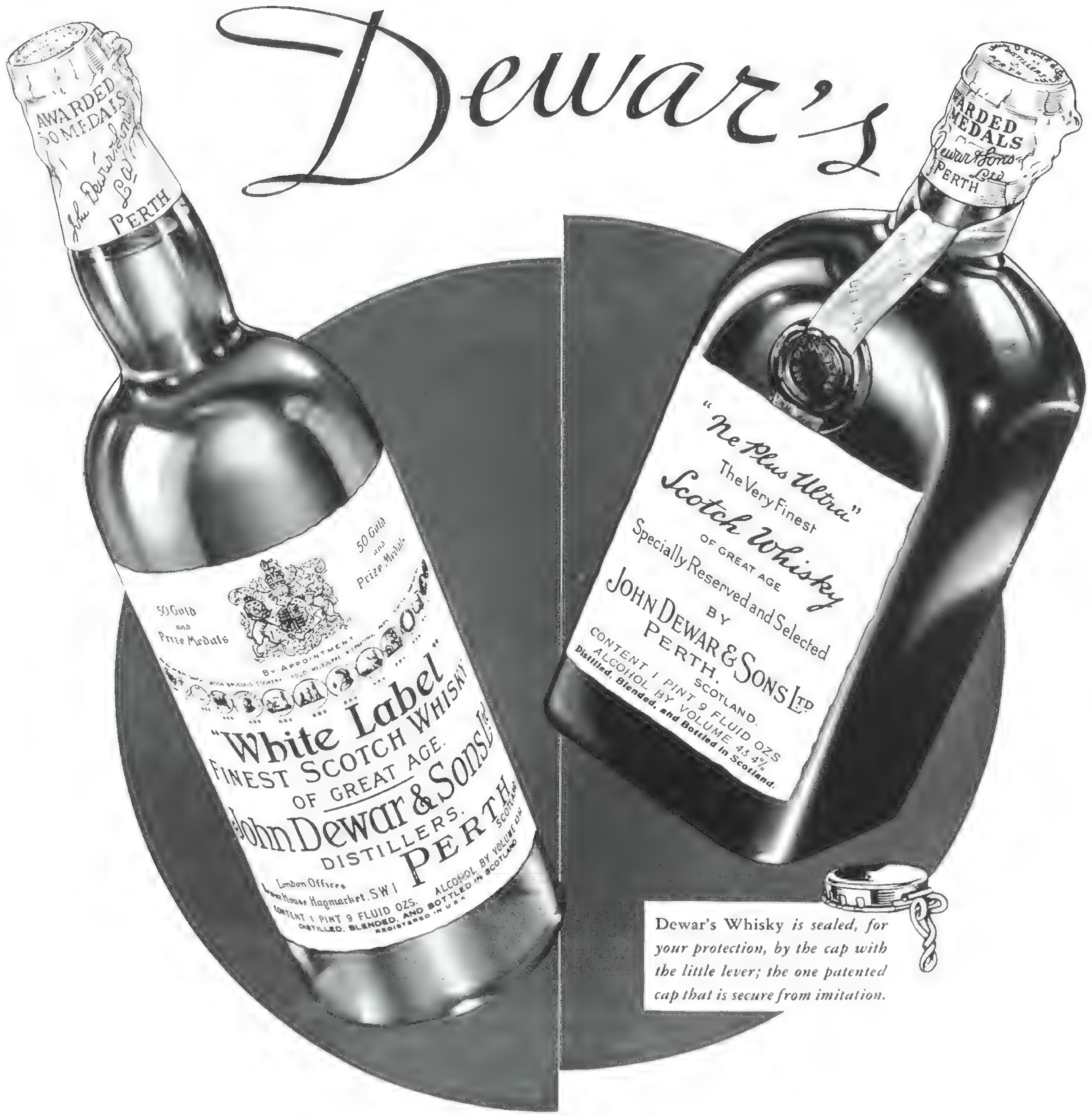
The world's best answer to "What will you have?"....


Dewar's
AWARDED 50 MEDALS
PERTH
50 Gold and Prize Medals
By Appointment
"White Label"
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
OF GREAT AGE.
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS.
PERTH
SCOTLAND
London Offices
Dewar House Haymarket. SW1
CONTENT 1 PINT 9 FLUID OZS.
ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
DISTILLED, BLENDED, AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
REGISTERED IN U.S.A.
AWARDED MEDALS
Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH
"Ne Plus Ultra"
The Very Finest
Scotch Whisky
OF GREAT AGE
Specially Reserved and Selected
BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH, SCOTLAND.
CONTENT 1 PINT 9 FLUID OZS
ALCOHOL BY VOLUME 43.4%
Distilled, Blended, and Bottled in Scotland.

Dewar's Whisky *is sealed, for your protection, by the cap with the little lever; the one patented cap that is secure from imitation.*

Because the delicious flavour and friendly mellowness of Dewar's "White Label" and "Ne Plus Ultra" have established them as the standards of good taste all over the globe

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., 230 Park Avenue, New York . . . 1 North LaSalle Street, Chicago . . . 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

We admire your magazine and especially do we appreciate the fact that it never lets down its amusing qualities, its sophistication and, in general, its smartness. Anybody who considers it on a level with "Ballyhoo" isn't smart enough to figure out the answers and recognize the subtleties. We thought, at first, that a copy of "ESQUIRE" looked quite fetching on a bed table in a girls' dormitory, but we find it impossible to keep it there.

Very sincerely,
Ohio State University JEAN EVANS
Columbus, Ohio JANE WALDEN

THERE ARE OTHERS COMING UP

Of course, I, too, like William McFee's stories either in one dose or two—especially his sea stories.

New York M. D. PRENTISS

ANOTHER CALL TO NEWTON CENTRE

"The agent had to pay for them." In a recent issue a letter appeared under this caption. The fact that P. A. McGill resides in Newton Centre, Mass., which locale originated the idea for the first book censor group, is almost an explanation of his per-fervidity (?) antagonistic to ESQUIRE's cartoons.

We can get black and white pictures off tobacco cans, artistic satisfaction in the local art mausoleums; business conditions need no comment and if they did there are plenty of papers filled with it; house construction data floods the country and any dude knows his own hobbies and don't care for yours. I know because I have a hobby (wood working) and I don't care whether anyone else has one or not.

Well, P. A. M., old man, keep up the good work because it has the same result as book censorship—if you want a book to run into several editions just tell our great American public it is trashy, vulgar and not fit to read. I say more power to our Massachusetts friend.

Omaha, Neb. D. L. DECKER

THANKS TO DARTMOUTH MASCULINITY

You will undoubtedly be interested in knowing that the Dartmouth seniors, in their annual spring ballot on preferences, named ESQUIRE as their favorite magazine. I am not quite decided whether to congratulate ESQUIRE upon its ability to please discriminating readers or to congratulate the senior class for providing another evidence of Dartmouth's famed masculinity.

I pass this along to you in no official capacity, but merely as an item from one who admires your aims and the success with which you achieve them.

Sincerely yours,
Offices of Administration CHARLES E. WIDMAYER
Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

COME EAST, YOUNG MAN

The boys out here at the Rocking Arrow Ranch get a great kick out of your fashion plates, but last night they almost came to blows over them. Why? Well, you see the foreman innocently claimed that in the east, men actually dress like that! Whereupon he was presented with a hearty horse laugh—all of which, as mentioned before, almost resulted in a general free-for-all.

So, we ask you. Do they? But whether they do or not, we'll still probably get the usual laugh out of those pages every month. How about having lots more of them? You see we don't get to town very often, so we have little to do but bust broncs, fish, hunt, and putter around in the mountains. Your fashion plates, therefore, relieve the monotony no end. Or something.

And in case you're interested, here's what the well-dressed cowboy will be wearing this summer:

Levi-Straus jumpers and jackets
Stetson hats (brim slightly narrower than last year)
Kangaroo hide boots with undershot heels
Black shirts (they stay clean longer)
Accessories
Paddy Ryan spurs
Samson Spot cord lariats
Plain cowhide chaps
How about our fashion plate?

Sincerely,
NIBBS, BUMPS, TOM, AND DAVID
Bozeman, Montana The Boys at the
ROCKING ARROW

Continued on page 165

TO THE MANOR BORNE

Butlers rush to the phone—bellhops leap for their trays—when the master of the house finds his Barbasol tube squeezed flat. This finest of brushless shaving creams is indispensable to gentlemen of fastidious taste and time-table habits. It soothes and heals grim jowls. Promptly subdues vigorous stubble. And achieves these polite miracles in a jiffy. One simply wets the face—rubs it on—and shaves it off! A procedure that daily saves many priceless morning moments . . . . Remember, too, that Barbasol now makes a brilliant new razor blade, sharp as a scalpel, twenty-five cents for five.

Barbasol
Barbasol
Barbasol

BARBASOL

Barbasol presents EDWIN C. HILL,
news commentator, C. B. S.
See local newspapers for time

FOR MODERN SHAVING: NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB-IN

INTEGRITY

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS is the sort of newspaper that decent people TIE TO . . . . . Die-cut in steel and of long standing, its policies can not be changed . . . . . It knows no master but RIGHT and no allegiance except to the people . . . . . No class, no cult, no clique can influence its columns, for there are no back doors to its editorial rooms and its writing men cannot be "reached" . . . . . In every crisis it has stood FOUR-SQUARE for CHICAGO against any who have sought to further themselves at the expense of the people . . . . . All this Chicago knows, to the end that Chicago has come to believe in The Daily News as it believes in no other newspaper . . . . . A fact quick to be recognized by advertisers, for they too want the confidence and support of Chicago.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's largest daily home circulation

"MUMM'S

Société Vinicole de Champagne-Successeur

the word"

from the
CHAMPAGNE
district of
France

CONTENTS 26 FLUID OUNCES
1928 VINTAGE
1928 VINTAGE
G.H.MUMM & Co REIMS
Extra Dry
Champagne
G.H.Mumm & Co
SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE. SUCCESSEUR
REIMS
FRANCE
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH BY VOLUME 13%
G.H.MUMM & Co
REIMS
CORDON RO
1926
CHAMPAGNE TRES SEC

G.H.Mumm & Co

SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE_SUCCESSEUR

REIMS

Our Champagne wines are made from the finest grapes and particularly appeal to the cultivated taste. Our cellars, since 1854, have uninterruptedly held reserves of Champagne wines.

G. H. MUMM CHAMPAGNE (SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCESSORS) AND ASSOCIATES, INCORPORATED
LA MAISON FRANÇAISE...610 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

© 1934, G. H. Mumm & Co.

This advertisement is not intended to apply in States where sale or advertising of wine is unlawful.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Robert Snider

Discovery of the Month is **Robert Snider** whose first story to appear in print is *Without Flowers*, which is on page 48. He is twenty years old (born at Rock Island, Illinois, November 26, 1913), has lived in Chicago since the age of two, started writing (apparently very soon after arriving in Chicago) by contributing verse and skits to Vick Knox' column in the old Chicago Evening Post. He is sensitive on the subject of his extreme youth and is given to bragging of the fact that he remembers the Ziegfeld Follies of 1917, which he saw from his mother's lap.

•

Both **F. Scott** and **Zelda Fitzgerald** have crashed the public prints since the last issue, he with notices of his new book, *Tender is the Night*, and she with an exhibition of her paintings in a New York gallery.

•

Jim Tully has returned to his home in California after spending a week with **Diego Rivera** in Mexico. During his visit, Rivera painted his portrait and gave him material for an article which will appear in an early issue.

•

W. R. Burnett is the author of *Little Caesar*, *Iron Man*, *St. Johnson*, and *Dark Hazard*. He has a one-third claim, with **Dashiel Hammet** and **Ernest Hemingway**, on the title of Toughest Egg in American Letters.

•

Jacob Wassermann died on New Year's Day. His books were burned in the now famous Nazi book fire. Although at the time of his death he was only sixty years of age, he had published forty full books, the last of which, *Joseph Kerkhoven's Third Existence*, was completed only a few weeks before his death. It had to be brought out by a Dutch publishing house which has a German language branch that has become the forum for German authors whose works have been banned from the Third Reich. It is said that one section of the Maurizius Case, consisting of some fifty pages, was rewritten twenty-two times before Wassermann would allow it to stand. Whether persecution hastened his death is hard to say, but it's a cinch that it didn't prolong his life.

•

John V. A. Weaver is in Hollywood on a writing job. He wrote *Gentian for Dreams*, which appears on page 66, all by himself, but admits having cribbed the plot idea from his wife, Peggy Wood.

•

Sanderson Smith is twenty-three, was born in Washington but has been a resident of the Stanford campus for most of his life. He learned to swim at six, competed at high school as swimmer and fancy diver, turned pro after winning his letter as a sophomore at Stanford, has been teaching, coaching and officiating since.

Hillel Bernstein is the author of *L'Affaire Jones*, his first novel, which was the Literary Guild selection for January. He got his first newspaper training as a member of the staff of the New York Evening Sun, and later spent five years on the staffs of Paris newspapers. At other times he has worked as a farmhand and has served in the United States Navy.

•

Frederic Glover is a graduate of Leland Stanford University, class of '33, now doing post graduate work in Germany.

•

John Earle Uhler has made a name for himself as *The Bad Boy of the Faculty* at a certain Louisiana University.

•

Theodore Pratt is the fellow who created such a furor in Majorca last summer with his American Mercury article, *Paradise Enjoys a Boom.* His villa was bombed and attacked by a mob who threatened to lynch him and he was saved only by the calling out of the National Guard. He had to leave Majorca in a great hurry and the matter became an international incident. He is thirty, was born in Minneapolis and now lives in New Rochelle. He has just finished a novel, *Not Without The Wedding*, with a thinly disguised Majorcan background, which will be published by Dutton's.

Ty Mahon

Ty Mahon finally had his picture taken. One of the things you probably never knew about him until now is the fact that he illustrated Erskine Caldwell's first novel, *The Bastard*, which was privately printed in 1929, and of which the first two hundred copies were signed by the illustrator as well as the author.

•

Ralph Bandini is a member of the board of directors of the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina Island—which may or may not make you more willing to believe his strange yarn, *I Saw a Seamonster*, which appears on page 90 and is one of the *Musts*, of this issue.

•

Don Wright is an advertising man, now in New York and late of points east, who prefers writing to either golf or poker as a pastime for leisure hours.

•

Norman Matson is the author of three novels, one book of non-fiction, and co-author (with Susan Glaspell) of a play. He is now working on both a novel and a play, as well as keeping up production on short fiction.

•

Parke Hanley is a New Yorker who has worked on various Manhattan newspapers, was for a time associate editor of *Adventure* and is now fiction editor of *Liberty*.

Sigmund Spaeth is *the tune detective* of radio, a Ph. D. from Princeton, a popular speaker and writer on music, and, in general, a pretty lively entertainer in any medium. In addition to his writing of radio programs, he has appeared in a number of movie shorts of his own creation and has been on the stage this past season, at the Radio City Music Hall, and on Sunday Nights at Nine, at the Barbizon-Plaza.

•

Joseph Schrank plaintively rises to inquire whether you are as sick of reading stuff with a Paris background as he is of writing it. We've kept after him for four months in a row, acting in the interests of the popular demand, and he wishes he'd never seen the place.

•

M. C. Blackman told you all about himself in *I Am An Unknown Writer* in the February issue of Esquire, although you didn't know it at the time. For that matter, neither did we, which makes it a horse apiece.

•

You can read all about **Thomas Beer** in *Who's Who*, of which we haven't a copy. He is the author of *The Mauve Decade*, which wasn't a novel, and of *The Fair Reward*, which was, and of other books whose names we can't remember. He has been in Nantucket for the past winter, apparently pondering, but not brooding, on the ways of editors.

•

It is unfair to classify **D. H. Lawrence** as the author of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, as we did in the subhead to *Strike-Pay* on page 54, as unfair as it is to classify Cabell as the author of *Jurgen*. He deserves to be remembered as the author of many other fine books too, not the least notable of which is *Sons and Lovers* which has the same background as that of the present story.

•

John R. Tunis lives at Rowayton, Connecticut and writes on tennis for everybody but us.

•

Day Edgar, as you might guess from *Campus Blues* on page 72, is a Princeton graduate. He teaches short story writing at Temple University.

•

Herb Graffis is the editor and entrepreneur of *Golfing*, characterized as a magazine that reaches America's finest thirsts. The only Northshore place that harbors more dogs than his is Mrs. Castle McLaughlin's Orphans of the Storm.

Maurice Freed

Maurice Freed is the subject of a biographical note by John Groth on page 87.

Harry Ashe has been Senator McAdoo's personal pilot for the past four and a half years. They commute between California and Washington and, as this is written, the count of their flights across the United States stands at fifty-one. He is thirty-seven and held the rank of first lieutenant in the air service during the war. He has sold a few stories to various adventure magazines, but this is his first appearance in slick paper. He records his ambitions as: to write well and to marry Enid Sutherland. We've no idea how he's doing on the second objective, but we think he has fairly well caught up with the first.

•

Bruce L. Henry lives in Detroit, is an essayist and reporter at large with a leaning toward esoterica—his own coy way of saying that he has his nose in other people's affairs. He has been a rep show actor, radio commentator, criminal investigator, press agent and journalistic ghost. Last year he wrote a widely published series of articles campaigning for free comfort stations at the Century of Progress Exposition. This year there will be free comfort stations. He's pretty proud.

•

Michael Fessier has been too busy turning out stories to have had time to add any major facts to the brief biography which accompanied his first published appearance in our February issue.

Sheldon Dick

Sheldon Dick is twenty-seven years old, son of A. B. Dick of Chicago, graduate of the Hill School and of Cambridge University. He was a literary agent until early this spring, when he gave up his business to write. He is at Truro, Cape Cod, for the summer.

•

Wallace Irwin says: "My father followed silver mining to Leadville, Colorado, when I was four, and my brother, Will, a shade older. The first night I was in Colorado a man was shot under our window. The last night I was in Colorado I saw a man shot in a saloon. I have never been back . . . I got out of San Francisco three years before the earthquake, and published my first book, *Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum*. It had a huge sale, but as it was a twenty-five cent book, it didn't make the author rich. The subsequent sale of a nautical rhyme to The Saturday Evening Post—something about an educated shark and a pretty girl—set me up mightily. After that things didn't go so well, but I have been writing ever since."

•

Everett Shinn has long been familiar to the magazine reading public as an illustrator, but the drawing on page 34 represents his debut as a cartoonist.

•

Edward Acheson is the son of the Bishop of Connecticut and the brother of Dean Acheson of the Treasury Department. He has had two books published by Morrow and has written for a number of magazines.

Viva Cuba
she gave us
BACARDI

Mark of Merit
Schenley
Ron
Bacardi Superior
BACARDI Y Cia
SANTIAGO de CUBA

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AND well has Cuba earned the heart-felt toast she gets all over the world. A toast in Bacardi! What could be smoother, more delightful? So, "Viva Cuba!" And to you, long life and many glorious sips of Bacardi, the liquor that shows its age in every mellow drop—always at least four years in the wood. Send for the internationally famous Bacardi chart that tells you how to mix 25 cocktails the whole world loves. It's yours for the asking. Just write to Schenley, enclosing a 2¢ stamp, Room 407, 18 W. 40th St., N. Y.

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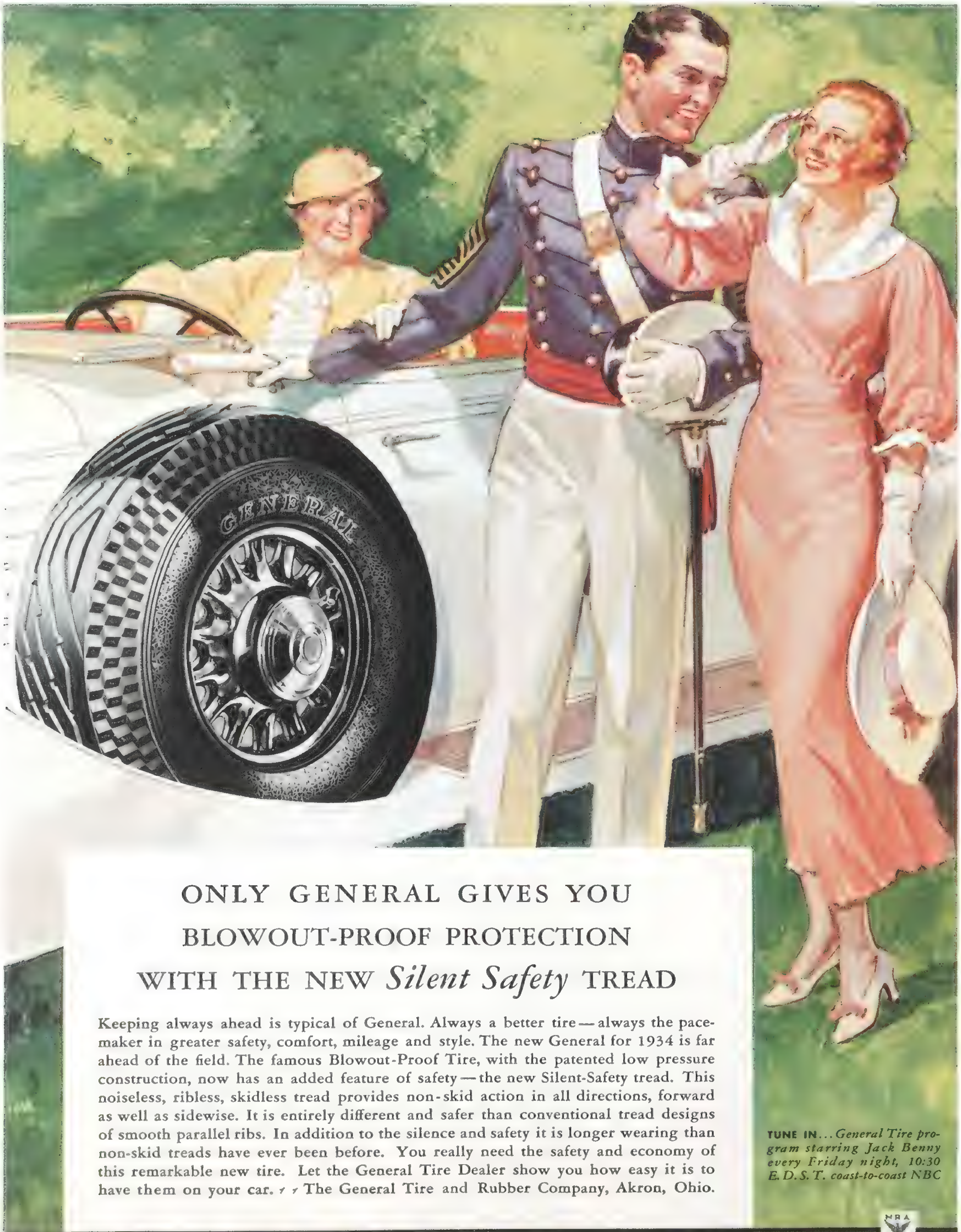

ONLY GENERAL GIVES YOU BLOWOUT-PROOF PROTECTION WITH THE NEW *Silent Safety* TREAD

Keeping always ahead is typical of General. Always a better tire — always the pacemaker in greater safety, comfort, mileage and style. The new General for 1934 is far ahead of the field. The famous Blowout-Proof Tire, with the patented low pressure construction, now has an added feature of safety — the new Silent-Safety tread. This noiseless, ribless, skidless tread provides non-skid action in all directions, forward as well as sidewise. It is entirely different and safer than conventional tread designs of smooth parallel ribs. In addition to the silence and safety it is longer wearing than non-skid treads have ever been before. You really need the safety and economy of this remarkable new tire. Let the General Tire Dealer show you how easy it is to have them on your car. › › The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

TUNE IN... *General Tire program starring Jack Benny every Friday night, 10:30 E. D. S. T. coast-to-coast NBC*

The New **GENERAL** *Dual*-BALLOON

THE BLOWOUT-PROOF TIRE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF., T. M. 290,295

Shootism versus Sport

The Second Tanganyika Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THERE are two ways to murder a lion. One is to shoot him from a motor car, the other, to shoot him at night with a flashlight from a platform or the shelter of a thorn boma, or blind, as he comes to feed on a bait placed by the shootist or his guide. (Tourists who shoot in Africa are called shootists to distinguish them from sportsmen.) These two ways to murder lion rank, as sport, with dynamiting trout or harpooning swordfish. Yet many men who go to Africa and return to think of themselves as sportsmen and big game hunters, have killed lions from motor cars or from blinds.

The Serengetti plain is the great lion country of present day Africa and the Serengetti is a motor car proposition. The distances between water are too great for it to have been reached and hunted in the old foot safari days, and that was what preserved it. The game migrations, which are determined by the food which is produced by an often casual and unpredictable rainfall, are movements over hundreds of miles, and you may drive seventy-five or a hundred miles over a brown, dry, parched, dusty waste without seeing a head of game, to come suddenly onto a rise of green horizon broken and edged with the black of wildebeeste as far as you can see. It is because of these distances that you must use the motor car in hunting the Serengetti, since your camp must be on a water hole and the game may be over half a day's march away on the plain.

Now a lion, when you locate him in the morning after he has fed, will have only one idea if he sees a man, to get away into cover where the man will not trouble him. Until he is wounded, that lion will not be dangerous unless you come on him unexpectedly, so closely that you startle him, or unless he is on a kill and does not want to leave it.

If you approach the lion in a motor car, the lion will not see you. His eyes can only distinguish the outline or silhouette of objects, and, because it is illegal to shoot from a motor car, this object means nothing to him. If anything, since the practice of shooting a zebra and dragging it on a rope behind the motor car as a bait for lion in order to take photographs, the motor car may seem a friendly object. For a man to shoot at a lion from the protection of a motor car, where the lion cannot even see what it is that is attacking him, is not only illegal but is a cowardly way to assassinate one of the finest of all game animals.

But supposing, unexpectedly, as you are crossing the country, you see a lion and a lioness say a hundred yards from the car. They are under a thorn tree and a hundred yards behind them is a deep donga, or dry, reed-filled water course, that winds across the plain for perhaps ten miles and gives perfect cover in the daytime to all the beasts of prey that follow the game herds.

You sight the lions from the car; you look the male over and decide he is shootable. You have never killed a lion. You are allowed to kill only two lions on the Serengetti and you want a lion with a full mane, as black as possible. The white hunter says quietly.

"I believe I'd take him. We might beat him but he's a damned fine lion."

You look at the lion under the tree. He looks very close, very calm, very, very big and proudly beautiful. The lioness has flattened down on the yellow grass and is swinging her tail parallel to the ground.

"All right," says the white hunter.

You step out of the car from beside the driver on the side away from the lion, and the white hunter gets out on the same side from the seat behind you.

"Better sit down," he says. You both sit down and the car drives away. As the car starts to move off you have a very different feeling about lions than you have ever had when you saw them from the motor car.

As the end of the car is past, you see that the lioness has risen and is standing so that you cannot see the lion clearly.

"Can't see him," you whisper. As you say it you see that the lions have seen you. He has turned away and is trotting off and she is still standing, the tail swinging wide.

"He'll be in the donga," the white hunter says.

You stand up to shoot and the lioness turns. The lion stops and looks back. You see his great head swing toward you, his mouth wide open and his mane blowing in the wind. You hold on his shoulder, start to flinch, correct, hold your breath and squeeze off. You don't hear the gun go off but you hear a crack like the sound of a policeman's club on a rioter's head and the lion is down.

"You've got him. Watch the lioness."

She has flattened down facing you so that you see her head, the ears back, the long yellow of her is flat out along the ground and her tail is now flailing straight up and down.

"I think she's going to come," the white hunter says. "If she comes, sit down to shoot."

"Should I bust her?" you say.

"No. Maybe she won't come. Wait till she starts to come."

You stand still and see her and beyond her the bulk of the big lion, on his side now, and finally she turns slowly and goes off and out of sight into the donga.

"In the old days," the white hunter said, "the rule was to shoot the lioness first. Damned sensible rule."

The two of you walk toward the lion with your guns ready. The car comes up and the gunbearers join you. One of them throws a

Continued on page 150

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

E. H. with dark-maned lion

Two Opposing Views of Italy

An eminent historian and philosopher serves as the spokesman for the Fascists

by GIOVANNI GENTILE

In order to understand Fascism, one must understand Mussolini: Mussolini, the Socialist, who conquered Socialism through Syndicalism; Mussolini, who conquered Syndicalism by advocating the Allied cause; Mussolini, the champion of the political and historic unity of Italy, who subsequently denied every form of individual liberty which seemed to conflict with the interests of the nation. Fascism is a theory and an active policy. As a theory, it has intellectual points in common with previous and contemporary theories; as an active policy, as a revolution and a reconstruction of the Italian State, it differs from every other historical movement of the same kind by reason of an originality directly connected with the genius of Mussolini's personality. Those who ignore the abstract theory, and look at the concrete facts of the Fascist revolution as directly inspired by Il Duce, usually reject all possible historical parallels and insist upon the absolute novelty and unique quality of Fascism as a theory, on the ground that it expresses the faith of a people and that people's method of restoring its political and social institutions.

In other words, Fascism is a system of personified ideas, which have thereby become the constructive will and power of the nation. Abstract ideas are sterile until they are animated by one individual whose direct knowledge of the living world permits him to apply those ideas to the realities and to recognize the limitations imposed by actual conditions. On the other hand, the importance and efficacy of the ideas held by a striking personality are equally sterile unless fructified by practical application, but practical application is not enough, because experience is always the result of reflection and criticism.

Mussolini's greatest contribution to the ideas which he represents is the moral strength which emanates from him, his prestige, the fascination which he has for those who are close to him, and for the masses of people who congregate in tens of thousands to listen to him, crowds greater than have ever assembled in Italy to listen to an orator. His moral force derives from the absolute faith which he himself has in his own ideas and in the mission which Providence has called upon him to fulfill in his own country, and from the immense humanity of one who is completely indifferent to his own personal interests and is moved solely by a generous concern for those ideals which transcend the individual and promote the honor, glory, security, and prosperity of his native land, and indirectly perpetuate the power and significance of that land in world history. This vast and generous feeling is expressed in terms of simple eloquence, which reaches the hearts of an audience and touches them in their deepest feelings, reminding them of emotions which they have always felt, but have never formulated in words, not even to themselves.

It is this personal factor in Mussolini which has created the ever-increasing movement in favor of his program in Italy. In 1915 it induced public opinion to favor the entry of Italy into the war. After the war, in which the glorious triumph of Italy was not rewarded by the recognition and compensation in the Peace Treaties to which she was entitled, there followed a period of discouragement and lack of confidence on the part of those political leaders who had brought Italy into the war. At the same time, subversive elements, inspired by the example of Bolshevik Russia, began to dominate, until finally the country was aroused to a sense of national discipline and of the importance of subordinating individuals and social classes to the paramount interests of the nation, that is, to the authority of the state. Hence the necessity of a revolution against the liberal, parliamentary system, which had paralyzed the forces of the state and encouraged the conflicts of different parties, all founded upon irreconcilable and personal interests.

In order to effect this revolution the finest of the young men had to be formed into "active squadrons," prepared to meet violence with violence, and to repress every attack upon law and order and upon the powers that guarantee them. They were also formed into "fighting fasces," which grew ever more and more disciplined, amidst the plaudits of a nation freed from the threat of Communism, against which the State was then powerless. After the march on Rome, which was approved by all Italians from the King to the working classes, because it signified the liberation of the country from a kind of anarchy which had pervaded the public services and the schools, had destroyed the prestige of the State, and had even upset the moral values of the monarchy and the army, the government established by Mussolini was greeted as the promise of a new life.

The very parliament against which Mussolini revolted was glad to endow him with plenary powers, thereby enabling the first Fascist Ministry, in 1923, to reorganize the schools and the government service, to restore the finances, to reinvest the army with its former prestige, to inspire a sense of confidence in the State, such as had not existed in Italy since the happier days of Cavour. To accomplish this, it was obviously necessary to silence the political parties, to restrain the freedom of the press, and to refortify the authority of the State.

The following year it became possible to talk of constitutional reform. Lumped together in the opposition were all that remained of the old parties, Liberals, Radicals, Socialists, etc., incapable of abandoning their preconceived theories, or of renouncing the mean satisfaction of their own ambitions. Amidst the fervid applause of the entire nation Mussolini enacted legislation which permitted him to eliminate the opposition from public life, and to make of Parliament a collaborator in the work of government, completely divorced from all thought of faction, and subject to national discipline. The Parliamentary régime was buried forever, but not Parliament, which was destined to become more and more the expression of the real and effective will of the Italian people, economically and politically.

The constitutional reform which the Fascist government aimed to introduce offered a solution to a problem which had been widely discussed by the Liberal régime. That is to say, the problem of how to give the nation organic representation in Parliament, representation corresponding to the varied economic and intellectual structure of the nation, which is not an amorphous mass of numerical unities, all equal and alike, but the organization of different social forces, that is, of social categories in which the citizens play various parts and are of different social value.

Ever since 1926, when the basis of the new national economics was established, until the recent law of December governing the organization of corporations, we have had seven years of social legislation and organization in which theory and practice have

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As a Factor in Europe's Future

Mussolini's predecessor as premier of Italy expresses an anti-Fascist attitude

by FRANCESCO NITTI

THE student of social developments can learn two things from the Fascist experiment and from other similar experiments which have followed it. The first is that in our time, unlike the past, no revolution can take place, if there are people in the government prepared for serious resistance, who control armed forces. The Russian Revolution was the result of the war, of military disasters, of famine. The government was passive. There was no middle class in Russia. The revolutionary minority was the only active organization. A revolution of the Russian type could not take place in any other European country where there is an intelligent middle class and active organizations independent of the State.

Mussolini is always talking about the Fascist revolution. There never was any such revolution. Or rather, it occurred in agreement with the government and with the military leaders, beginning with the King of Italy. My conviction is that the King was in favor of reaction and let events take their course. The heads of the Army and Navy, Diaz and Tahon de Revel, were openly Fascist in 1922. The Fascist march on Rome was accomplished with the assistance of the generals, who either participated in it or supported it. The Army would always have obeyed the King. One single regiment, or even one battalion, could have defeated the Fascist adventure, the more so because Mussolini himself was not very decided about running the risk.

The King probably thought that the reaction would be brief and very useful, and that afterwards it would be easy to get rid of Mussolini and Fascism. Like the magician in the legend who could invoke the devil but could not get rid of him, and who risked everything, the King was mistaken. Fascism consolidated its position, and Mussolini imposed his personality. He is the real head of the State and the King has almost disappeared. Now, from the point of view of all Italians, the monarchy is identified with Fascism and will undergo the same fate. Sooner or later, when Fascism disappears, the monarchy will also disappear and nothing can save it, unless it finds some way of getting rid of Fascism.

In Italy the Fascist party has in its midst, and even in the most elevated positions, ex-anarchists and former revolutionaries, beginning with Mussolini himself, whose whole life has been dedicated to violence, and who has been guilty of bombings and other outrages. As a matter of fact Mussolini, who was the chief fomenter of the Red Week of Romagna, just before the advent of Fascism (that is, of a revolutionary movement), the moment he became convinced that a Red revolution was not possible in Italy, because the Socialist party was not revolutionary, went over to the reactionaries, and created the White revolution. To be or not to be revolutionary is less a matter of ideas than of method and feeling. In France today it is the reactionary world which chiefly cherishes the revolutionary tradition.

After twelve and a half years of Fascist dictatorship, what are the results? What stands to its credit? The government of Mussolini spends enormous sums on foreign propaganda. Almost everywhere in Europe, and sometimes even in America, expecially in Latin America, there are subsidized newspapers, a paid Fascist press and publicity. All means are employed. There are emissaries and propagandists of the Italian government everywhere. Italian embassies and consulates have become not merely centers of information but propaganda bureaus. Huge sums have been spent creating Fascist groups abroad. Yet, the results are pitiful. The vast majority of the eleven million Italians outside of Italy are violently anti-Fascist.

Nevertheless, propaganda has continued and still continues. Mussolini, who played only the slightest part in the war, and who actually fought against it in the beginning, is described in hundreds of papers as a war hero. No movie director has ever surpassed Mussolini. Every day he thinks of something new, and the Italian press has become an inexhaustible mine of inventions in the service of Il Duce. There was never a greater opponent of our colonial programme, and he has not added one mile to our territory, but the propaganda assures us that Mussolini created the Italian Empire, or at least, that he is creating one. Mussolini, who is an ex-workman with no scientific education whatever, is described as a man of universal attainments. He is more frequently photographed than any other ruler, and he loves to see himself in the movies. He never owned a horse in his life before, but now he is always shown on horseback. All his life he dressed like a revolutionary, now he rivals the former Kaiser in the variety of his uniforms. He can do everything: science, history, art, music, drama, poetry. He can tame lions and devise military programmes, and so forth. In the innumerable photographs sent to the foreign press, Mussolini is shown sewing the seed or harvesting it, directing the army or the navy, playing at being a worker or playing the violin. For ten years he has been announcing the most absurd wars, the wheat war, the rice war, the war on behalf of straw hats or spaghetti, the war on flies. He has engaged in every kind of absurd propaganda, the worst being that designed to increase the population in an over-populated country like Italy. The Italians are compelled to admire him, but other nations merely laugh at him. In every place where there are hotheads, spectacular show-offs, and adventurers in quest of power, they instinctively turn towards Mussolini.

All authoritarian and tyrannical governments, all dictatorships, whether white or red, lead their countries sooner or later into disorder, but at first they always succeed in certain fields of activity. Almost to the same extent they develop the police, armaments, and foreign political adventure. This was as true of Tsarist Russia as it is of Bolshevist Russia. In these three fields it must be admitted that Mussolini has scored a success. In comparison with its resources and territory, Italy has the most formidable police force in the entire world. One cannot breathe in Italy without arousing the attention of the police. There are special armies of police, corps for road work, corps for ports and harbors and railways. Armed militia in uniform travel on all trains, and there are postal, telegraphic, and telephonic militia for espionage supervision of all communications. In addition, there is a huge voluntary, national militia, taking its orders direct from Mussolini.

In Rome there are metropolitan police. Thousands of policemen, dressed in civilian clothes, are specially entrusted with looking after the safety of Il Duce. Wherever he goes, thousands of these men follow him. In all the photographs these policemen are easily recognizable among the applauding crowds. All of these are in addition to the ordinary police force and the carabinieri,

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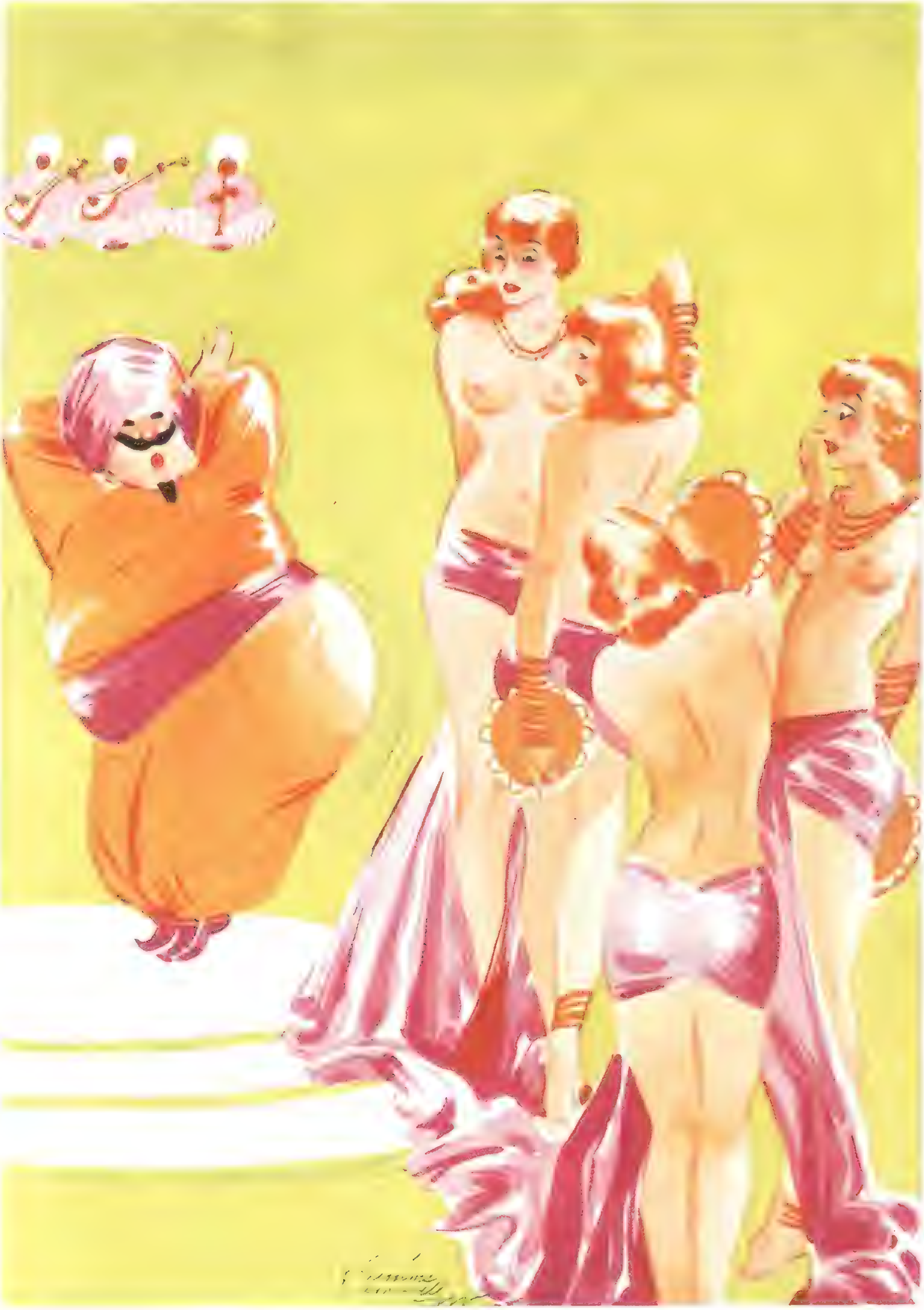


"Look—put more soul in it"

"Show Mr. and Mrs. F. to Number—"

The journal of a thousand and one nights in hotel rooms, at the weary end of the Jazz Age

by F. SCOTT and ZELDA FITZGERALD

THE negroes are in knee-breeches at the Cavalier in Virginia Beach. It is theatrically southern and its newness is a bit barren but there is the best beach in America; at that time, before the cottages were built, there were dunes and the moon tripped fell in the sandy ripples along the sea-front.

Next time we went, lost and driven now like the rest, it was a free trip north to Quebec. They thought maybe we'd write about it. The Chateau Frontenac was built of toy stone arches, a tin soldier's castle. Our voices were truncated by the heavy snow, the stalactite icicles on the low roofs turned the town to a wintry cave; we spent most of our time in an echoing room lined with skiis, because the professional there gave us a good feeling about the sports at which we were so inept. He was later taken up by the DuPonts on the same basis and made a powder magnate or something.

When we decided to go back to France we spent the night at the Pennsylvania, manipulating the new radio ear-phones and the servidors where a suit can be frozen to a cube by nightfall. We were still impressed by running ice-water, self-sustaining rooms that could function even if besieged with current events. We were so little in touch with the world that they gave us an impression of a crowded subway station.

The hotel in Paris was triangular shaped and faced St. Germaine de Pres. On Sundays we sat at the Deux Magots and watched the people, devout as an opera chorus, enter the old doors, or else watched the French read newspapers. There were long conversations about the ballet over sauerkraut in Lipps, and blank recuperative hours over books and prints in the dank Alley Bonaparte.

Now the trips away had begun to be less fun. The next one to Brittany broke at Le Mans. The lethargic town was crumbling away pulverized by the heat of the white hot summer and only travelling salesmen slid their chairs preëmptorily about the uncarpeted dining room. Plane trees bordered the route to La Boule.

At the Palace in La Boule we felt raucous amidst so much chic restraint. Children bronzed on the bare blue-white beach while the tide went out so far as to leave them crabs and starfish to dig for in the sands.

VINS ET LIQUE

1929 We went to America but didn't stay at hotels. When we got back to Europe we spent the first night at a sun-flushed hostelry, Bertolini's in Genoa. There was a green tile bath and a very attentive valet-de-chambre and there was ballet to practice, using the brass bedstead as a bar. It was good to see the brilliant flowers colliding in prismatic explosions over the terraced hillside and to feel ourselves foreigners again.

Reaching Nice, we went economically to the Beau Rivage, which offered many stained glass windows to the Mediterranean glare. It was spring and was brittly cold along the Promenade des Anglais, though the crowds moved persistently in a summer tempo. We admired the painted windows of the converted palaces on the Place Gambetta. Walking at dusk, the voices fell seductively through the nebulous twilight inviting us to share the first stars, but we were busy. We went to the cheap ballets of the Casino on the jettee and rode almost to Villa Franches for *Salad Nicoise* and a very special bouillabaisse.

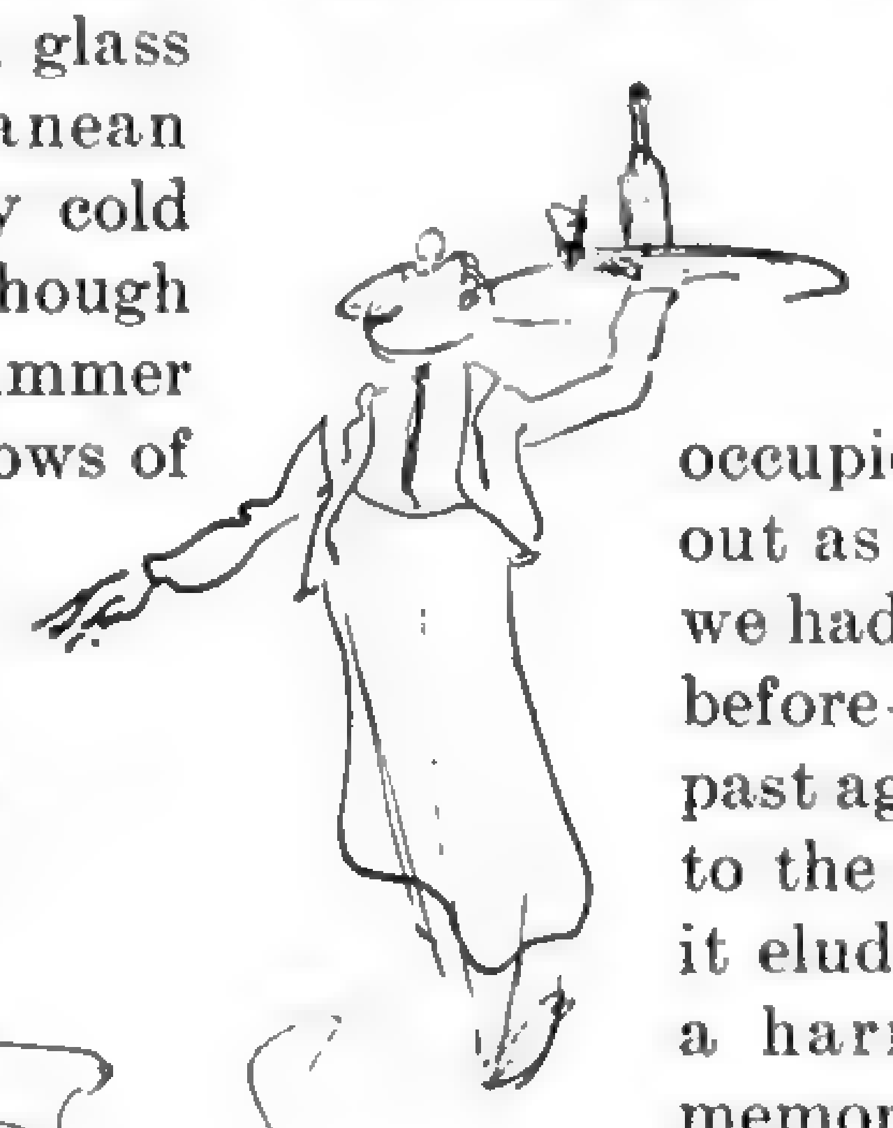
In Paris we economized again in a not-yet-dried cement hotel, the name of which we've forgotten. It cost us a good deal for we ate out every night to avoid starchy table-d'hotes. Sylvia Beach invited us to dinner and the talk was all of the people who had discovered Joyce; we called on friends in better hotels: Zoe Akins who had sought the picturesque of the open fires at Foyots, and Esther at the Port Royal who took us to see Romaine Brooks' studio, a glass enclosed square of heaven swung high above Paris.

Then southward again, and wasting the dinner hour in an argument about which hotel: there was one in Beaune where Ernest Hemingway had liked the trout.

Finally we decided to drive all night, and we ate well in a stable courtyard facing a canal—the green-white glare of Provence had already begun to dazzle us so that we didn't care whether the food was good or not. That night we stopped under the white-trunked trees to open the windshield to the moon and to the sweep of the south against our faces, and to better smell the fragrance rustling restlessly amidst the poplars.

At Fréjus Plage, they had built a new hotel, a barren structure facing the beach where the sailors bathe. We felt very superior remembering how we had been the first travellers to like the place in summer.

After the swimming at Cannes was over and the year's octopi had grown up in the crevices of the rocks we started back to Paris. The night of the stock-market crash we stayed at the Beau Rivage in St. Raphael in the room Ring Lardner had occupied another year. We got out as soon as we could because we had been there so many times before—it is sadder to find the past again and find it inadequate to the present than it is to have it elude you and remain forever a harmonious conception of memory.



At the Jules Cesar in Arles we had a room that had once been a chapel. Following the festering waters of a stagnant canal we came to the ruins of a Roman dwelling-house. There was a blacksmith shop installed behind the proud columns and a few scattered cows ate the gold flowers off the meadow.

Then up and up; the twilit heavens expanded in the Cevennes valley cracking the mountains apart, and there was a fearsome loneliness brooding on the flat tops. We crunched chestnut burrs on the road and aromatic smoke wound out of the mountain cottages. The Inn looked bad, the floors were covered with sawdust but they gave us the best pheasant we ever ate and the best sausage, and the feather-beds were wonderful.

In Vichy, the leaves had covered the square about the wooden bandstand. Health advice was printed on the doors at the Hotel du Parc and on the menu, but the salon was filled with people drinking champagne. We loved the massive trees in Vichy and the way the friendly town nestles in a hollow.

By the time we got to Tours, we had begun to feel like Cardinal Ballou in his cage in the little Renault. The Hotel de Universe was equally stuffy but after dinner we found a cafe crowded with people playing checkers and singing choruses and we felt we could

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Mathewson

The second of a pair of memory-impressions, about a St. Louis newspaperman

by THEODORE DREISER

After that time when I took him home drunk, there were a number of visits, interstitial usually between assignments, afternoon and evening, because to call on him in the morning was to obtain no response whatsoever. Between four and six, if he were in, I was most likely to find him in a more receptive and even cordial mood, whereas at other times it was usually not so. Hence, as much as possible I calculated to reach there between those hours.

But the varying nature of these visits, and my receptions! Once I called and found him working at his desk. This time the usually lowered curtains were up, and he himself was dressed and shaved and quite his public and journalistic self, even though I still sensed that same meditative and even sombre strain, which marked if not marred the major part of his hours. This time he informed me that he was working on a paper for one of the eastern magazines which he hoped might find favor in the editorial eye. After the Zola article some eastern magazine had written him.

"The subject, of course, isn't new—Poe and Baudelaire—(I had never heard of Baudelaire)—but it might interest a few people. Audiences for things," he continued dryly, "are very different. Consider a circus and then such a book as this," and he reached to his desk and picked up "Les Fleurs du Mal." "It is quite a wonderful book, but the side show tent of any circus would hold all who have ever heard of it, I am sure." His lips made a thin, dry line.

I was so impressed as well as mentally uplifted by all of his thinking that he took on much the significance of a sacred image. I studied all the books about him—on the floor, desk, table by his bed—Baudelaire, Anatole France, Pierre Loti, de Maupassant—all in French—and then Shelley, Keats, Poe. Seeing me contemplating them, he added:

"The trouble is I don't work at it as continuously as I should." He touched his head and his stomach. "You see, I am not strong, and I do everything to make myself less so. It is a choice of evils—being well and strong and taking part in what I see, or making myself weak by trying to escape it. I find escape the lesser of the two." Once more the thin line of the lips.

"But when you can do the things you can do . . ." I began.

"For a few people in a side tent," he interrupted, and then walked over to the bed, threw himself down, and lighted a cigarette. "You are still young and too much in the net to see through it, although at some time or other you may . . . I wonder . . ."

I certainly was not seeing through it by any means, but even so I seemed to catch something of his meaning. "You mean you don't care for life at all?" I asked, startled by his indifference to so much that seemed to me altogether marvelous and fascinating.

"I might if I had been made differently. To enjoy it or thirst after it you need a good physical or mental capacity or both that is in tune with it. Physically, as I know, I am a very limited person, and possibly because of that and some other reasons, I am not in tune with it. Mostly what I see disgusts me. But you see, you are young and strong and hungry and it looks different to you than it does to most people."

I tried to follow him in his mood, feeling a rebuke of sorts in what he said, but could not. The web was too thick to see through.

"But both Poe and Baudelaire seem to have sensed much of what I mean," he added.

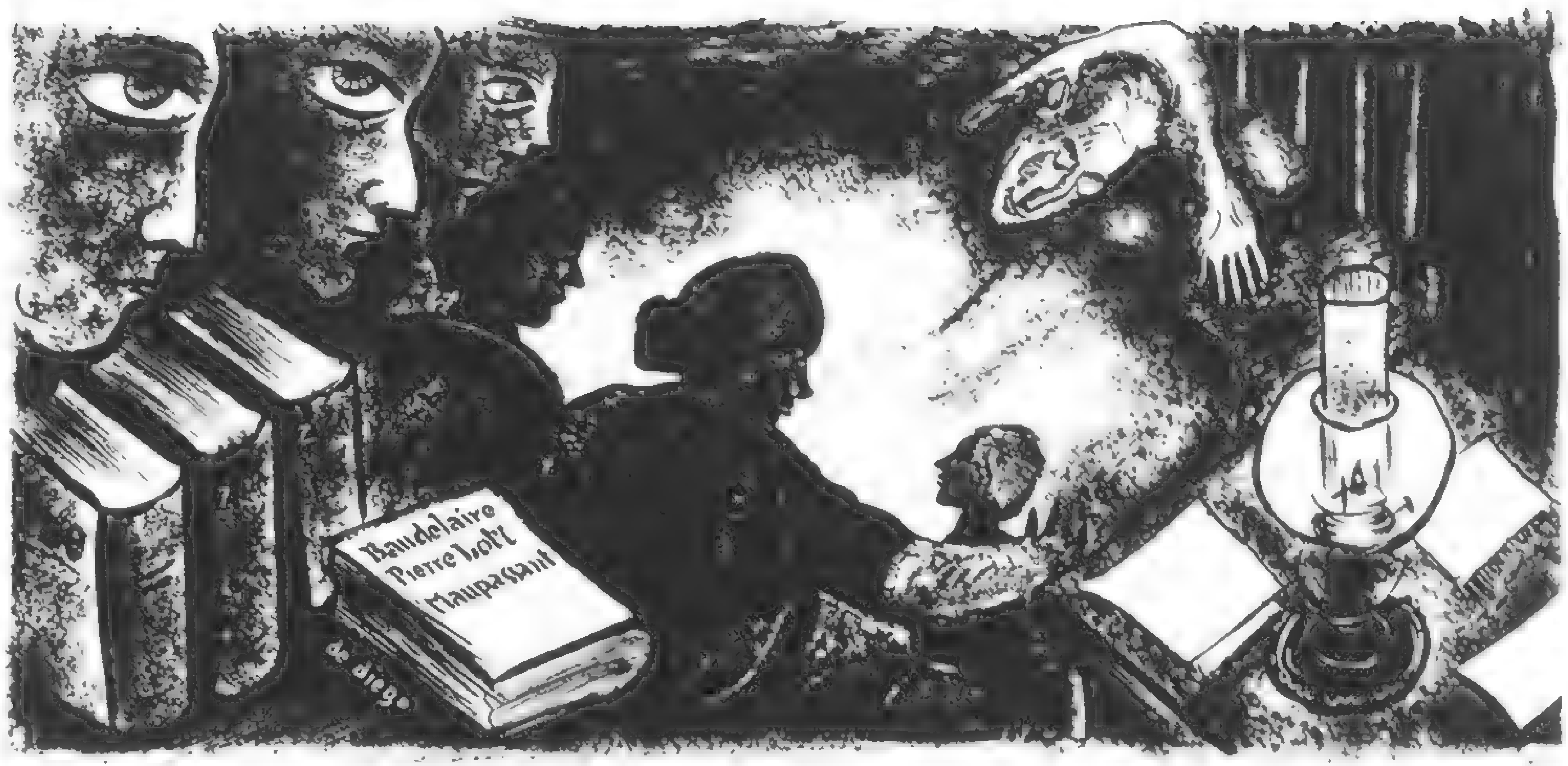
I determined, in due time, to read both Poe and Baudelaire. Yet outside were the trucks and the trolley cars and the circumambient noises of the city and when I went out into those again, the glare and flare of life recaptured me. He seemed marvelous, but so did life—even more so than he—at the time.

Another time—the next, for all I can remember—I called and tapped without getting an answer. Yet of a sudden as I was about to go, the door opened and there he was. Not drunk or unfriendly, but rather, as I sensed, in a moody, foggy, intermediate state which was decidedly not of liquor and could only mean one thing, a drug. The pupils of his elongated and inclusive brown eyes were widely, almost irritatingly, distended. And the kind if at times somewhat ironic mouth now seemed wholly ironic. His sensitive, white hands (I will never forget them) weaved about his mouth and eyes as he looked at me out of what dreams, what distant lotus land of reverie and forgetfulness—forgetfulness of the frightfulness of a raucous, clanking world that he could so little endure. With one thin and clean and bloodless hand he motioned me to go away. But what he said was even more arresting. "Never knock! Never knock! Never knock! It is this knocking! This infernal knocking! Never knock!" And then the door was closed. And he was gone. And truly awed, I descended the stairs.

But there came another day. A smoky, grey, November St. Louis morning—lowering, stifling, even acid with the fumes of the chemisms of the illusion of industry. And I was about to go to work at noon as usual—one more assignment—murder, rape, theft, trickery, fire, explosion, death, all mingled with churches and preachers and pillars of society and captains of industry and lust or love or marriage or hospitals or morgues. But first Mathewson. As usual he was on my mind, particularly since I had not seen him for a time. Besides, I was lonely—not girl lonely but mind lonely, really almost starved for the wonder of thought and sensory response that he represented. Was it not Sir William Hamilton who wrote: "On earth there is nothing great but man and in man there is nothing great but mind."? Or let me add, aesthetic sensory response.

Hence an irresistible impulse to approach his door. And after knocking ("Never knock! Never knock!" How well I recalled that!), curious as well as happy because of his footstep and the realization that at least, and if no more, I was to see him. And, true enough, there he stood, not drunk, not doped, not even writing, but frail and pale and small in his almost beggarly gray dressing gown, a thin green cotton shirt underneath, and looking as frowsy and drawn as one who dissipated and afterwards seeks, in sleep or rest, to recuperate. And at once, after greeting me and retreating to his bed, reaching for a cigarette and then reclining, but only to get up again and without further comment going to a bookrack which stood to the right of his bed and opening up a small brown package, taking out a triangle of yellow American cheese. And after breaking off a small square of it, going to a far and somewhat more shadowy corner of the room and reaching down and placing it in the extreme corner. But with no comment of any kind until after returning to his bed and resuming his cigarette, he began with: "The trouble with both myself and Mrs. Schwarzkopf is that we forget. There is a little mouse that comes here quite regularly. He's a little thin. And Mrs. Schwarzkopf is very saving. I try to think to put cheese out for him or to have her do it, but I'm afraid she doesn't always do it." He puffed and gazed across the coverlet, quite as though he were ruminating to himself. Well, then, I thought, out of this rowdy world at least there is a mouse to come and keep him company, and he cares for that. Somehow it all fitted into the grey if not dreary world of his mind.

On another day a conversation of equal interest to me. That day was bright and cold. And I recall that because of a football game which I had been ordered to report and a new girl who was to accompany me to witness it, I had indulged myself in a new grey woolen suit, plus—for counterpoint—a dark brown coat and hat. Also a grey blue tie, a new pair of shoes, a new shirt, and I believe gloves and, so help me Heaven, spats! Anyhow, all told, a very material response to a very material zest in me for this very material world, as Mathewson instantly sensed when he saw me.



But Mathewson. There was the rub. My one aesthetic jewel in this raucous material scene. And yet I secretly wished him to see me as I now was, reproof or no reproof. Only nearing his door, and sensing the contrast I presented to his aesthetic asceticism, hesitating. What would he think? What say? Nonetheless, I knocked, and presently within the pallid step, and my name called in inquiry, which I took as a great compliment. Had he been expecting me then? Did so few others come? I never learned the answer to that. What I did learn was not a little more of his personal philosophy, so important to me then and since. And coming at just the right moment for me, as I see it now.

He was sufficiently arrested by my material equipment as well as by my still very youthful and illusioned vitality to comment at this time: "The sun in splendor!" As usual, he was in his leaden-colored dressing gown and heelless slippers, but plainly had been up and at work, since by his bedside was a small wooden kitchen table, probably borrowed from Mrs. Schwarzkopf, on which were various scraps of paper. And on the floor his usual collection of what to me were rare volumes: Loti, France, Baudelaire, de Maupassant, Poe, Keats, John Addington Symonds. I recall also a "Venus de Milo" by one Victor Rydberg. I have never read it. And also—new—Voltaire's "Candide." And Blake's poems. While it could never have been said that there was any morning freshness about Mathewson, most assuredly he could and did, on occasion, achieve a greater or less alertness, which was as good as freshness. And on this occasion it certainly appeared greater. At least, as he retired to the edge of the bed to sit and light a fresh cigarette, he surveyed me quizzically. "The land of coffee, potatoes, and beefsteak," he commented dryly as he studied my clothing—a comment that for me at the moment was slightly enigmatic. (Later it classified itself, almost painfully.)

"I've been assigned to do a football game," I ventured, almost apologetically.

"Of course you have," he said. "Spring: swimming, racing, bicycling. Summer: baseball, racing, bicycling, rowing. Fall: football. Winter: dancing, skating, theatre. The idea of life is contest in order to produce more contest." The thought arrested me, and I was about to say something when I noted, on his table, a scrap of paper on which was written: "Green slime on heaven's deserted walls." I was so struck by it that I could not think clearly of anything else. It countered so startlingly against all I had ever read or thought of heaven. Besides, written in his clear careful hand, it suggested itself as part of a poem he might be writing, at least an imposing quotation from some source. Fresh from the hard, noisy, dusty, homely streets of St. Louis, it resounded in my consciousness like a gloomy and yet entrancing bell. I was suddenly roused by his going on with: "But one must have the temperament and the strength to cope with it. I haven't. I never have had. It might have interested me if I had been differently made—like you, for instance. But I was not." He puffed languidly at his cigarette, then laid it aside. "But you have your football game, and I have my meditations and some of the thoughts I like to put down."

I ventured to protest that I was not wholly material, to which he replied: "I know that, or you would not be here."

Heartened by this comment, I ventured upon some thoughts in connection with himself—really a plea for recognition and a better mental understanding between the two of us. Among other things I recall saying that I thought his thoughts and all connected with him were of more importance to me than anything I did in St. Louis—more important than anything mental I had encountered so far, and finally ventured to point to the poetic line on the scrap of paper and say that that was wonderful to me.

"Oh, that! Yes, I can understand that. You were probably brought up in some church." (I interpolated that I had been Catholic trained.) "So was I," he went on, "but apart from that, it isn't so important. Its wonder rests on your illusion about heaven—a place of gold and light and harps. The more important thing is that we're all shadows, ghosts, and the things that we do are not real or important. That's why this world outside is not important to me." With a movement of his hand he dismissed it. "But what I have the strength and taste, if not exactly need, for is thought. And thinking meaning so much to me, I can only hold to such ideas of reality as are agreeable to me. Most of the things about me are unreal—have no significance of any kind. Buddha saw it; so did Shakespeare. 'Sound and fury, signifying nothing.' But you're probably too young yet, too much a part of all this (once more a movement of the including hand) to sense it." He ceased and began looking for a cigarette.

There was something more of this, and finally I recall leaving with a feeling of strangeness about him and about life, since it was beginning to dawn upon me that what he was actually seeking was to escape life entirely—its noise, its notions, its people, ambitions, love even, and all because of the conviction that it all meant nothing, was nothing—a thing that was sensorially incomprehensible to me. What? Food nothing? Clothing nothing? Love nothing? Property nothing? Fame nothing? Impossible! And yet, in the face of all these—the clanging November streets of the city, my new clothes the noisy factories, my girl, the football game, my work which seemed highly esteemed by those who employed me—in the face of all these came back like whispers these thoughts of his—that it was all nothing, nothing—as he said, a contest to produce more contest. Actually, for one moment at the football game that afternoon—my newest girl hanging on my arm, the two elevens bouncing against each other in an effort to break their respective lines—I had my first clear thought of unreality. Of what real significance was all this? To what end, except perhaps to build up more football players to play more games? In other words, to perpetuate a pleasure idea. But no more. And if that was of great importance, well then that was of great importance. But no more than that. Sound and fury signifying pleasure. But at least there was pleasure in this unreality for those able to share it. Mathewson had said he was not. That he was a man who knew his limitations. I was beginning to realize his point of view. He felt physically and mentally unfit or, perhaps better, out of key with life.

After that there were yet a number of other visits and conversations—I forget how many, perhaps as many as ten. They covered that winter, spring and the following summer. And during that time I grew in my understanding of him, and achieved enthusiasm and devotion for him. The interesting thing about him, though, was that he was rarely to be found, or at least I was but infrequently admitted, the landlady, Mrs. Schwarzkopf, sometimes waving to me with her fat German hand and implying—and that quite clearly—that he was out or "sick" or sleeping or perhaps drunk or doped. I assumed any or all, although I always wondered which. And when I was admitted, it was as regularly to find him in either a morbid or philosophically resigned state, his body so frail as to make his vigorous and flashing mind an anomaly—a lighthouse flare at the top of a wax candle. Somewhere in this period I recall asking him did he dismiss love as nothing, women as nothing, since I was so astonished by his monk-like solitude and his perpetual lone, if by no means lorn, thinking. On this occasion he used his right hand, a cigarette between his fore and middle finger, to indicate . . . what? I do not know. But his words were: "The perfume of women! A drug! The flesh of women! The same. The face of a woman is a formula, repeated endlessly throughout the ages. Her body another. Both calculated to excite desire, if you do not see it as a very commonplace pattern. I do. The flesh is a compound devised to satisfy the emotions or desire that the form and face automatically awake, but in what manner? Only consider! And worse, to be a part of all this, you must be fit for it—equipped with all the automatic responses. I am not. Besides, there is nothing individual about it, nothing personal. It is a fate. Really a disease. If you escape it, you are

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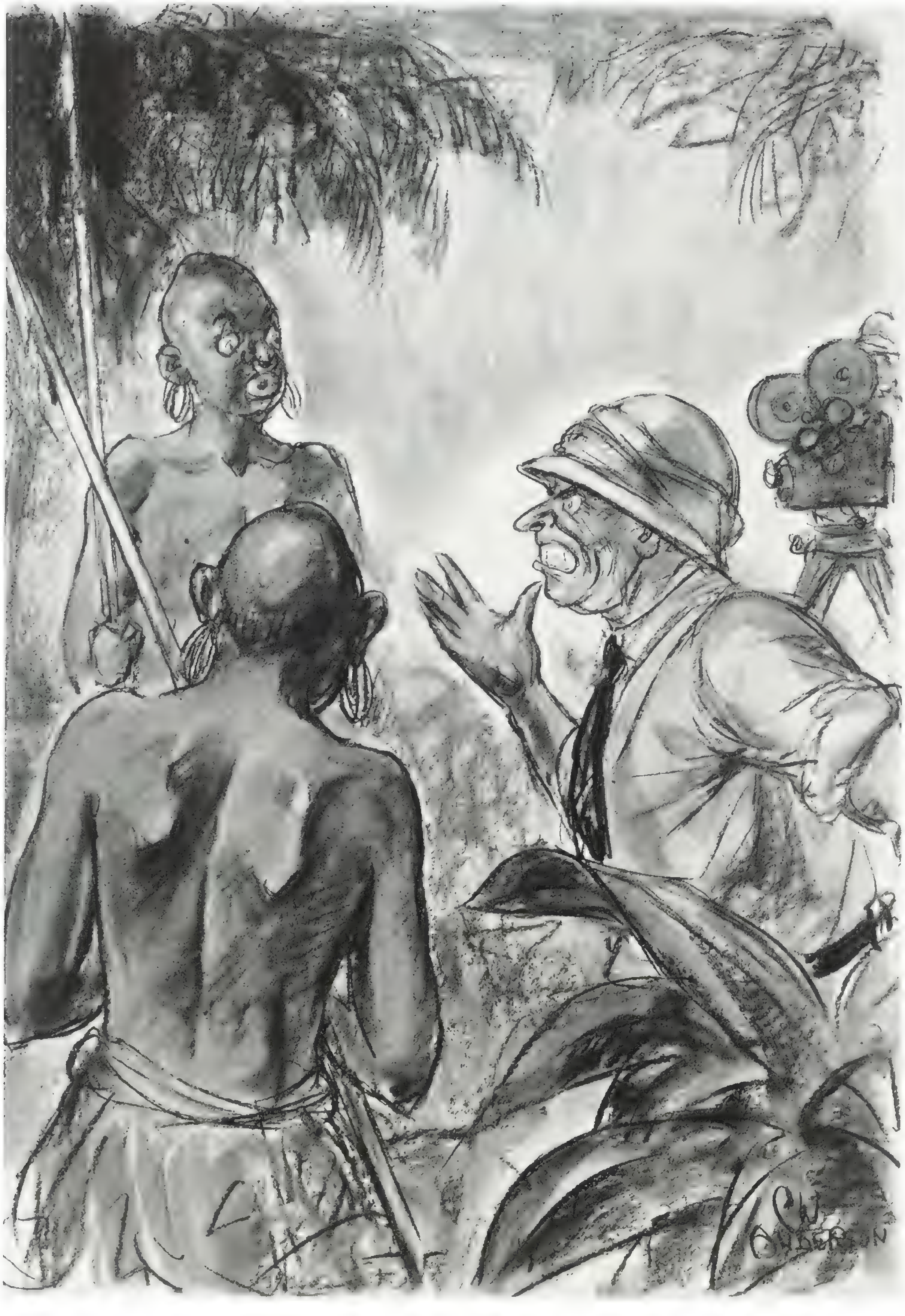
C.W. ANDERSON

"Like this: anger, you know, rage! You're savage, see!"

The Last Carnival

Article viewing Hollywood from the inside looking out, and seen with neither prejudice nor awe

by JIM TULLY

It was a charming town in the old days. Upon its streets walked the vagabonds of the world. Nearly all of them were those who had learned life by observation. Not moulded by dead men's thoughts, they were forceful and original. They gave the quality of the carnival to Hollywood, and made it the last outpost of wandering men, who realized that quick wit would take them farther in a materialistic civilization than decades of drudgery.

One was the son of a deaf and dumb Irish barber. We met by chance while waiting to do "atmosphere" in a film. He had a dollar, which he divided with me. His name was Lon Chaney. His career is known to all.

Another young fellow standing in line, had a bullet head, powerful shoulders, and eyes narrowed with intense concentration. He had but recently arrived in a carload of horses. A life guard at Lake Tahoe, who could not swim, a soldier of fortune who had once sold fly paper, he had the appearance of a man who might go far. His name was Eric von Stroheim.

Within two years, the extra player had sold a film magnate the idea of allowing him to adapt and direct *Blind Husbands*. One of the great films of the day, it made him famous.

Not all such vagabonds became known. The often unknown and unique characters are rich in human interest. Sailors, bruisers, circus roustabouts, ex-convicts, buffeted by the winds of circumstance, pounded by heavy economic seas, they have at last found an uncertain refuge in the turbulent and shallow harbor of Hollywood.

Old men and women, whose steps falter in the shadow of a second adolescence, still dream of becoming a Theodore Roberts or Marie Dressler. Hope being the star which guides them to oblivion, they look neither downward nor backward.

To this day, the element of surprise is predominant in Hollywood. A one time motorman, a watch mender, and a truck driver are now producers of great power. Such men, unlike the third rate writers who infest the town, have the supreme merit of being exactly themselves. One producer, chancing into the Louvre by mistake, became bored, and read "Variety" with the remark, "I seen too many pictures already."

It is the writers of Hollywood who are always in a furore. Apparently unaware that no first class man of words has ever been long connected with films, they bolster the failure of their lives with jibes at their supposed inferiors, the producers. When a Dreiser, with his usual lack of humor, insists that all the commas in one of his books be photographed, the dwarfs rise in their wrath with the giant. During seventeen years in Hollywood I have met about five writers of genuine merit. The rest have been hacks with the technique of the ages at their finger tips, and nothing to say.

Newspaper men more readily succeed as scenarists in Hollywood. Knowing definitely what not to print, they soon learn what is "good box office." Well trained in middle class hypocrisy, masters of superficial humor, they learn quickly the tricks of dishing up triangular concoctions for club women and yokels.

A man of William Faulkner's calibre is lost in Hollywood. Inveigled, he came and saw, and was bewildered. After waiting in his office for weeks, he at last went to the producer who had engaged him, and requested that he be allowed to work at home.

The producer, anxious to oblige so gifted a man, readily consented. When, after ten days, he desired a conference with Faulkner, he was amazed to learn that he had gone to his home in Mississippi. Films have been raised to an art, mostly by foreign directors. Lewis Milestone, an Americanized Russian Jew, has been near to greatness several times. He had a touch of Cervantes in *Two Arabian Knights*. A tale without love, it had the charm of the Spanish master.

Frank Capra, born in Italy, a newsboy and laborer, who worked his way through college as a waiter, to graduate as a chemical engineer, is now the greatest director in Hollywood. He has a fine sense of story value, which not even commercialism can entirely cheapen.

Sergei Eisenstein, a Russian, directed *The Cruiser Potemkin*. Ostensibly made for propaganda, it became, through the passion in the director's heart, one of the greatest films in the world.

Eisenstein was brought to this country to direct *An American Tragedy*. It was one of the few times when a director worthy of such a book was chosen. Now in the middle thirties, he is Dreiser's equal mentally and spiritually. The usual American complications arose. One gentleman high in power considered the story dangerous as Soviet propaganda. "The very title shows it," he announced. He would not believe that it was the story of a pathetic American boy and girl. And so an illiterate man kept a first rate film from being made. Eisenstein was replaced by the Brooklyn charlatan, Joe Stern, alias Josef von Sternberg.

A cocksure, shallow little man, he rattled in the great Russian's shoes. He survives in Hollywood, while Eisenstein was forced to return to Russia in disgust.

Several Frenchmen, among them Rene Clair, have done much to make of films an art. Clair has refused to come to Hollywood.

One of the greatest films ever made was *Maedchen In Uniform*. It came from Germany. Produced by Carl Froelich, to whom most of the credit for its excellence belongs, its theme was that of frustration.

Hollywood is a city in which one banquet follows another with the regularity of policemen visiting speakeasies.

An English visitor addressed a gathering recently at such a banquet, saying,

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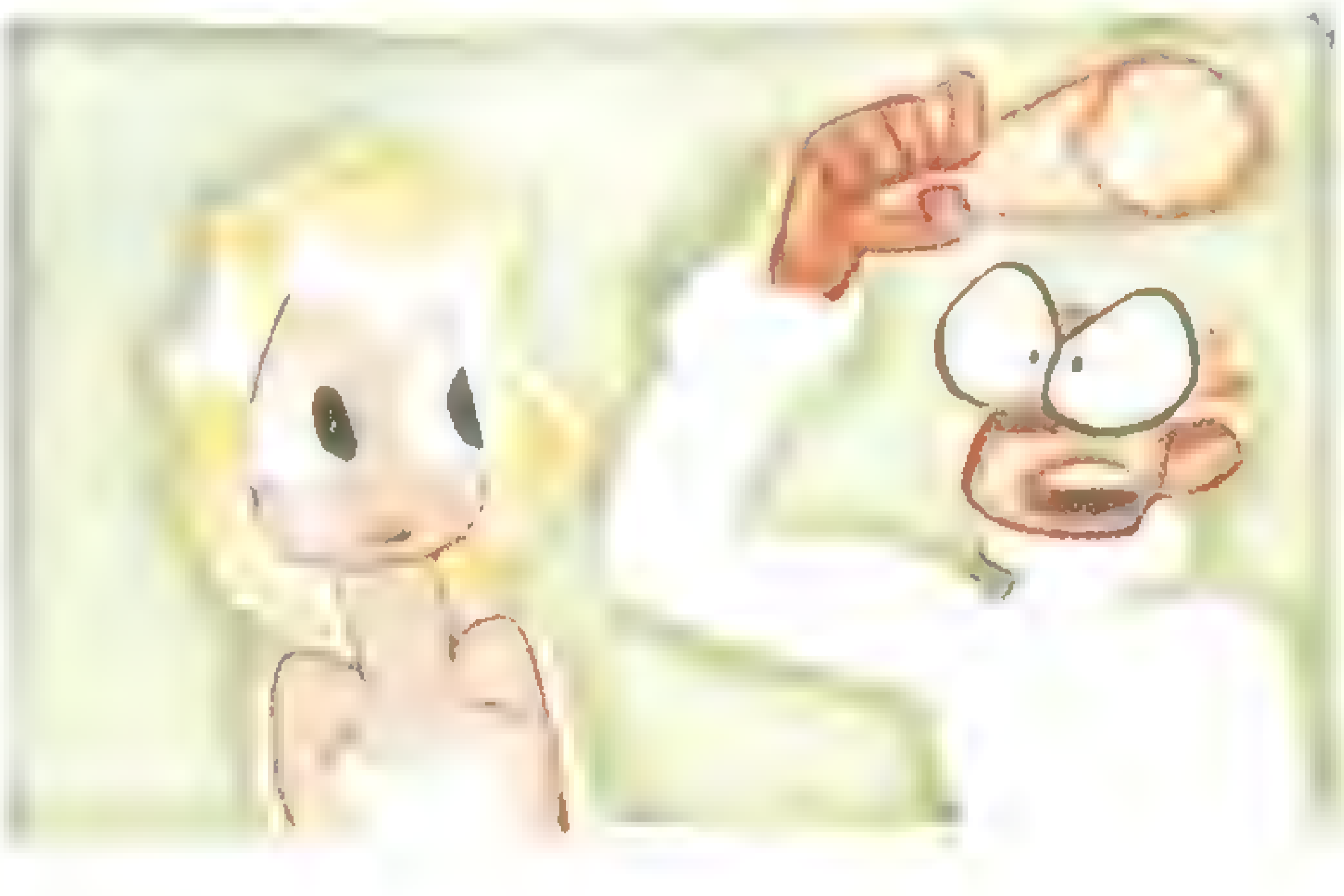

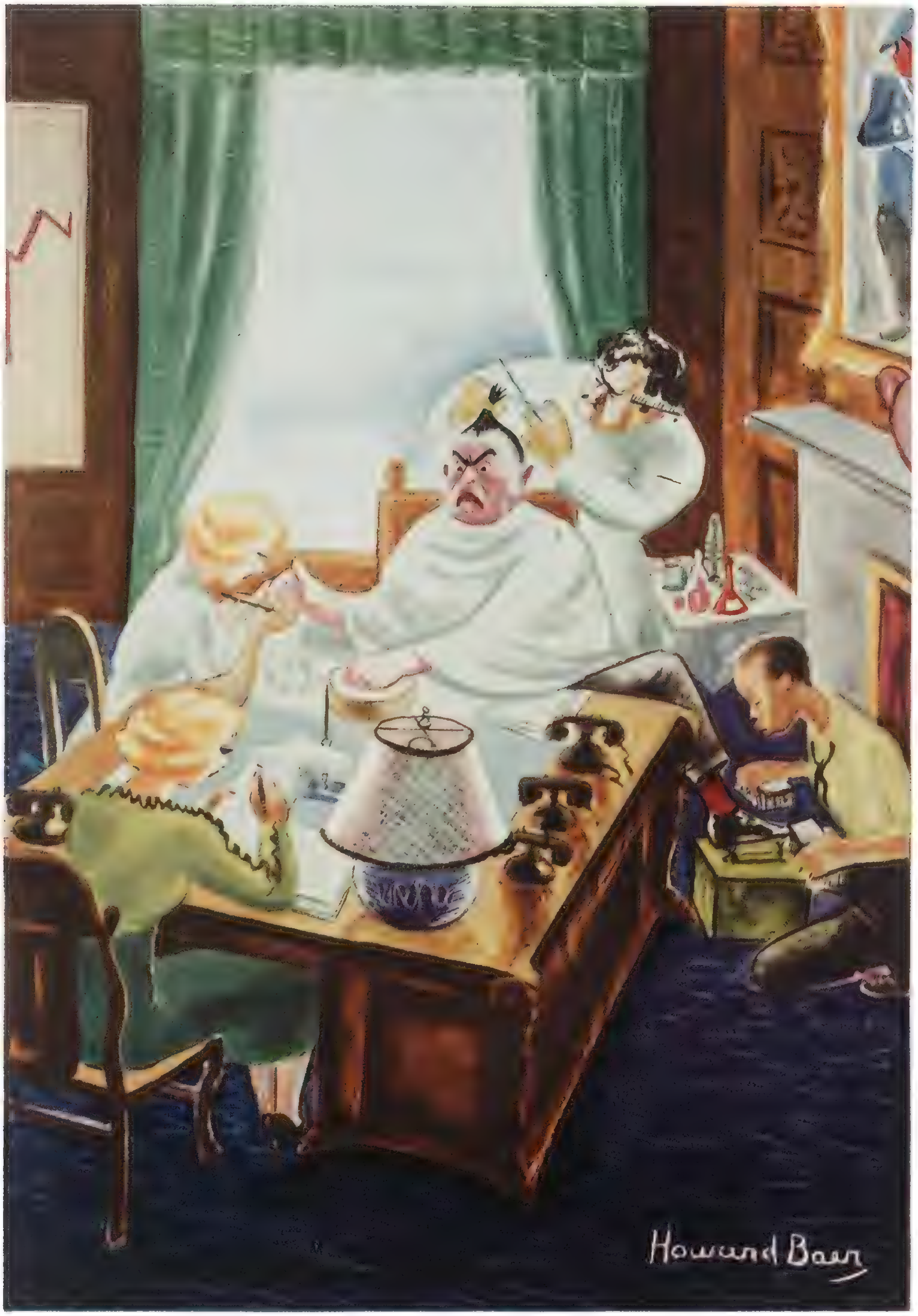

ENEMIES OF MAN No. 3: THE MIGHTY ATOM

He takes his manner from Mussolini and his repartee from Rin Tin Tin. You can see his secretary by appointment, but he can't see you for dust. He is too busy to get anything done; too highly geared for efficiency to be really effective. At night in dreams the switchboard girl hears his rasping voice. The stenographer sees his furrowed frown. He places three outgoing calls at once to give the incoming call an impressive wait. He dictates long memoranda to remind himself of plans he will never find time to translate into action. He takes a secret pride in being "a hard man to see," in being a stranger to his children and a horror to his help. He died in '29 but he'll never have time for the funeral.

For Charity's Sake

A story about the queer breaks that keep some bums from ever becoming champs and vice versa

by W. R. BURNETT

It was when I was managing Joe Thomas, you know; along about twenty-eight, I guess. Everything was rosy then; everybody was making dough and spending it, and the fight racket was good. I mean good. Joe and me had been mighty lucky. Him being champ at all was luck in itself; you guys know that as well as I do. Course he was a pretty fair fighter and tough, but he never did get out of the leading-with-your-right class. He knocked over his share of stumble-bums like the rest and he beat some pretty good boys, too, but he wasn't no champ. No more than I'm Einstein. I'm smart in my own way; I admit it. But Einstein's in a little different class. See what I mean?

Well, Joe got him a reputation for pasting and after he beat Tommy Carse, a has-been with rubber legs but with a big rep, the Garden wanted him for a drawing-card. So they matched him with that wop or whatever he was and Joe scared him to death. Joe has got a mighty wicked pan and he knows it. So he scares this guinea white and then slaps him to sleep. The crowd goes nuts. Everybody's touting Joe, even the guys that bet against him, and the Garden don't lose no time tying him up for three more fights. The newspapers say Joe's ripe for a title bout; and when the matchmakers approach Pat Lewis, the champ, he grins and says:

"Sure, I'll fight him. Tell him I'll carry him for six rounds and then to watch himself." Lewis thought Joe was duck soup but he knew he was a good draw so he gives him the match.

Well, you boys know the rest. Lewis didn't train and anyway he was getting a divorce from his third wife and had a couple of lawsuits on his hands and he weighed in three or four pounds under his proper weight. Joe was as strong as a horse and rassled Lewis all over the ring, tiring him, and then finally he caught him coming in with a right under the heart and Lewis folded. Nobody was any more surprised than yours truly. I thought Joe would get the shellacking of his life and I had a nice clean towel in my coat pocket all ready to throw in. I just set there like I'd been hit with a blackjack and up in the ring Lewis is lying on his face and Joe's leaping around like bees was after him. Joe is champ.

You know it's a funny thing what being a champ does to a guy. Some champs go around apologizing so they won't make enemies, you know; guys that used to be so tough they was afraid of themselves. Other champs want to go in politics or lecture on Shakespeare and Edgar Guest. Birds so tight that beside them Harry Lauder is a playboy burn their dough up so fast that they might as well be getting paid in Confederate money. Bashful guys try to make every woman in sight including your wife. Clucks with pans on them like the rock of Gibraltar get to wearing lemon-colored gloves and frock coats and using French perfumery. Joe got dignified.

Chuck, you remember Joe back in Keokuk. Some of you other guys remember him, too. He was about as dignified as an underwear salesman. His hands dangled out of his cuffs and he wasn't sure whether them was his own feet or yours. He wore ties that hurt your eyes, and when he was around friends he was always yelling and carrying on and jumping around like he was six years old. And when there was people around he didn't know, he never peeped; he'd just sit on the edge of his chair as if he was going to make a dash for the nearest exit. Well, if that's dignity I'm a tight-rope walker.

Yes sir. Joe got dignified. He wanted people to 'sir' him. He didn't *walk* any more; not to mention leaping and springing like a gorilla; he stalked. Did you ever see a picture of Edwin Booth? Well, Joe made him look cheerful. He never cracked a smile; he just stalked around with a face a yard long and when people spoke to him, he just kind of moved his eyebrows a little. Some guys thought he was drunk and the rumor got around that Joe was drinking himself stiff. But he wasn't. Joe never did drink; never had any bad habits, and look out for a guy like that. No, Joe was being dignified.

Well, you got a picture of what our training camp was like, ain't you? It was terrible. Everybody went around on tiptoes afraid of their job. I got that way myself, even me. Joe jumped on me hard a couple of times and as I didn't have no contract with him I thought I'd better take it easy. You heard me; I didn't have no contract. Me and Joe had been friends since we was kids. But I was taking fifty per cent and it looked good. Anyway, I'd managed screwier birds than Joe, and none of them had no excuse; they wasn't champions.

Yes sir, when he was training for Kayo Boston, I found out what it felt like to be dead and buried. Joe didn't like the radio; he didn't like cards; he didn't like nothing except posing for pictures and making Mussolini look like the cheerful cherub. When he wasn't stalking around for the gals to look at, he was laying on the porch staring at the ceiling. Or he'd sit in a chair and pretend to read a book just in case somebody might be looking. It was dignified to read a book.

All his sparring-partners got afraid to hit him and they let him shellack them till he thought he was the best fighter in the world and that Jack Dempsey was overrated. Max, the trainer, begin to get melancholia, and if he hadn't got boiled about twice a week, we'd have lost him sure. The cook was scared stiff and stood out in the kitchen shaking till each meal was over. One time Joe took a plate of meat he didn't like out to the kitchen, dumped it on the floor, then stalked back to his seat without saying a word. They was all jumpy but me; I got tough nerves.

One thing, Joe was getting in good shape. He was easy to train. He was a natural lightheavy and strong and healthy. But the thing that worried me was that Joe was getting such an awful opinion of himself that he'd be a push-over for a fighter that would take his time and wouldn't get scairt and that's the kind of fighter that little limey, Kayo Boston, was.

Well, I always been a lucky guy, so one day who should turn up but Dave Handel! Remember Dave? The sweetest middleweight that ever lived. He could of played tunes on Mickey Walker if he'd had any sense. But Dave didn't. Anything for a laugh, that was Dave's motto. And he'd

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Geronimo de Aguilar

Beautiful and glamorous short story of Mexico in the days when Christopher Columbus still lived

by JACOB WASSERMANN

At the time the discovery of new worlds kept the imagination of Europe at fever heat, there lived in Spain an impoverished nobleman by the name of Geronimo de Aguilar, a restless character in whom, as soon as the exploits of Christopher Columbus and other explorers began to be talked about, there awoke an overwhelming desire to emulate those heroic adventurers.

"By the Heart of Mary!" he vowed, "what this lucky dog Columbus has done is nothing to what I shall do! If they'll only let me, please God, I'll prove it! I will find you the lost Atlantis. I will conquer lands boasting more gold than cobblestones. And I'll bring your ships back so weighted down with treasure that you could give children jewels to play with, jewels as big as those locked in the Royal Treasury. But delay no more, for the time is ripe!"

Such glowing speeches he made everywhere, his black eyes ablaze as if a raging fire consumed the man from within. Many, of course, took him for a braggart, others believed him to be possessed by the devil; but also there were those in whose opinion it might well be worth the gamble to outfit a vessel and send such a man across the sea—a man in whom surges the power to do great deeds, said they, needn't talk about them with the timidity of a schoolmaster.

One day Count Callinjos, a former Chancellor who had been banished from Court, a wealthy man and an eccentric, invited Geronimo to call. On the latter's arrival he pointed to a table aglitter with gold pieces, and said:

"Here are ten thousand pesetas, Senor de Aguilar. I have heard of your great promises and your boasts, and am willing to risk this sum. With this you can equip my brigantine 'Elena' which lies at anchor in the port of Cadiz. I give you three years. If at the end of that time nothing's been heard from you I shall consider ship, money and men as lost. If, on the other hand, you return unsuccessful you will be branded a talkative swashbuckler, and I shall have you punished as a rogue."

On any other occasion so arrogant a speech would have made the proud Geronimo's blood boil. Now, however, he felt only a wild joy race through his veins. Without a word he took the count's hand, bent over it and pressed it to his lips.

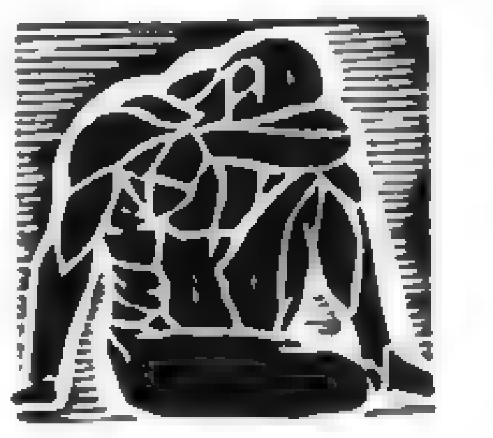
Thenceforth he became a completely changed man. The talkative, violent, impetuous Geronimo his friends had known now became reticent, cold, calculating. While assembling a crew and fitting out the ship he took full advantage of all the experience his predecessors in adventure had gained by success and failure, and proved so clever and efficient that he evoked no end of surprise and praise. By the fall his preparations were at an end, and on a clear October morn the brigantine weighed anchor and made for the open sea, with the acclaim and prayers of the populace assembled at the pier ringing in Geronimo's ears. He stood on the poop deck, like a flame, as his native country sent him a last greeting. He sailed away without regrets or heartache, for behind him he left no heart, no home, no friend, not even a dog. He was alone. Enmeshed in his intoxicating visions he had long since ceased to have time for sentimental attachments of any sort.

The brig made fine time before the wind, and with mounting expectation all on board turned their faces westward. Yet even the most hardened members of the crew felt superstitious shudders creep along their spines as the stars they had known since childhood dropped lower and finally disappeared beyond the horizon, while the sight of strange skies and phosphorescent clouds forcibly reminded them of the perils that lay ahead. Geronimo alone did not waver from florid thoughts of the glory awaiting him and, as a veritable Midas of his dreams, he turned into gold whatever entered the realm of his hopes and fancies, knowing full well that the wealth he sought was the lone path to glory, and its only guarantee.

Now then, during the sixth week a terrific storm broke which lasted many days and drove the ship far out of its course in a northerly direction. The masts had to be cut. The rudder snapped under the strain of the heavy seas, and thus the crippled vessel was left to the winds and the currents of the uncharted waters.

When at last one of the sailors in the crow's-nest sang out the long hoped for "Land!" there was a general feeling aboard that they were saved. Nevertheless they gazed intently and with heavy hearts toward the distant, low-lying coastline, wondering where they were and what fate held in store for them. Drawing nearer the brig was suddenly engulfed by a raging surf, and before they could hold counsel and decide what to do, it struck a sunken reef. There was a terrific heave and a sickening drop. The vessel quivered, and in next to no time the hull filled up while the seething sea hurled tons of water across the decks, washing most of the men overboard in the first moments of confusion. Those who managed to keep their footing tried to launch a lifeboat, but it was futile. Within a few minutes the ship and every soul on it but one had gone to a watery grave.

Perhaps some superhuman will to live, against which even the elements are powerless, spares men like Geronimo de Aguilar when dangers annihilate the weaker ones. A gigantic wave heaved him through a narrow channel in the reef and washed him ashore. When he regained consciousness, opened his brine-filled eyes and collected his scattered senses he found himself surrounded by strangely clad people. One bent on one knee and helped him to drink from a copper vessel. Another one helped him to rise. Then they led him into a large village. Gesticulating, they conveyed to him the fact that they were curious to know whence he came; he pointed towards the east. With solemn strides a group of older men, obviously priests, approached him followed by others caparisoned in flowers and precious garments whom he took to be chieftains. They addressed him in melodious sounds. He answered in the tongue of his homeland. Then he pointed heavenward, to the sea, and again to his tattered clothes.



The following day he was escorted to a town full of magnificent squares, gardens, palaces, battlements and towers which excited his wonder. At last entering an ornate edifice he was led into a hall where, seated on a throne, was the young prince, or Kazike, who wore a blue and white cloak spangled with emeralds and whose feet were shod in gold-embroidered half-shoes. The prince, after a pleasant greeting, studied him with childlike but gracious curiosity.

Geronimo was impressed by all that he saw. Observing the style of living and the behavior of this unknown people, he was overwhelmed by their wealth and beauty. They gave him to understand that he was not a prisoner but a guest, and after much ceremony led him to a house adjoining the palace of the prince where he was to live.

Geronimo did not know, of course, that he was in the vast realm of the Aztecs, each province of which constituted a kingdom, for he was the first white man ever to set foot on the soil of Mexico. He could not even have said in which clime he found himself; so that sometimes he imagined he had been transported to another star. Everything was new to him; the air he breathed, the colorful robes they gave him to wear, each tree and animal, every eye that rested on him, the everyday sounds; not to mention the deep solitude to which he surrendered himself—the solitude of the thinking man among barbarians, or so it appeared to him—a tormenting solitude like an unbridgeable chasm separating him from his homeland. While surveying this veritable fairyland with the lust of the conqueror and eyeing its marvels with the proud mien and the sense of superiority of the noblest of races across the sea, he knew it to be but an empty dream and a mockery. For him all this meant nothing, less than nothing. Although he had attained his goal his venture would bear no fruit, the achievement was sterile of any guerdon; the world he had discovered would remain a chimera so long as he could not clarion the news to the world. Because he considered himself the rightful owner of all he surveyed, and the people and prince his slaves, the mocking fate which bound him, the owner of this fabulous wealth, to idleness while the precious days went by, threw him into such despair that he tossed night after night sleeplessly on his pallet and sent up prayers to heaven which sounded more like blasphemy than incantation.

He noticed that gradually the aborigines split into two factions in their attitude toward him. Despite their attestations of friendliness he knew he was all the time surrounded by spies and closely guarded at every step. In time his naturally sharp wits, stimulated to undue attentiveness, gained him some knowledge of the language; and thus several youths who had been appointed his personal servants made things easier for him, their gossip divulging the fact that unusual doings were afoot and that disaster hung over his head.

As it happened, there existed an ancient prophecy among these Mexicans which had been handed down for centuries, according to which a son of the Sun, a demi-god, would some day come out of the East and assume dominion over their country. Many believed Geronimo to be the long waited deity. This accounted for the fear and the shy adoration he had encountered on many faces and which, preoccupied as he was with his own misfortune, he had taken no trouble to explain. The high priest violently opposed this view concerning the shipwrecked stranger, arguing effectively that a son of the Sun would have made his appearance more impressively arrayed than this hapless mortal. Against this it was argued that it might easily be a ruse of the gods; but the priests stood by their leader's opinion that Geronimo belonged to an unknown people, well educated, to be sure, and of beautiful stature, but withal threatening betrayal and certain to bring danger in his wake. They demanded that he be sacrificed and that his heart be burned on the jade block in honor of the god of war.

The prince and his nobles were opposed to this. The holy law of hospitality must not be desecrated. So heated grew the controversy that the prince finally summoned a number of the most influential citizens of his realm, and addressed them as follows:

"We do not wish to treat the stranger unjustly. If he is of divine origin he must be capable of giving us a sign of his godhead. What, however, is the strongest proof of godliness? I think it is the power to resist that which conquers all humans: love for a woman, the temptation of the senses. Let us test him: if he succumbs to temptation, then the priests shall have their way; otherwise he may dwell on peacefully among us."

They all declared their accord with this decision of the wise and gracious young prince, certain that he would properly arrange everything. As for Geronimo, although unable to find out what they wanted to do with him, he sensed danger; and his shrewdness impelled him to make a demand of the Kazike which might supply a hint as to the nature of his fate. Throwing himself at the prince's feet he begged to be allowed to build a ship. Privately he realized it would be next to impossible, for the Aztecs knew nothing whatever of shipbuilding though they were otherwise able to accomplish marvels with their primitive tools of obsidian and firestone. Yet, his growing restlessness had fired Geronimo with the wild idea of attempting to reach one of the islands of New Spain.

"What would you with a ship, Malinke?" the prince asked him gaily. Malinke was the pet name the Mexicans had invented for the swarthy stranger; the same which, much later, they used often and plaintively when addressing the Spanish Conquistadors.

"To go home," Geronimo answered.

"We cannot build a ship sturdy enough to carry you so far," replied the young ruler.

"You need but order your carpenters to do as I tell them to do, and the ship will be built," Geronimo ventured, pale with excitement.

"Perhaps, when the moon is full again," said the prince meaningly and with all his almost girlish charm. "Not now, but perhaps when the moon is full again."

The ruse had worked. Geronimo now knew approximately how near the danger was, for the moon was young. He prepared to be incessantly on the alert, but who can say what his end would have been had he not, while out walking in the company of his two servants, saved a boy from the claws of a puma. The animal had broken from his cage and attacked the boy who was already bleeding from several wounds. Geronimo rushed in and drove off the puma. On the morrow the lad's father, an old and richly garbed man, came to his house, thanked him profusely, stared at him, suddenly brought his lips down to his ear and whispered:

"If you touch a woman you are lost!"

The old man, on leaving, committed suicide, unable to endure the thought that he had betrayed his prince.

A few days later a representative of the Kazike called on Geronimo and asked him in the name of his ruler whether he did not desire to take one of the daughters of the land to wife. Geronimo bowed deeply but simply shook his head. Later the same day a second emissary appeared to apprise him that the wealthiest and most beautiful maiden, of noble birth and pure in heart, desired him as a husband. He intimated that the prince would be displeased if Geronimo declined the offer. But Geronimo, made doubly cautious by this obvious insistence, rejected this second offer in the same manner as before.

Waking from a deep slumber the following night, he was astonished to find himself not in his own room. He was in a spacious chamber dimly illumined from above and pervaded by bluish dusk. Floor and walls were covered with a carpet of fresh flowers whose scent had the weird effect of simultaneously dulling his senses and stirring up sensuous desires. The Aztecs were adept in the subtle art of mixing scents, an art related to black magic, and could produce effects otherwise obtainable only by potions or narcotics. They revered flowers and frequently held flower festivals where men, women and children, bedecked in blossoms of every description, danced in processions through the landscape.

Geronimo saw sixteen youths striding through the wide open portal and approaching him. They carried beautiful objects in their hands: tapestries spun of golden strands, jewel-incrusted shoes, carved weapons, a vessel full of multicolored precious stones, another filled to the brim with pearls, marvelous figurines of agate and silver, a cob of Indian corn fashioned out of pure gold and wrapped in broad silver leaves; and last, borne by two youths, a fountain throwing a golden stream into the air while miniature animals and small birds, also of gold, adorned the rim.

In breathless amazement Geronimo looked on at this spectacle, and when finally the leader of the treasure carriers told him that all this belonged to him he realized there was enough within the reach of his eyes to buy a whole Spanish province! Still he did not blink an eyelash but pressed his fists against his breast, aware of impending danger. After a while he raised his eyes again and saw, aligned against the far wall, twelve raven-haired virgins who squatted on the floor in groups of threes, their hands busy at some mysterious task but their smiles telling him that their actions were intended only to disarm. There were three basket weavers, three wreath winders, three brocade makers and three pearl stitchers. Occasionally one of them sprang to her feet and whirled around in a dance, baring her olive-hued breasts while the others looked on with false, tempting smiles. Then in chorus they sang a soft, dark melody interrupted every now and then by the shrill cry: "Tochrua!"

Abruptly they all fell silent, drew close together, and, like one single body, began crawling toward his couch, stretching out their arms entreatingly; twelve pairs of lips parted sensuously while twelve bodies seemed to writhe forth from their very garments. Flesh shone in deep carmine, a roseate scent wafted to his nostrils. The girls *gurred* like pigeons, pressed ever closer, ever nearer, laughing softly as if they were being kissed. Then their hands began caressing him all over like soft little animals. Geronimo only shut his eyes tighter, turned away, and buried his face in the cushions, resolved to remain so whatever might happen. And thus he fell into a sound sleep as the seductive sounds died away.

When morning came he was once again in his own room. He felt limp and tired, and tried to overcome his lassitude by winging his thoughts insistently across the sea to his own country.

During the next night he awoke in the hall of flowers once more, and this time it dawned upon him that his captors must have mixed a sleeping potion with his food or the water he drank. Whereas the flowered walls the night before had been covered mainly with blue and white blossoms, they now were decked out in dark red flowers, punctuated

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Rackets of the Barroom

The second of a series of papers comprising part of the memoirs of a bartender

by JIMMIE CHARTERS

Because people, when they drink too much, often lose the sharpness of their senses, the Paris bar has been a favourite rendezvous for confidence men and tricksters of all kinds. In fact all Paris has been and still is a happy hunting ground for them, despite vigilance of the police. The barman always coöperates closely with the police for they can be very valuable to him. Each bar pays a special tax to the city for which the police stand on call at a moment's notice to calm an unruly crowd. The sight of the dark blue uniform usually has a magic effect upon drunks and fighters.

The police, on the other hand, are not rough with the drunk, as they are in other countries, but usually take him out of the bar, walk him down the street, and then let him go, or put him in a taxi and send him home. Of course if he fights them, they must take him to the station where he is likely to receive a bad beating.

Never try to bribe a French policeman, for he will not take money and may even charge you with bribery, a serious offense. The local men come to the bar from time to time and we always give them a few drinks, but money—no. It is not that French policemen are so simon pure, but, since they travel in pairs, the one is always afraid of the other. The only bribing of the police I have ever known was in the matter of work permits. Formerly some three thousand francs divided among four or five would get a work card in short order, but since the assassination of President Doumergue, this is no longer possible.

Barmen sometimes work for the police, giving information and being paid for it or receiving favours in return.

Or the bar may be visited from time to time by plain clothes detectives who come to spot any movement against the government, especially of a communistic nature.

About the confidence men and the card sharps the barmen can do little except warn the intended victim, and even that is dangerous. Of course if he knows that a certain person is a cheat or a thief, through personal knowledge, he can forbid the man to come to the bar, on the threat of making a complaint to the police, but he must be very sure of his ground. And the tricksters do all they can to keep in with the barman, always paying their bills promptly and giving large tips.

Women are the worst on this score because they will steal or cheat in petty ways that annoy everyone, yet because it concerns a woman or because the amount is so small, no one makes a complaint.

The *gigolo* business is one closely connected with bars. The *gigolos* are those handsome young men who live off the dowager duchesses of America with well filled pocketbooks and expensive jewels. In the old days the *gigolo* was looked down on, but today he has become quite smart. An older woman is often proud to have her *gigolo*.

Personally, I think that this arrangement is quite fair. Why shouldn't an older woman pay to have a beautiful young man accompany her! I have many *gigolos* in my bar and most of them are fine young men, well educated and well mannered, but penniless and without qualifications for serious work.

There are some, though, who take advantage of their ladies to steal money or jewels, but these usually operate in Montmartre. The woman rarely complains to the police, for fear the news will reach the ears of her husband at home. Instead she usually takes the next boat back to the protecting walls of the home town and the arms of hubby!

But if the *gigolos* are a good lot, the girls that sell themselves to bar patrons are decidedly unscrupulous and even dangerous. They will stop at nothing to gain a few francs. That this money is passed on to the hands of some man does not lessen their covetousness, it increases it. I have never understood the mentality of these girls.

The story behind each one of them is much the same. She is the daughter of poor but honest peasants in the provinces. Life is a drudgery with little recreation, for the ambitious young men of the town have gone for work to the cities. She becomes restless. She decides to work in Paris, but, after a few months, as a clerk or seamstress, the bright lights lead her to something else. At first, if she is attractive, she may have a lover, and then another, and finally she finds herself attached to some cafe or bar, making her living in the only way she can.

In my bar I do not want such girls. The type of client I have always catered to, comes to my bar to talk with his friends, to drink quietly, to meet people of his own class, and doesn't want to be pestered with French *poules*. Of course, after a few drinks he may want such company and then I suggest some other bar or a night club in Montmartre as a fitting place to continue the evening.

Unfortunately I cannot prevent such women coming in and I cannot refuse to serve them, but I always try to show them to a table, saying that women unaccompanied are not allowed to sit at the bar. If they see an American or English woman alone at the bar I say she is waiting for her husband, which they do not believe of course. Perhaps my clients would not mind if I had one or two around, but if I had any, there would soon be a crowd.

Then, too, if I had *poules* they would take the clients away to other bars where they receive a commission on the drinks or where there are rackets for extracting money from the suckers.

The relationship of the *poule* to the bar management varies in different establishments, but in general it is similar to that of one of the large Montparnasse bars that I know of personally.

In the bar I speak of, the barman is the banker for the girls. He allows them to run up bills for drinks, cigarettes, and food on his responsibility. The cash register checks for these sums for each girl he keeps under the bar. Along comes a man, sits himself at the bar, but none of the girls talk to him until the barman

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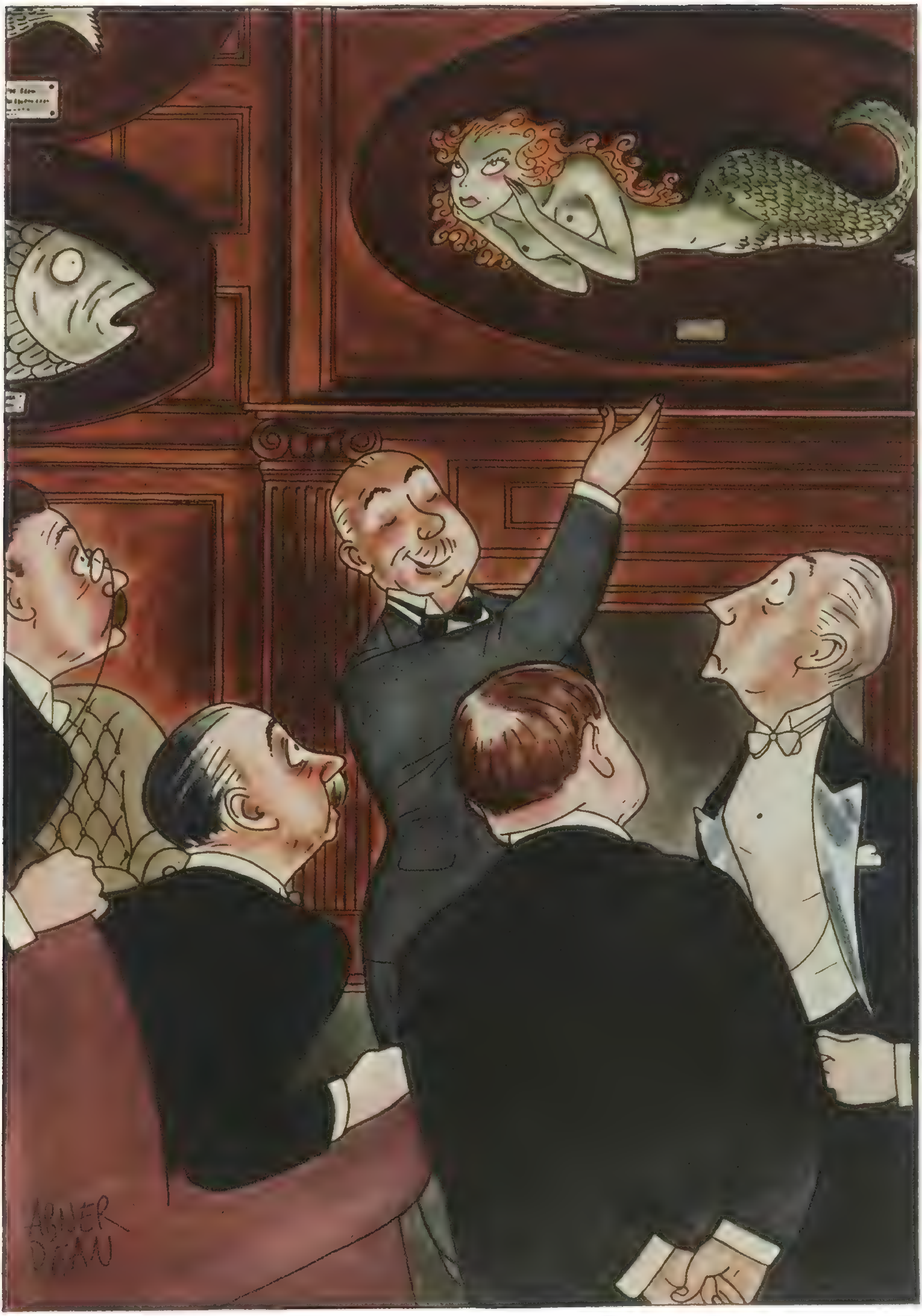
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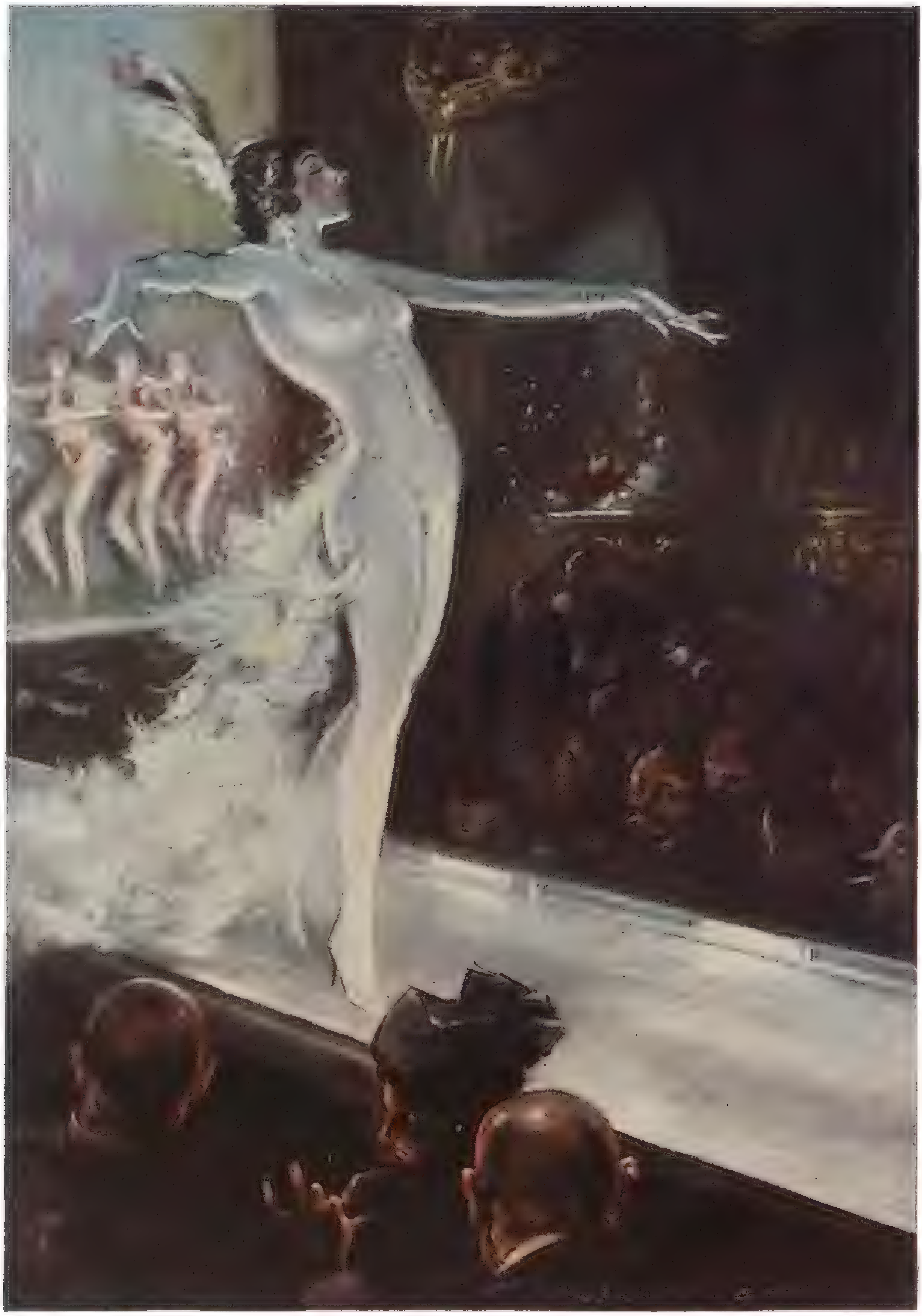

"Lady, will you please *take off your hat?"*

Hide Your Eyes

The story of a psychoanalyst confronted by the old command of "Physician, heal thyself"

by EDWARD ACHESON

Dr. Kressman made a note on the pad before him and leaned back in the chair. What was she talking about now? Her misunderstood childhood again? She was an exhausting patient, this Mrs. Benson. Spoiled. Too much money. But a hard integrated personality. Suffering from a Compulsion Neurosis. Unable to stop counting. Common symptom... Counts steps, up and down, counts trees, rows of books, shuts her eyes and imagines series of things to count... Counts in her sleep... So simple if it could only be explained to the patient... Counts so she won't have to think of something, something she doesn't want to think about, something she's subconsciously determined she won't think about... But eventually she'll have to. If she keeps up the analysis, eventually it will come out, this despised thing she's trying to hide from herself... Then she'll stop counting... Then there'll be nothing to cover up... Talking about her father now?... No, her husband. She should have no difficulty in that relationship, the two men are so much alike... Nature's method of keeping the strain pure. Women always turning instinctively to men like their fathers. Well, *she* had... this Mrs. Benson. Her trouble wasn't as simple as that... Something deeper... Let her talk. The hour was almost up anyway.

Dr. Kressman stifled a yawn. He was very tired. He hadn't slept. He hadn't slept for a number of nights. Something kept gnawing at him. It wasn't true. He knew it wasn't true. But he couldn't get free of it. It waited beside his bed like a sentinel. And when he glanced over at his wife before switching off the light, he knew he wasn't going to sleep. And he didn't. He lay there, staring into the darkness, explaining away his fears. His wife's sudden interest in sculpture, modeling. Most likely a sublimation. They had no children. The maternal instinct rechanneled into creative art. A natural outlet. Nothing whatsoever to do with this fellow Newman. New-man. Interesting word psychologically, New-man. Her animation. Had she been more animated lately? More completely alive?... Physical, entirely. She'd been ill. Now she was better. She just felt more poignantly the value of what she'd regained. And her renewed interest in clothes wasn't significant. Of course not!... She was young. Fifteen years younger than he was. And youth did things by fits and starts. Trial and error, part of the adjustment process.

And then the doctor would get up very quietly and go down stairs to the sideboard. He'd pour out a drink and hold it up to the light, mustering a smile. "Physician, heal thyself!" For he knew the human mind and he knew rationalization when he met it. He was trying to explain this Newman chap out of existence. He knew what he was doing, but he couldn't stop doing it. Rationalizing him *into* existence, really. Then he'd take a second drink and go back to bed and lie there and stare into the stillness. He was very tired.

He yawned again and looked quickly to see whether Mrs. Benson had noticed. She hadn't. She was flat on her back with her eyes closed, talking, talking, forever. The doctor listened absently. She was back on the theme of Lady Chatterley's Lover. That book seemed to be an obsession with Mrs. Benson. That was the fifth time she'd brought it up in as many days. The doctor selected a pencil and waited. Mrs. Benson's voice droned on. "What if she was unfaithful to him.... Unfaithful!... If that isn't a male word for you... Unfaithful. And Lawrence makes such an unholy fuss over it, talks about it, loves it, rolls in it. I'd like to see *his* mind psychoanalyzed. Probably look like a particularly nasty garbage dump on a hot day... Filthy, low, unspeakable—"

The doctor made a note of the three words, "Filthy, low, unspeakable." She had used them over and over again.

"And what if she was unfaithful to him? She didn't love him. He didn't love her. Or else he did. I forget. But she didn't love him..."

Dr. Kressman glanced at his clock. Almost five. He'd be through at five. This was his last patient. And he was nearly through with her for good. He drew a circle on his pad, and then a square inside the circle. From the middle of three sides of the square he drew lines into the center. That was the way one found the center, where those lines crossed. He was almost at the center of Mrs. Benson's difficulty. So many lines pointed to it. She loved her husband, and she'd had an affair, either actual or imaginary, with someone else. Whether it was actual, or whether she'd just thought about it didn't matter. The affair itself didn't matter. It was the fact that Mrs. Benson was ashamed of it, that she fought against admitting it to herself. That was the thing she refused to think about, the thing that kept demanding to be thought about. So she counted. This last thing, this defense of Lady Chatterley which kept cropping out, was a perfect example of Projection. She transferred herself to the person of Lady Chatterley and then argued her cause, because her conscience wouldn't allow her to argue her own directly.

"Five o'clock, Mrs. Benson," the doctor said, trying not to sound relieved.

"Oh," Mrs. Benson said, and was silent. Finally she sat up. "There's no use going on, Doctor. We're not getting anywhere. And it tears me all to pieces. Worse now, really."

"Perhaps it will be," the doctor smiled. "We'll try it once more. Tomorrow at the same time."

"Well, once more," Mrs. Benson agreed wearily.

The doctor smiled to himself. They were all that way. The nearer they came to a solution of their problem, the harder they fought against the cure. How passionately we really love our maladies!

"Tomorrow, then," he said.

He rang for the nurse, who showed Mrs. Benson out. Then the nurse returned. "Your wife is here, Doctor. She's been waiting some time."

"Please bring her in right away."

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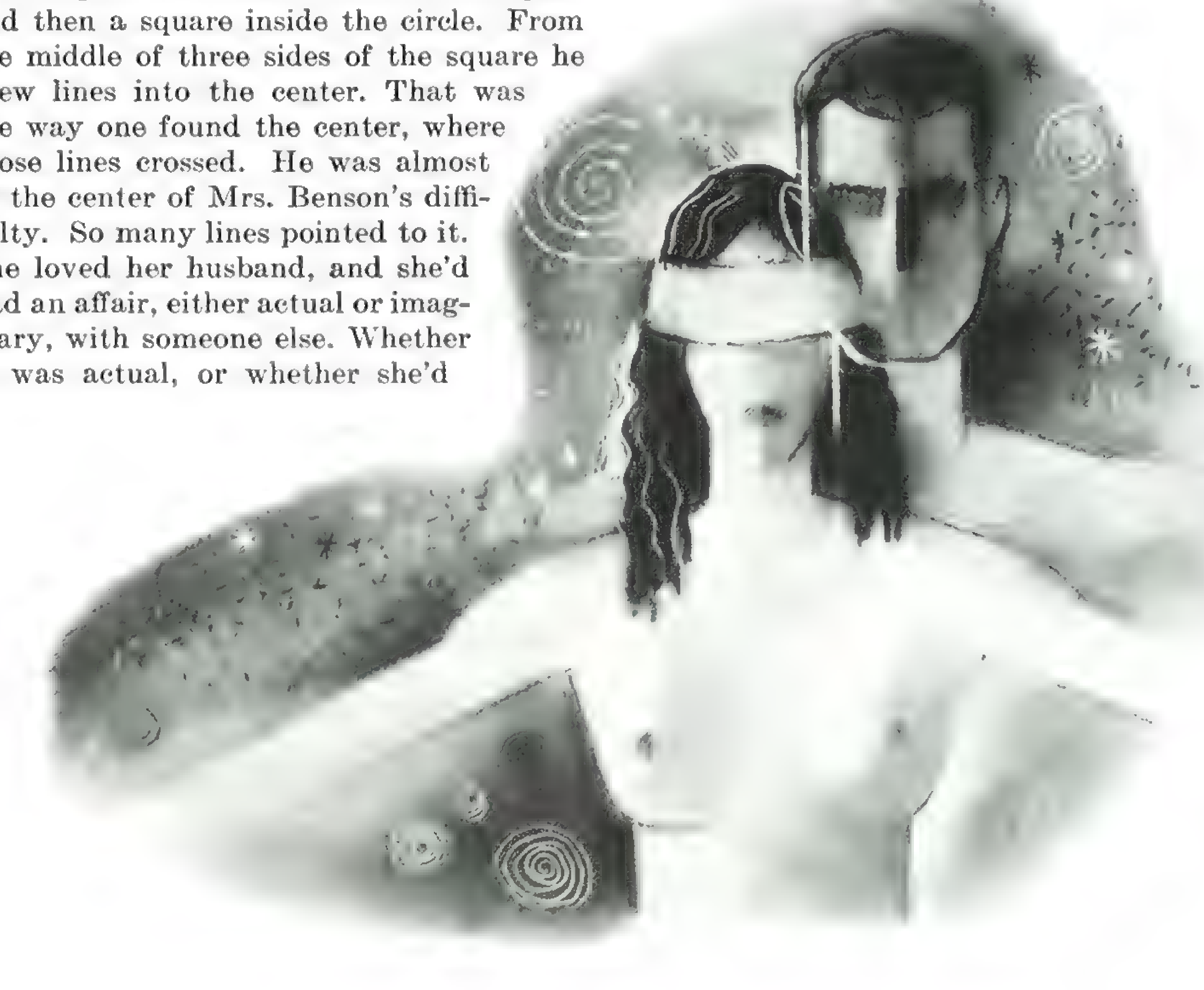

The Golden Age of Journalism

About that happy era when the favorable exchange made Paris Paradise for American newsmen

by HILLEL BERNSTEIN

A lot of words have been spilled over certain conventionalized aspects of the Left Bank colony in Paris—Montparnasse, "the lost generation," the futility of enjoying one's self when one should be working (never mind at what), and so forth—and I don't propose to go into that. One really interesting phase, however, of American life in Paris during the decade of the Twenties has been more or less neglected. Those struggling little American newspapers belong, very decidedly, in the record.

Anyone who has been around with newspaper men knows that they are a sentimental bunch. They don't exactly break down and cry over pressed roses in the family Bible, but certain subjects will produce that starry-eyed effect in which facts are banished and buncombe prevails. One of the surest of all subjects, if broached at the right point in the evening, is the small town or country newspaper. Give them a country paper, say these hard-bitten metropolitan sentimentalists, and you can have your five-star finals, your access to the Mayor's office, and your sixty dollars a week. Just a little newspaper plant in the country, with doves and geraniums and perhaps a cow, and Heaven is here.

The sentiment has something to be said for it, but actually given the opportunity, how many newspaper men will leap at it? Not many, I think. For there's a contradiction involved. If you could get beneath the sentiment and disentangle it from the words, the result might be something like this: Give me a country newspaper in the big city, where I can do what I like and say what I like, and where nobody will care enough to cancel subscriptions or organize a lynching bee.

Obviously an impossible ideal, but there's one place where it once was a fact. The American papers in Paris were, and are, country sheets, with all of the aforesaid metropolitan advantages. (Two of them are still going, in spite of everything.)

Inspect some of their back issues. They run from eight to twelve pages. A little American cable news, some European stuff, an editorial or two, "society," a gossip column, and, for the rest, mostly tourist items—long lists of hotel and steamship arrivals, gurgles about various resorts—"come to Czechoslovakia for the Czech season"—and the like.

There, in that sophisticated capital, were three papers with a small town or semi-rural air. True, they ran hotel and steamship arrivals instead of items about Mrs. Brown's sick cow and Mrs. Jenkins' two-day visit to the county seat, but the principle was the same: print all the names you can, and as often as you can. And they were perfect mediums for the public they served. A curious fact about the Left Bank colony in the Twenties was that the majority of its members had never lived in a large city in America. They went straight to a European capital from village life or college campus, and in essence their Paris period was only a continuation; village life in a cosmopolitan setting.

Working for these papers was fun. Their graduates over here, some of them since grown weighty with position and responsibilities, are often subject to acute nostalgic attacks, sometimes in the midst of solemn conferences. They weren't much to look at, those gazettes, and their staffs received no munificent pay. The foreign correspondents, lordly creatures who drew their pay in dollars instead of francs, were inclined to be a little condescending toward the local boys. A good deal of snobbery has been based upon the rate of exchange.

In character each of the papers was markedly different. The oldest and most firmly established was (and is) the *New York Herald*. It boasted organization and efficiency, and it expected its employees to take their work seriously. The *Herald* aimed for metropolitan standards, all of which, in Paris at least, was like shooting at the moon. The darling of the business men, the dowagers and the affluent expatriates, it was beloved, too, of the letter-writing cranks. Old gentlemen full of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy and old ladies full of the Second Empire fairly inundated the place with "letters to the editor." (The other papers had to fake theirs. They loved to get mail, but nobody would write to them.)

Let us pass to "The Bun." That was the name bestowed affectionately upon the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*, and there was a paper that had color. Established during the war as a journal for the doughboys, it never quite lost the doughboy air. "The Bun" acquired quite a few other characteristics during its career, but it always had bounce and vitality, and harbored any number of specimens of wild life. It was believable that anything might happen in its office. At times one was reminded of some of those Mark Twain descriptions of what mining town and frontier sheets were like. You half expected someone to enter the place and shoot the editor. Not for anything he'd published but just out of high spirits.

There were periods on "The Bun" when life seemed to be one brawl after another. Each week the then managing editor, who believed in settling everything with his fists (he was more articulate that way), had fights with members of his staff. Disputes started with grammar and ended with black eyes. The most memorable of these fights took place in the composing room, with the French printers looking on. That was a battle for a principle. It seems that in his letter-box one day he found a brief note from the business manager: "Dear——: Beginning next Friday your salary will be increased 500 francs." Gratified, but not surprised at this recognition of his sterling worth, the managing editor celebrated his just reward by buying a new suit. Came Friday and the pay envelope—which weighed, and was worth, exactly the same as before. Loud protests were made, the M. E. produced his letter of notification, and it was branded a fake. "I think," said the business manager, "I would look for the culprit among your editorial staff. That sounds like the kind of a stunt your staff would pull." He was right; and the culprit not only admitted his generous gesture but he gloated over it. "You work too hard," he said. "You're not appreciated."

Quarter was neither asked nor given in that fight. Yet the French printers viewed it with utter calm. It was not the battle of the century for them; merely the battle of the day. Right in the middle of it all, as the two moulders of public opinion were rolling on the floor, twisting and striking, a compositor with an armful of typeforms came their way. He did not slacken his pace, and it looked for a moment as if he intended to step over them. Finally he did condescend to go around instead of over them, but not without grumbling.

"*Ces americains*," he muttered. "*Ils se battent toujours.*"

And no doubt, when he got home and applied himself to his journal, he wrote, "All American journalists are always ready to fight. Spent two francs today. Too much."

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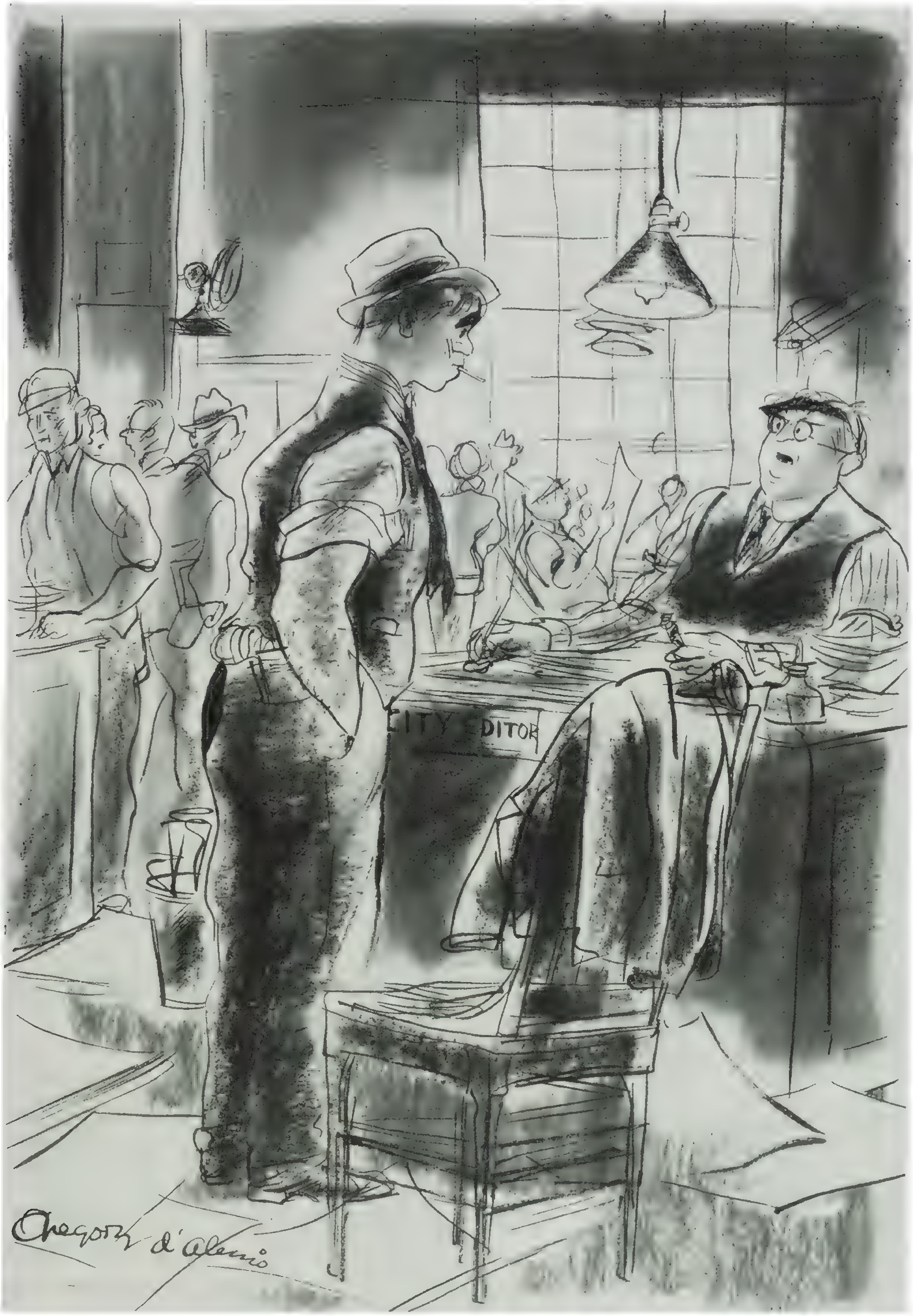

CITY EDITOR
Gregory d'Alessio

"Well, make up your mind—what do you want to do today—Lovelorn or Babies?"

Blood and Steel

An authentic eyewitness account of the German student duels now sanctioned by the Hitler régime

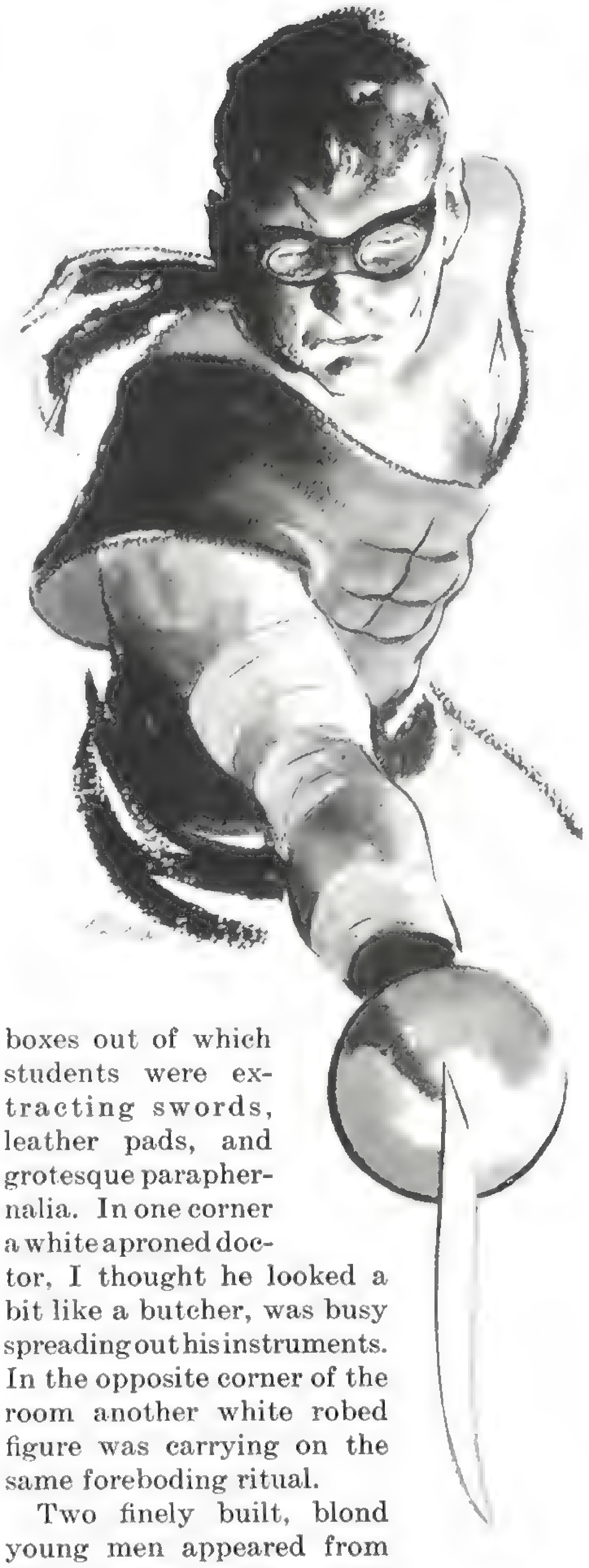
by FREDERIC GLOVER

As I shaved with cold water and dressed in a room at icebox temperature, I conceived doubts as to the value of getting up at five o'clock in the morning to see a Mensur, or German student duel. I felt sure that if American students were inclined to carve each other up with sabers, that they at least would choose a civilized hour and make the affair as comfortable as possible. But Germans don't like to make things easy, so it was still dark and cold as only a wet, wintry Hamburg morning can be when I arrived at the Bahnhof and looked around for the student friend who had made it possible for me to witness the duels. I soon picked out his bright red fraternity cap from the drab crowd of workmen who looked at us sleepily and wondered why students, who never did any work anyhow, were up so early in the morning. We shook hands, bowed stiffly from the waist, and raised our arms in the Hitler salute, "Heil!" Neither of us smiled. German students seldom do when they meet; they love formality.

On the hard wooden benches of a third class compartment, while we were being whisked to the outskirts of Hamburg, my companion explained to me that dueling in German Universities had been forbidden up to six month ago, but the new government had allowed it to be revived, as it promoted courage and stamina, two requisites of good citizens of the Third Reich. The duels that we were to witness, he went on, were to a certain extent still forbidden, for they were "Ehrenangelegenheiten," or affairs of honor, in which less protective pads were used than in the ordinary duels, and serious accidents could easily happen. Our train deposited us at a station prosaically named "Turnip Field," an ill-fitting name for a "champ d'honneur," and we joined a crowd of students whose colorful caps were in strange contrast to the dreary, cold dampness of the morning.

Weddings, dances, and boxing matches are held in German saloons, so I was not surprised to find that the Mensur likewise took place there. The dueling room was the "Grosser Saal," and the ceiling was still decked with Swastika banners that had added a patriotic touch to a dance the evening before. Around the border of the room was a row of large paintings depicting streams flowing through forests, mountains veiled in haze, and other scenes that made it hard for me to believe that it was there I was to see sabers flash and blood flow.

In the middle of the room was spread a carpet, whose darkly stained surface was sprinkled with sand. Two chairs were placed on the carpet about seven yards apart. On one side of the room were two coffin-like boxes out of which students were extracting swords, leather pads, and grotesque paraphernalia. In one corner a white aproned doctor, I thought he looked a bit like a butcher, was busy spreading out his instruments. In the opposite corner of the room another white robed figure was carrying on the same foreboding ritual.



Two finely built, blond young men appeared from the dressing room, naked from the waist up and wearing white duck trousers and tennis shoes. A group of red capped students gathered around one, of green caps around the other. The two fighters took no notice of each other, nor did the members of the respective fraternities, aside from occasional snappy bows. I watched the dressing of the victims, as I considered them when I looked at the razor edged sabers, very carefully. A fine, and then a heavy, black silk bandage were wound around the neck, coming high up under the chin. A padded leather coat came next, covering the right shoulder, but leaving the left breast and arm bare. The coat was heavily padded over the heart and had cleverly devised shields in the arm pits to protect arteries and yet not hinder movement. A divided apron, attached to the coat, was tied around each thigh. Then came the careful bandaging of the right arm in three places, forearm, elbow, and upper arm, open spaces being left between each bandage. My companion pointed out that a sword cut could sever arm muscles and render an arm useless for life. This inadequate protection only occurred in affairs of honor. Only the face was left uncovered in ordinary duels. As soon as the arm was bandaged, it was supported by a comrade, for as the arm cannot be bent due to the bandage protecting the arteries at the elbow, it might easily become weary.

Both fighters were now completely dressed, aside from goggles and last minute adjustments, and they were led to the two chairs on the "Mensurboden," as they call the sand strewn carpet. Goggles were now firmly tied on, and a small leather pad adjusted over the temple. The last touch was the grease spread over the forehead to keep blood from dripping under the goggle rims into the eyes. The judge, or "Unparteisischer" (Non-partisan), as he is called, took his place near the edge of the carpet. He was flanked on each side by one red, and one green capped student, each of whom held a notebook. They were the scorekeepers.

The two "Sekundanten," or seconds, now took their place beside their respective champions. Their dress reminded me of that of the old Japanese warriors, padded from head to foot, and wearing a cage like mask, topped by the tattered colors of their fraternity. Around their waists they wore canvas aprons, striped with the fraternity colors. They held the same type of razor sharp sabers that were placed in the hands of the two "Paukanten," or fencers.

The spectators drew up chairs in a semicircle around the "carpet of battle," and my friend placed me in a front seat, not far enough out of the way of a healthy sword swing, to my way of thinking. Both fighters and seconds stood at attention while the "Unparteisischer" delivered a short speech, much like the referee's whispered instructions in the center of the ring. "No low blows, break clean when I tell you to!", to which the boxers never listen. He reminded the duelers that the fencing procedure was governed by laws that they were expected to obey. The seconds now carefully measured the sword distance between the men, making sure that they could reach each other. The two men assumed fencing positions, right arm forward, left foot pointing sideways, right foot pointing ahead, and both feet close together. A chalk line was drawn back

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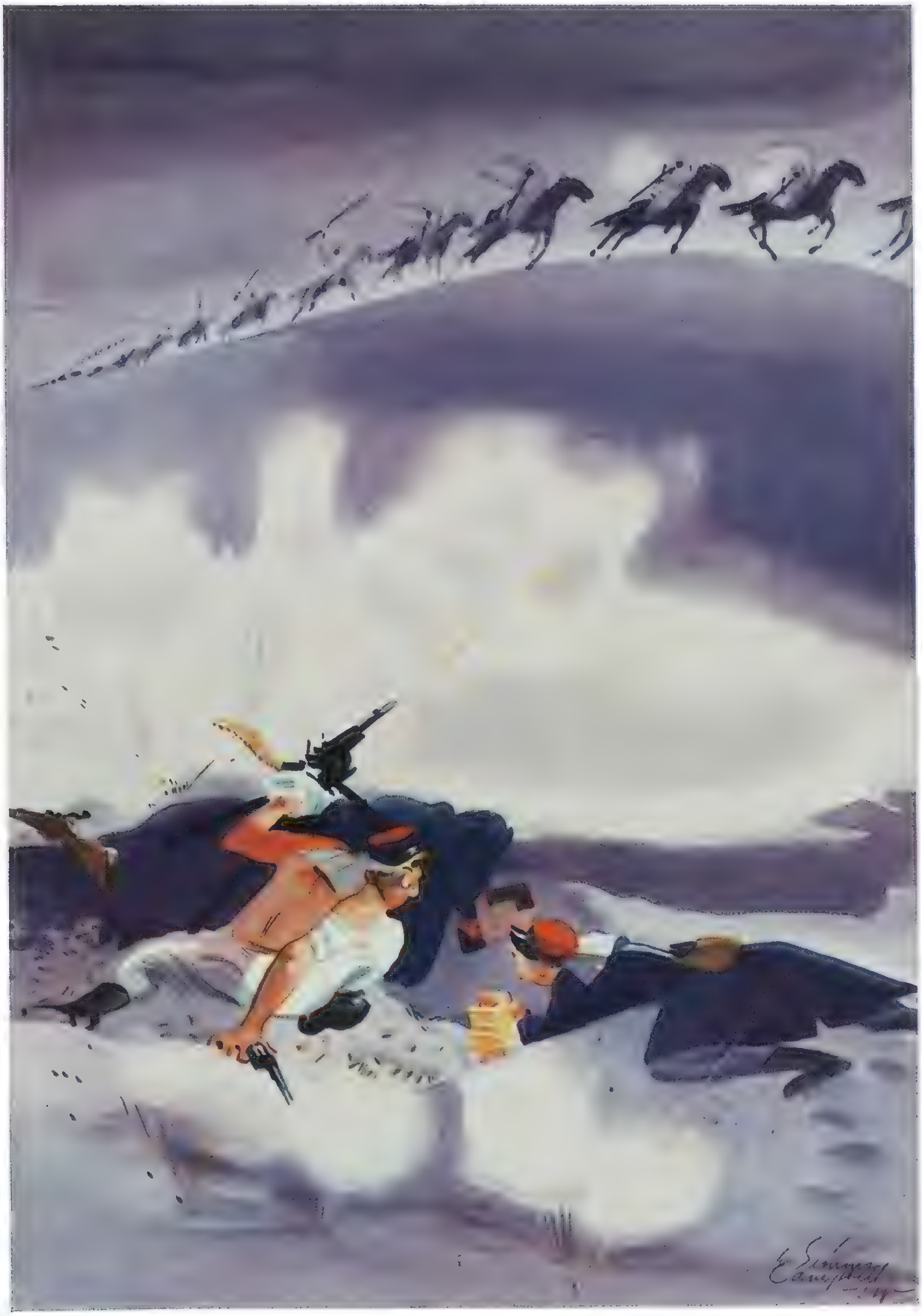
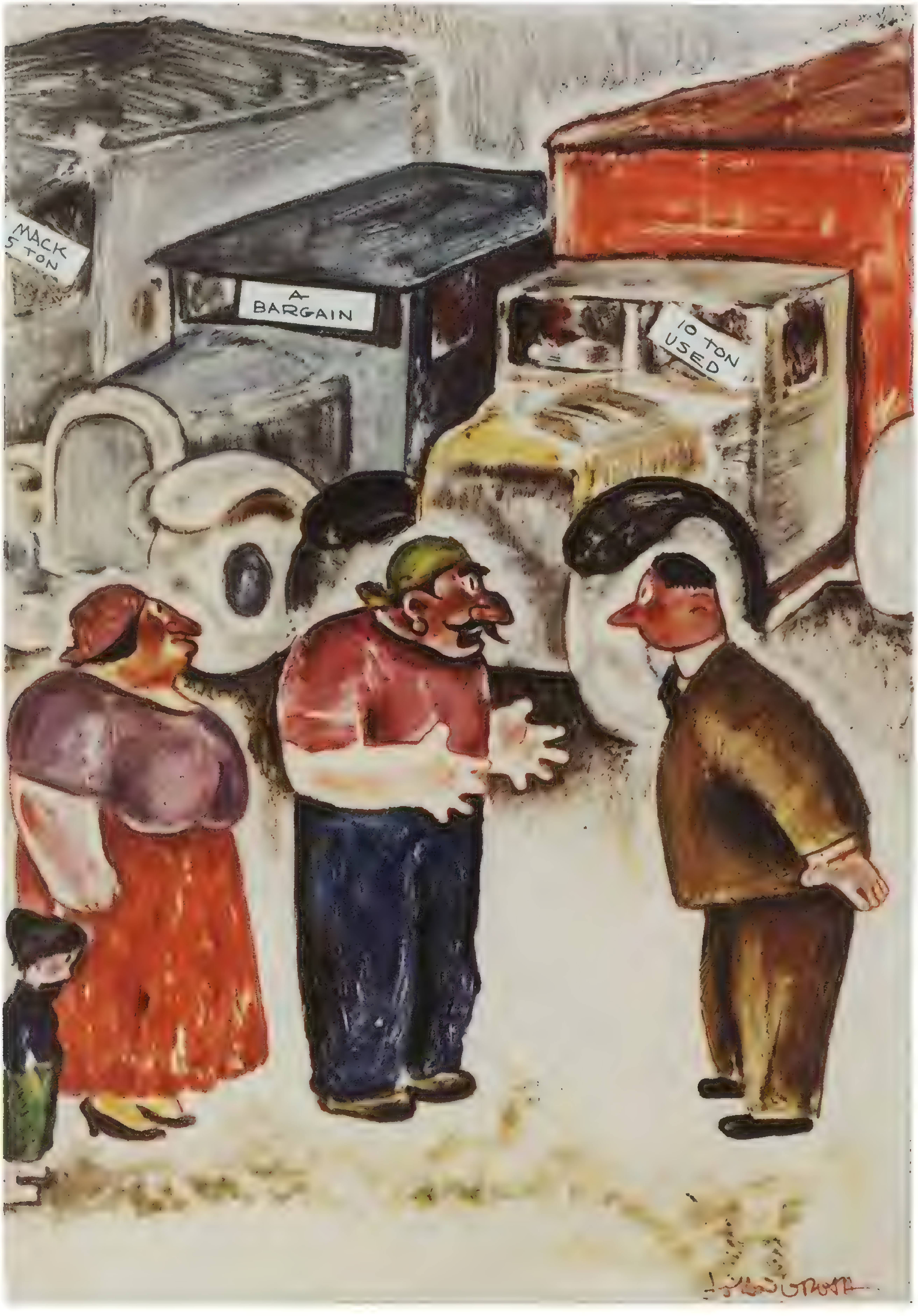


"Cartridges? Oh, I thought you said sandwiches"


MACK 5 TON
A BARGAIN
10 TON USED

"We would like to look at a nice three-room truck"

Tomorrow's Man of the South

Second of a series of essays concerned with the youth of America's different sections

by JOHN EARLE UHLER

THE new man of the South is the poor white. Not the pellagra-infected moron of the clay hills but the tenant emerging into a landowner. Already in supremacy, it is he—and to a greater extent his sons—who will answer for tomorrow.

It was the World War that gave the poor white his first real opportunity. The soldier's wage, magnificent to the farm hand; association with men from other sections of the country; travel; financial compensation to relatives; livelier business and industry as in the drilling of oil in Texas and the mining of coal and iron in Alabama—all this quickened the peasant as rain quickens the soil of a desert. Then followed the blessings of the depression. Many of the large plantations of the South, heavily mortgaged, fell into the hands of creditors. In desperation these creditors—the Federal Land Bank among them—have been parceling out land to resident tenant farmers for practically nothing down and less per month than the rent had previously been. After which came government subsidies for the destruction of cotton and for other emergency relief measures. Until the poor white, unlike the proletariat of most other sections of the country, finds himself on top of this economic free-for-all almost without making an effort.

Of this class it is the young man who is most deeply affected. Unlike his father, he is not hampered by ingrown vestiges of fealty to the old regime. Not so inclined to doff his hat with humility or scowl with churlishness at the icons of the old order. Rather disposed to laugh at them. For the past few years the present-day youth has thrown stones thru the windows of the old vacant plantation house which his father used to respect from afar as a temple of wealth and refinement.

Parallel with the economic evolution in which this new young man is growing is the improvement in Southern education. One impetus in this direction came from the federal government thru the Smith-Lever Bill, passed by Congress in 1914. This bill provided for extension work in agricultural schools. That is, it effected a contact between the research student and the farmer—the application of scientific principles to farming. Since that time, one-room, one-teacher schools have been consolidated into fewer but larger, better equipped plants, with a teacher for every grade. The building of well-paved roads and the use of buses—like canals draining stagnant pools—brought children from places heretofore almost inaccessible, to these new schools. Institutions for the training of teachers have been established. And libraries and library schools have been opened. All this is not noteworthy in itself: similar improvement was earlier and more rapid in most other sections of the country. But in the South it has been immediately synchronized with the economic uplift of the rural population. The spark has been so timed with the gas in the motor that the engine is beginning to run. And as a result, the difference between the Southern men of yesterday and those in the making is the difference between languor and vigor—between the ox or the mule and the tractor.

For the first time boys of the poorer class are finding an open sesame to leadership. Already young men of this class are seen in enterprises where access is easiest and the end most tangible, that is, in business and in politics. In the past twenty years many young men have left the farm and set up in small establishments built on the solid rock of cash-and-carry management. When the storms came and the winds blew, they fell not, as did the houses built on the sands of speculation. In politics, men of this type are becoming high state officials controlling schools, hospitals, the police, even the courts. In the professions of teaching and the ministry, such men influence the intellectual and social life of their community. They are forerunners of the many young men of their kind who are now preparing themselves to take even a better advantage of their opportunity. The last are becoming first.

This does not mean that youth of the wealthier and more cultivated families are not still continuing to attain positions of prominence. In this respect the South is unusually prospering. As late as a generation ago many of the more carefully nurtured and ambitious young Southerners left home for the larger opportunities of the north and east. Their culture and eagerness and refreshing ingenuousness won a welcome for them in society and in business. But since the depression many young men of this type are remaining at home. Because of a lessened family income, instead of going off to an eastern college, they attend the local state university. These more highly gifted boys the South is beginning to conserve, like a supply of gold, unto itself. In some instances, as in the case chiefly of Florida where men came as real estate speculators and remained as citrus-fruit growers, the South has even attracted a flow from the outside.

In any case, however, whether a young man is peer or peasant, if he is recognized at all, he is influenced today more by his following than it is by him. For the proletariat is an awakened giant, uncertain to be sure about its selection of a leader, obviously partial to youth and to the young man of its own kind, but insistent on action that quickly reveals the leader's fitness. Outstanding figures as a result must be symphonized with their background—the background of the poor white. Tho in more vivid outline the leader is like the follower.

Above everything, this new man is wary in thought and action. From the beginning of his education to about his third year in college, if he advances that far, his teachers are for the most part women, his instruction stereotyped, cautious. More or less imbued with this feminine tutelage, he thinks along well-trodden highways—in harness, obedient to the mental rein that has guided him. His family presto-changed from tenant to landowner, he wants a continuance of the regime that effected his transformation. Unlike the desperate industrial worker he yearns for no further change in the present rules of the game. Even if he were sympathetic in theory with radical social and economic reform, he would be restrained from action by his antagonism toward the negro. With this antagonism the poor white is saturated, for at least vaguely is he aware that negro labor has always menaced his own standard of living. Now rising above competition in which the negro, as slave or freedman, had rather an advantage, the poor white opposes any progress toward a regime like socialism the very nature of which demands racial equality.

The young man's satisfaction with the present bias of affairs is not to be interpreted as stupidity or insensibility. The new man is robust. The previous lethargy of the poor white was not so much organic as climatic. It was due partly to diet, but chiefly to confinement behind the economic bars of a peonage to which he was resigned. Now released, he bounds from his cage like a wild animal and finds himself foraging under conditions far more healthful to his welfare.

In his very robustness, he is naive. There is no need and no time for constructing a defense like artfulness—or culture or gen-

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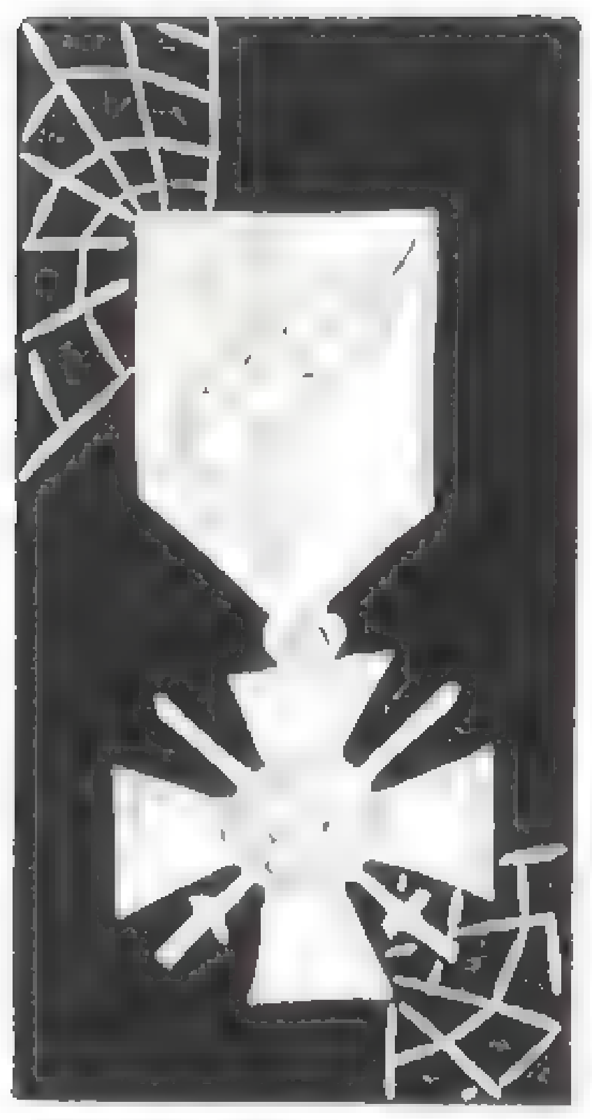
The Incredible Gourmet

Again starring Charlie, who has been the hero of *les plombiers, les concierges* and *les douaniers*

by JOSEPH SCHRANK



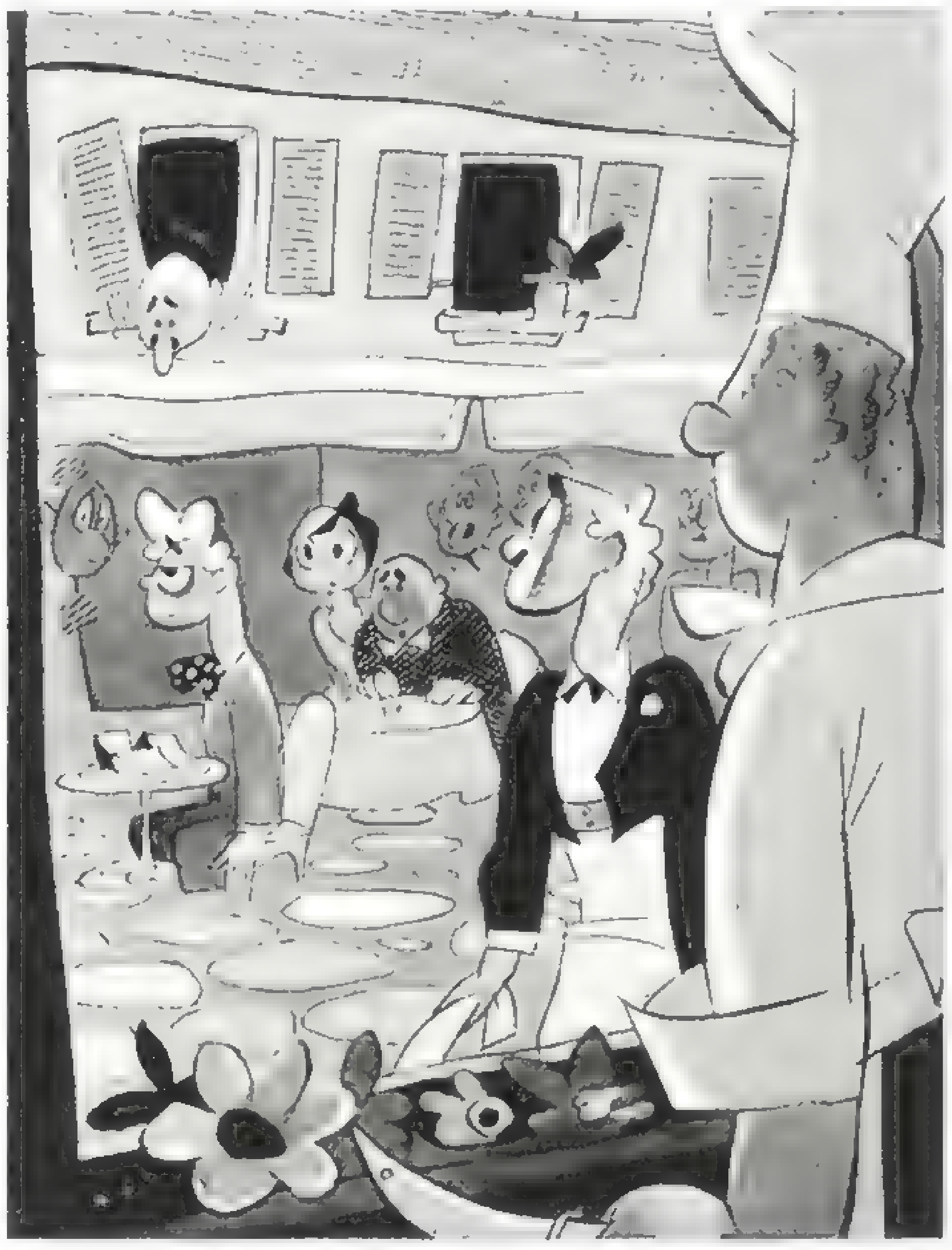
Madame Camembert has had a statue erected to her by a grateful republic for creating a cheese, a Parisian chef was made a member of the French Academy for originating a sauce, famous dishes have been named for their inspired creators and renowned French restaurants for virtuosi of the skillet and the casserole. But rarely if ever does it fall to the lot of an obscure young American with no interest whatsoever in gastronomy to be admitted to this company of immortals. Yet that is what happened to Charlie Harris shortly after his arrival in the French capital. He had a Paris restaurant named after—or to be exact—because of him!

Charlie, whose young manhood had been spent under the blight of the prohibition era and to whom a drink was anything that had alcohol in it, was truly, gastronomically speaking, a member of the lost generation. On the other hand, without these advantages in his upbringing, he would never even have attempted to negotiate the extraordinary luncheon that led to the re-naming of a Paris restaurant.

Luke Barnes, the tow-headed painter from Paris, was busy finishing up a big canvas and he had a luncheon engagement besides, so Charlie, who had to date left all the ordering to Luke, was to be left to his own devices all day. He spent most of the morning roaming around the Luxembourg gardens and drifting from one street to another in the Latin Quarter, pleased with everything he saw. The little streets with the shops and the people and the cafes were like stage sets, intimate and personal, and the sky came down much closer than it did over the streets of his native Buffalo. Almost before he knew it, it was noon. He was filled with a strange sort of peace and content and felt he would like to sit down somewhere and reflect a while over this unusual state of well-being. And since Paris is a city that is filled with little places where one can sit and reflect, it is not odd that he found himself in a little square facing just such a place. It was a small restaurant with a little terrace gay with orange-striped awnings and sun shades and white table-cloths and glinting silver. A few dwarfed trees in wooden tubs gave the terrace the merest illusion of privacy. The interior looked dim and cool. There were only four or five tables on the terrace and they were all empty. A waiter was flicking at one of the tables with a napkin and a head waiter in a tuxedo stood hopefully in the doorway. No humble place this, thought Charlie, nothing like the Delambre where they charged you for your napkins by the week, and the regulars were given numbered napkin tags; probably one of those exclusive—and expensive little places. And since this too suited his expansive mood, he ambled over and sat down.

The waiter bowed and the head waiter came over and bowed.

"*Bon jour, monsieur,*" said the head waiter, and handed Charlie a leather covered book. Charlie opened the book and looked through it. It was filled with the names of wines, all neatly listed under their classifications, with their years of vintage and their prices. There must have been hundreds of them. Charlie wondered how a little restaurant like this could find room to keep so many wines. But he didn't feel like drinking any wine. He just wanted to sit a while and perhaps sip something very delicious—something his palate had never experienced before. In the last section of the book was a page headed *Liqueurs.* Charlie ran his eye down the list and picked out something he had never heard of before: *Grand Marnier.* He liked the name.



He pointed it out to the head waiter and said, "*Un Grand Marnier.*"

The head waiter looked at Charlie dubiously. "*Un Grand Marnier, monsieur?*" he asked.

"Oui," said Charlie.

The head waiter still looked dubious and said slowly, "*Bon, monsieur.*" Turning to the waiter he said, "Louis, *un Grand Marnier.*"

Louis looked surprised. "*Un Grand Marnier, monsieur?*" he asked.

"*Oui, oui, oui,*" said the head waiter testily.

The waiter disappeared. A party of people came along. They wanted to sit inside and the head waiter conducted them into the little restaurant. Louis came back with the *Grand Marnier*, a little long stemmed glass filled with a beautiful orange colored liquid that matched the stripes in the awning, placed it before Charlie and retired to the doorway and watched him drink it. Charlie thought the *liqueur* tasted as good as it looked. It was sweet but very warming and spread through his system with a slow, peaceful glow. He liked it so much that when he finished it he wanted another. So he called the waiter and pointing to the empty glass said, "*Encore!*"

"*Encore un Grand Marnier, monsieur?*" asked the waiter more surprised than ever.

"*Oui,*" said Charlie nodding his head, rather pleased at making himself so well understood.

"*Bon, monsieur,*" said the waiter slowly. He went in and came back with another *Grand Marnier.*

Trouble with this drink, said Charlie to himself as he downed his second *Grand Marnier*, is they give you so little of it. Hardly more than a good thimble full. But it was making him feel so good, and this being a special occasion anyway—his first full day in Paris—that he ordered a third *Grand Marnier.*

This time the waiter said nothing. He just stared at Charlie and then went in and got it. While Charlie was drinking it, the waiter retired again to the doorway where he was joined presently by the head waiter. They both looked at Charlie and whispered together.

By this time Charlie was beginning to feel a bit hungry. A nice, light dish would just suit him, he reflected. He looked around for the waiter. Louis and his chief stopped whispering abruptly and the latter came over.

"Monsieur desires something?" he asked.

"*Le Menu,*" said Charlie.

"*Oui, monsieur.*" The head waiter brought the menu. Charlie took some time over it and finally discovered an *omelette fromage.* Just the thing, thought Charlie, a cheese omelette! He ordered it.

"*Pas du boisson, monsieur?*" asked the head waiter.

Pas—means not . . . Charlie thought quickly, and boisson . . . boisson . . . oh yes—means drink! He's asking me if I don't want a drink with it. Well, no use mixing my drinks. And aloud he said, "*Encore un Grand Marnier.*"

"*Oui, monsieur,*" said the head waiter in

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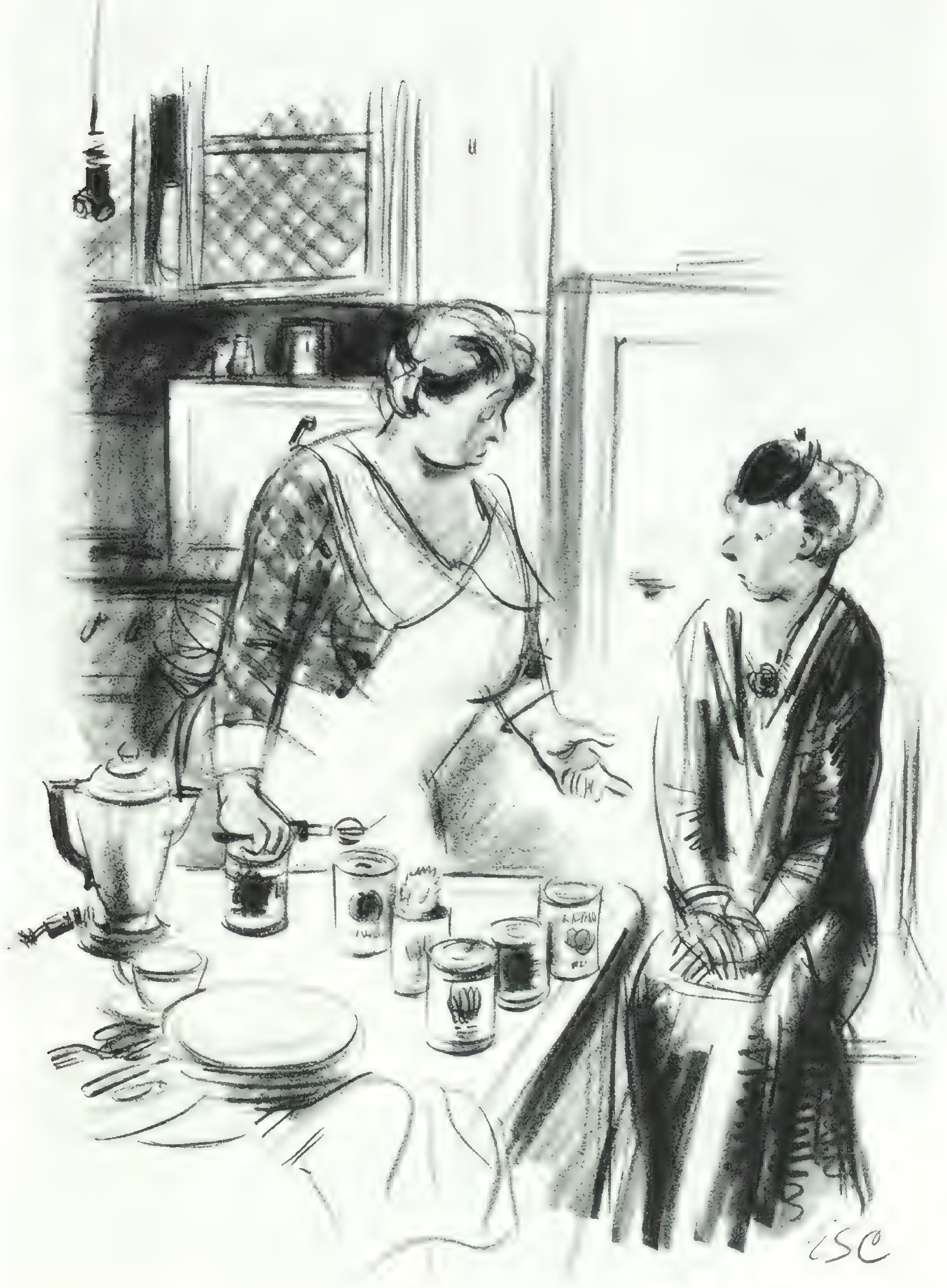


"You know Charlie—he insists on a six-course dinner every night"

Have a Rosebud

A short story by (now it can be told) the author of February's article, "I am an unknown writer"

by M. C. BLACKMAN

Curiosity was eating me up, so I finally barged over to Gertie's counter, and I said:

"Listen, Gertie, what's it all about? What's the gag? If you're pulling a funny one on me—"

She cut me off. "Now don't get steamed up," she said. "I just asked you to do me a favor, and I told you I'd explain it all, soon as I get time. Just keep your shirt on."

She moved off to wait on a customer and I hung around. The rush was about over for the time being and the station was settling down quiet-like until the next train was due. I figured it wouldn't be long before Gertie got a breathing spell. Her stand sold everything from flowers to cough syrup, but was busy only in the rush hours.

Sure enough, she drifted over pretty soon, giving me her real grin, not the one she uses on customers.

"I've been meddling again in other people's affairs," she said, "and it turned out swell. At least, I think it did, and they'll never know the difference."

"What turned out swell?" I asked. "Who won't know the difference?"

"I'm telling you," she said. "I'm telling you, if you'll stop butting in. . . . It all started just before No. 3 pulled in, when this lobby snake breezed up to me with the lady-killing smile turned on. You know the type. I could smell the bay rum at six paces and read his mind with my back turned, if he had any mind and if it was safe to turn your back on a guy like that.

"He said, 'Hello, baby,' just like I knew he would, and I said, 'Aunt Hazel to you, laddie,' and managed to cut down the routine by about half, getting him told without driving away trade. I'm getting pretty good at that, if you'll notice some time."

"I've noticed," I said. "So what?"

"So he wanted a rosebud, and I sold him a rosebud."

"A rosebud, eh?" I said suspiciously.

"Right. But he didn't pin it on. He stuck the pin I gave him in his lapel and wrapped the rosebud in a newspaper, and said, 'Hate to disappoint you, baby, but I can't let you pin it on this time.' The look I gave him would have wilted the rose, if he'd been wearing it, but you can't insult a guy like that, and he went away, grinning, toward the train shed."

Gertie saw a customer strolling toward the cigar counter, and Gertie keeps her mind on her business when she's on duty.

"So I forgot all about this punk, see," she went on when she got back to me, "until after No. 3 pulled in. I was mopping off the fountain counter when I heard a soft, sorta scared voice say, 'Excuse me, please.'

"I looked up and there was this little girl, wide-eyed and anxious and excited. Young and pretty—and dumb as a rabbit. Right out of Hicksville and Romance-bound.

"She says, 'Excuse me, but I was expecting someone to meet me, and I'm afraid I've missed him, and I thought maybe you had noticed him.'"

"I said, 'What does he look like?'"

"'He'd be sort of tall,' she says dreamy-like, 'with dark, wavy hair, and very handsome. And he'd be wearing a rosebud pinned here.' She pointed to her left shoulder."

"The rosebud she was wearing," said Gertie, "was sort of wilted, like she had been wearing it all day."

I said, "Another rosebud, hey? Pretty soon you'll have a bouquet."

"That was the tip-off," Gertie went on. "I remembered old Gay-and-Devilish right away, and it was easy to put two and two together and add up bad news for a little country girl hardly dry behind the ears yet. It struck me as a sort of sour layout, and I did some fast thinking, meanwhile keeping an eye peeled for old Slick-and-Sweet. I said: 'Listen, dearie, if you're going to meet a man you'd like to make a good impression on, you really ought to go to the rest room and freshen up a bit. It looks to me like you'd been on the train quite a while.'

"She was so fussed I was almost ashamed of myself, especially since she looked as fresh as a daisy with the dew on it. But she fell for it, and went away blushing, after making me promise I'd keep an eye open for her 'gentleman friend.' I gave Mrs. Murphy, the matron, a high sign to delay her as long as possible.

"Well, I got busy, while Little Miss Muffett was in the rest room, and when old On-the-Make came by, looking this way and that, like a cat on a still-hunt, I gave him the eye to come over. I said:

"'There was a girl asked me if I had seen a tall and handsome fellow. The way she described him, I thought you might be him.'"

"'I'm the one,' he admits, 'and I've been looking for her.'"

"'Would she be wearing a red rosebud?'"

"'That's her. Where is she?'"

"I told him to look on the bench by the elevator," said Gertie.

I turned myself and looked toward the bench by the elevator.

"Good God!" I said.

"That's what he said," Gertie giggled, "just before he went away from here like he had hot rocks in his shoes."

The girl on the bench was Strawstack Sal, herself. Plump, with hay-colored hair, thick glasses, big feet—all that. A cabbage would have looked more suitable than the rosebud on her shoulder.

"But that's not little Fresh-and-Innocent!" I said.

"Of course not," said Gertie. "That lass over there came along in answer to my prayer, and I pinned a rosebud on her and told her we were giving them away as samples for today and if she'd wait around awhile, we might give boxes of candy."

"I get it," I said. "The other one has gone back to Hicksville, her heart broken, but—"

"Oh, her heart ain't broken," Gertie cut in. "She was glad to go back. In fact, she couldn't get back fast enough to suit her."

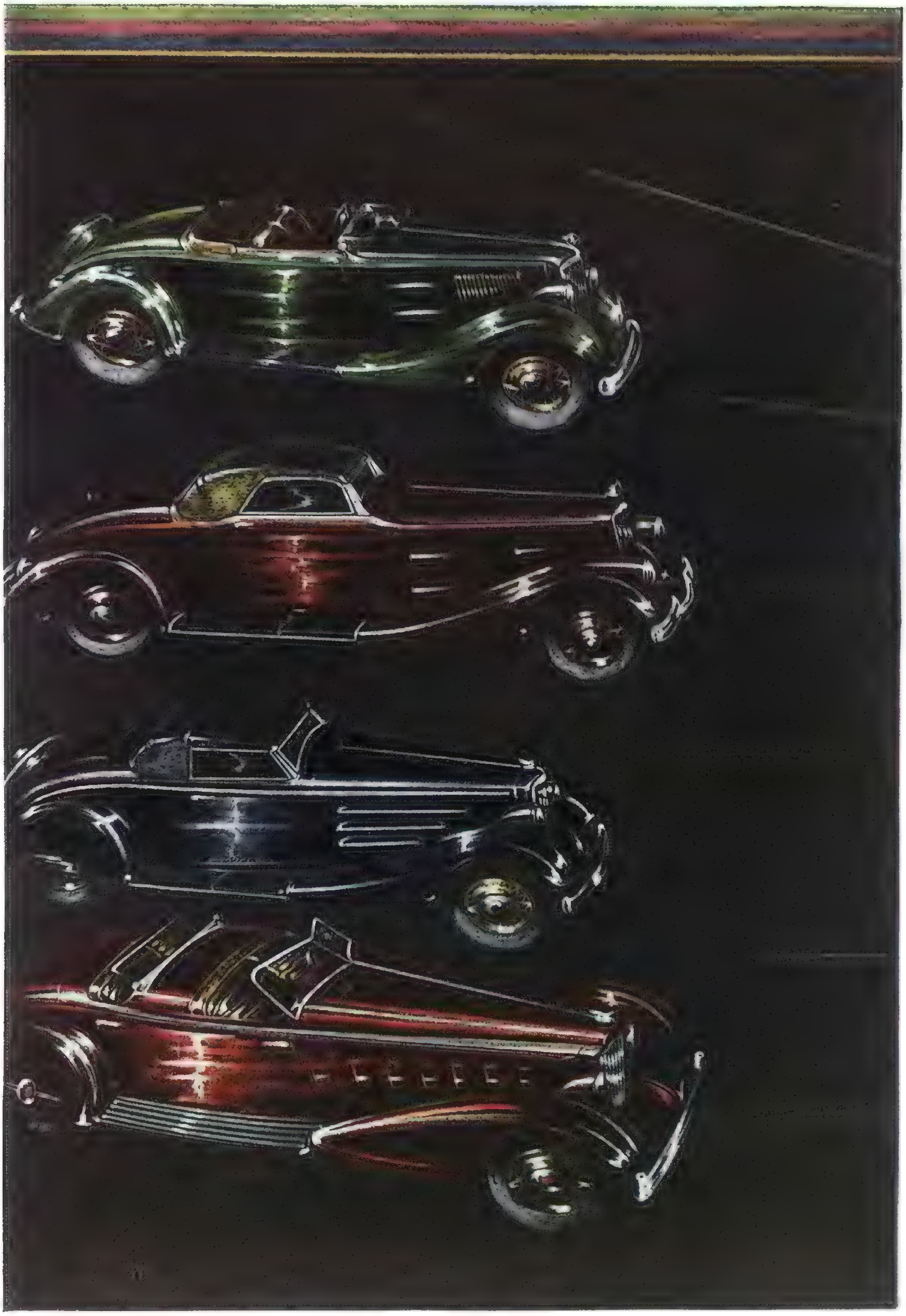
"But how'd you convince her?" I asked.

Gertie cut her eyes down at my left shoulder and looked sort of funny. And then I did get it! I reached up and tore off the rosebud she had pinned there an hour before. I got red, I expect, and I spluttered: "Why, you—"

But Gertie reached over and gave my hand a pat and said in that gentle way she sometimes has: "Now, Steve, you know it takes a dumb kid to fall for these sheiks. Personally, I like 'em big and husky—regular he-men. Like you, Steve."

I guess she does, at that.

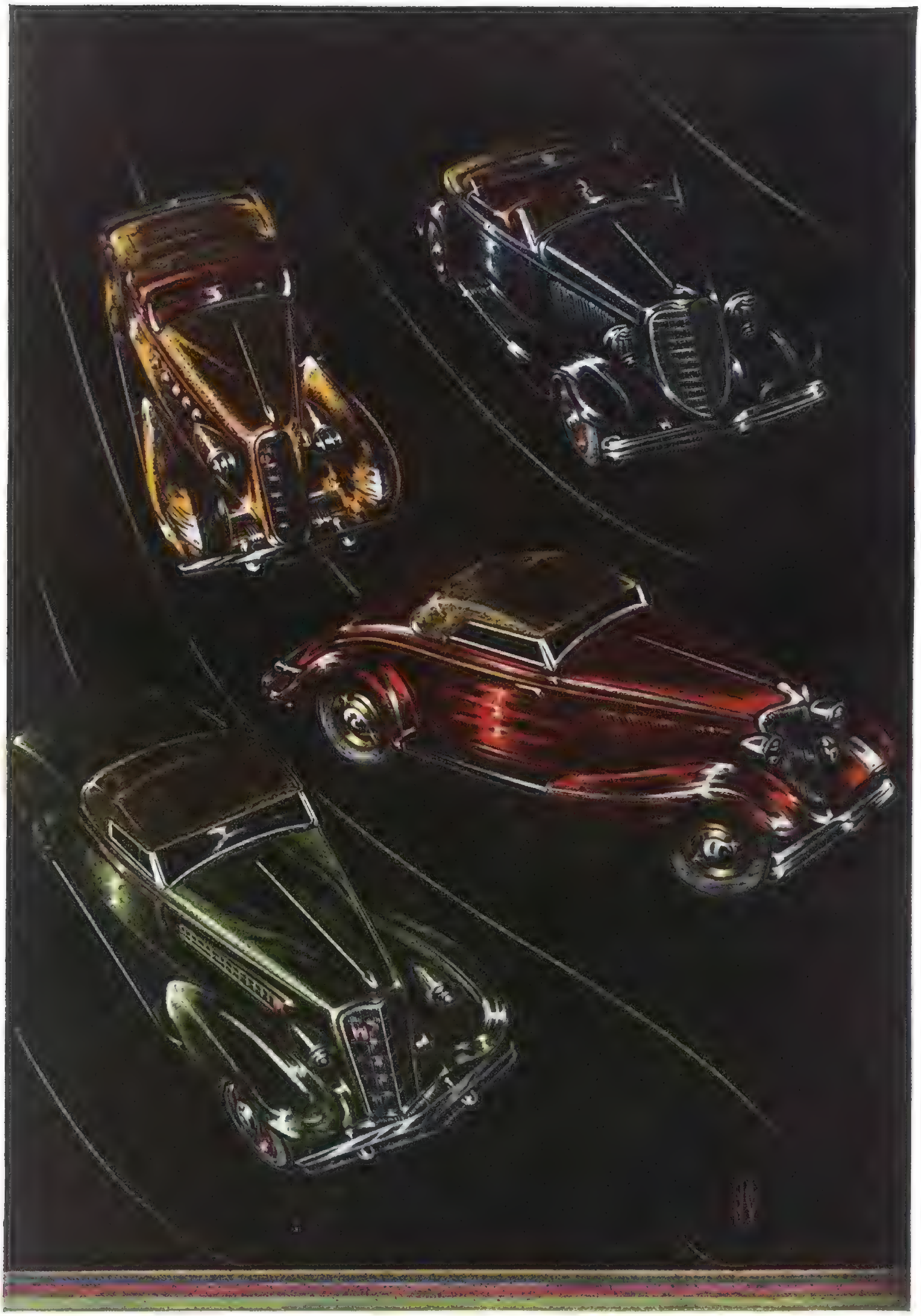
Brad Pendleton



AMERICAN OPEN CARS

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Sketched on this and the following page are eight cars which recommend themselves, for one reason or another, to the man who prefers an open car. All are standard American makes, representing almost all price levels. The cars, and the outstanding characteristics by which they appeal to the student of design as well as to the practically-minded sportsman, are as follows, reading from top to bottom above: the new 1934 Plymouth Roadster, for the trim, long lines and for the pleasing radiator outline; the 12-cylinder Pierce-Arrow Convertible, for its guaranteed speed of 115 m.p.h.;



AMERICAN OPEN CARS

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

the Chevrolet Cabriolet, for the attractive louvres and the sporty rear wheel shields; the Packard 12 Le Baron Phaeton, for its streamlined beauty in general and for the effectiveness of its fender lines in particular. As for the cars sketched above, and for their attractive characteristics, they are: upper left, the 1934 LaSalle for its aerodynamical conception; upper right, the Lincoln Sport Phaeton, for its genteel silhouette; right center, the Ford Convertible, for its clever, speedy lines; lower left, the Cadillac Cabriolet, for its fleet grace and character.

Luck Goes to Bat

Ball players, as a class, are exceptionally superstitious —as witness these examples

by FORD FRICK

The New York Yankees were playing the St. Louis Cardinals at Avon Park in Florida. The score was three to two in favor of the Cardinals. It was the eighth inning and the Yankees were batting. Two men were out and the bases were full.

Babe Ruth sauntered forth from the dugout and a hush of tense expectancy settled over the fans. Even though this was only a pre-season practice game, the crisis was so acute and so full of interest, it might just as well have been the deciding contest in a world series—so far as the fans were concerned, or so far as Ruth himself was concerned.

Any kind of a base hit meant the ball game for the Yankees, and the Babe and the fans both knew it. Day in and day out, the fans plunk down their money in hope of getting a thrill from a situation such as this, and the players dream of such an opportunity to demonstrate their prowess.

The Babe paused before the bat rack. He took his time, as a great man about to cope with a grave emergency is entitled to do. After solemn deliberation, he picked out his bat, hefted it and strolled toward the plate. Just as he was about to take his stance, he caught sight of a negro boy standing near the Yankee dugout.

The Babe put down his bat and beckoned to the colored youngster, who promptly trotted forward, eager and grinning. While the fans stared down, for the most part utterly mystified, the King of Swat performed a peculiar ceremony. He placed his hands on the negro's head, as if conferring a title or bestowing a benediction, and earnestly rubbed his fingers through the woolly black hair.

The fans were fascinated, but few of them knew what it was all about. Perhaps the Babe was merely wiping perspiration from his hands in this grotesque manner, exercising thereby the prerogative of his greatness and indulging his sense of humor—as the lords of the manor used to do in medieval days when they cleaned their greasy fingers on the flowing locks of their vassals in lieu of table napkins.

Then the Babe went to bat—struck out on three pitched balls! After the third strike went zipping past, the Babe whirled around and took out after the colored lad, chasing him under the grandstand and out of the park.

The fans howled with glee. From those "in the know" the word went around that the Babe's wrath wasn't caused by striking out so much as it was the failure of one of his pet superstitions. Many ball players believe if they rub the kinky head of a colored boy that luck will go to bat with them—and for them.

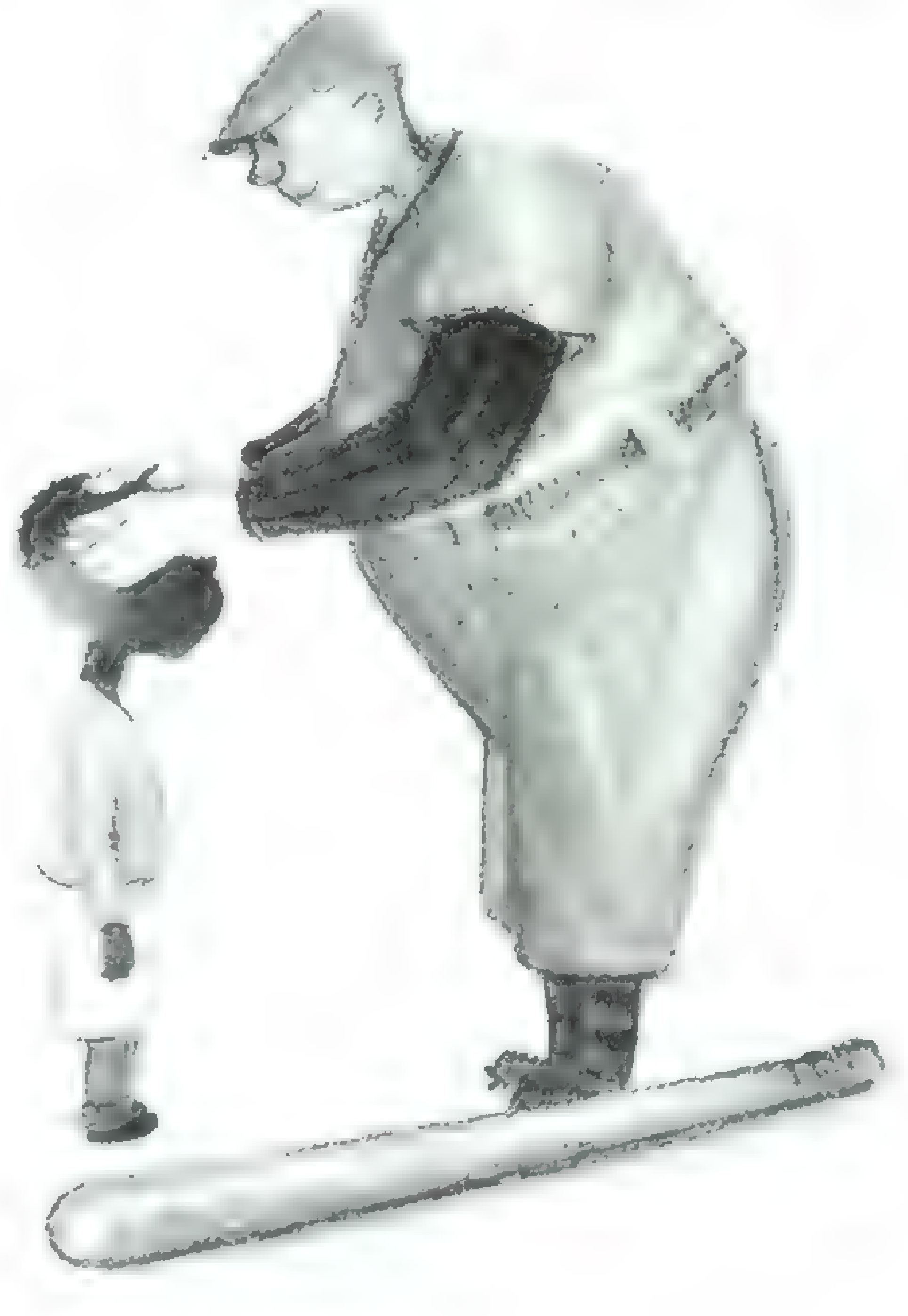
As a class, ball players are exceptionally prone to be superstitious, and the Babe is one of the most susceptible. For instance, he always insists upon warming up with a certain selected player before each game. Benny Bengough used to be his favorite. Then he went into a hitting slump and Benny was blacklisted. For a time Eddie Bennett, the mascot, was his choice. Later he switched to Earl Combs, and afterwards to Bill Dickey. But the job never lasts long. Every time the Babe goes into a slump, he demands a change.

Another one of Ruth's superstitions is in regard to opening mail. He simply refuses to open it himself, insisting that brings him bad luck. Naturally he receives a vast amount of mail, which accumulates unopened in his locker until someone—Doc Woods, the trainer, for instance—finds time to sort it for him.

On one occasion Steve O'Neill, who was catching for Cleveland at the time, sent Ruth a telegram asking him to speak before a boys' club. Knowing that Ruth was always ready to co-operate in any welfare work for boys, Steve was very much surprised and disappointed when the Babe failed to show up. Several weeks later when Steve was in New York he demanded an explanation.

"What's the big idea of standing me up that way? Didn't you get my telegram?"

"No," Ruth replied, fumbling through a huge stack of mail in his locker. "It must have got lost. Oh, I guess this must be it."

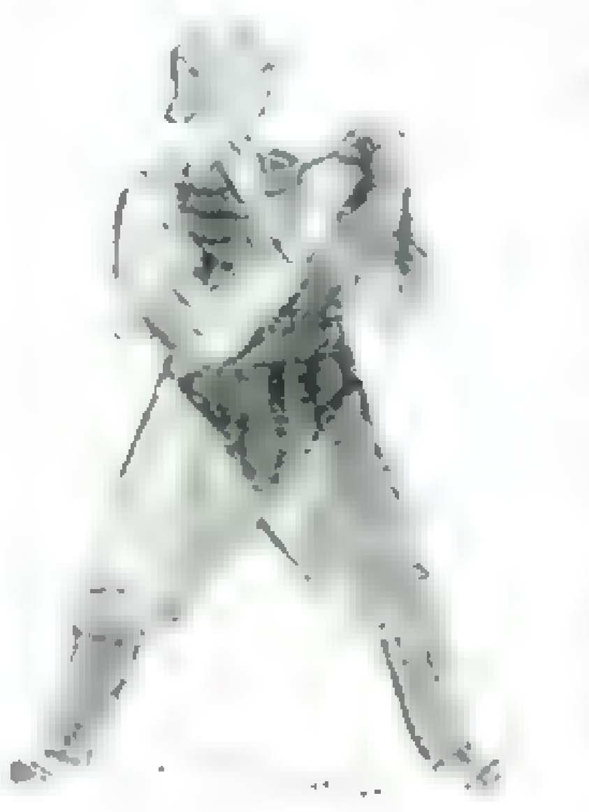


"Well," O'Neill insisted, "that's all right about that one, but what about the second one. Didn't you get that either?"

"Oh, sure!" the Babe blustered. "I got that one all right. I answered that one."

"Oh, yeah?" O'Neill retorted. "Well, you're a big liar. I didn't send another one."

Many baseball superstitions center around bats. Frank (Wildfire) Schulte of the old Cubs had a special pet bat which he called Black Betsy. No other player was permitted to touch it, much less use it. Schulte himself only used it on coming to bat when there were two out and the tying or winning run was on base. Then it was his big medicine, his heavy artillery that seldom failed him.



"Mixing up the bats" is a common practice among big league players when a team is in a hitting slump. But if the team happens to be hitting, woe betide the unfortunate bat boy who permits the bats to get out of alignment as they lie in a perfect row in front of the dugout! For the players will tell you, the same "mixing of bats" that has the power to bring a team out of a slump is just as effective in stopping a rally, should that "mixing" occur—accidentally or otherwise—while the team is hitting.

Lefty Gomez is another player who has his own private little superstition. He was about to take the mound against the Washington Senators in a certain game at the Yankee Stadium. He got his final instructions from Manager Joe McCarthy, took a final drink of water, and started up the steps of the dugout. Suddenly he stopped, horrified.

"Where's that flat fungo bat of Burke's?" he demanded. "Who moved it?"

For a moment no one spoke, Then the bat boy, flushed and nervous, produced the bat —a practice bat, which is short and light, so the batter can hold it in one hand while tossing up the ball with the other, and which has a flat surface, so the batter can place the ball out into the field to whatever man he wants to.

"I put it over here," the bat boy explained. "I forgot!"

"I ought to box your ears!" Gomez declared.

Then he solemnly placed the bat at the very end of the bat rack, flat face up, and went back for another drink of water. When he emerged from the dugout again, he took care to step lightly on the bat's flat surface as he went out to the mound.

Lefty didn't go very well that day. He

Continued on page 148

Without Flowers

Short story in which death appears in a new guise and plays a most unusual role

by ROBERT SNIDER

TWENTY-THREE stories up, in "the hotel with the club-like atmosphere," Mr. Peter Hembley idly appraised the management's choice of pictures. Lovely—that one of the lady—hanging over the bed. One of the Lindler chain's stock favorites; he'd seen her in Cincinnati and then again in Kansas City at the convention last March.

Abandoning his clothes to the floor, Mr. Hembly paused to weigh all possible benefits of a bang-up, A1 suicide. After consideration, and in regard to both himself and a few crumby relatives in Minnesota, he decided in favor of a front page leap to the pavement. In his newest, bluest shorts, socks, and expensive brown oxfords, he crossed to the window and wondered if he had the nerve. He threw up the sash and—was he crazy?—there perched saucily on his window ledge was an incredibly tiny young woman, none the less a charming one, very occupied with an immense box of candy. She was wholly unconscious as to Mr. Hembley's presence, and still more surprising, quite unconcerned about her perilous position at that dizzy height. She was in evening dress, green and shimmery, a slim sleek little creature with a rude scarlet mouth into which greedily popped piece after piece of the rich chocolate assortment at her side.

Mr. Hembley was vexed; it had been a trying day and this was just a little too much. "What the devil is the matter?" he demanded.

"No more nut-centers," she complained. Sulkily she resumed her search through the various layers of her huge box. "No, not a one left." and on second thought, "Care for a cream?"

"No." Mr. Hembley did not want a cream and told her politely to get the hell off his window ledge and to take her dirty little chocolates with her. This was a ten-dollar room and he warned the intruder that in about thirty seconds he would call the desk clerk. He was harsh in his condemnation of girls who sit on men's window ledges at midnight, telling her that if she had any kind of a mother at all she'd be home in bed.

"Well, really!" She stared at him and broke out in wild laughter.

It was only then that Mr. Hembley appreciated his condition, at once humble in his efforts of concealment. Seizing the rose drapes hanging at the window and utilizing to best advantage these mere shreds of respectability, he attempted to regain his superior manner. This endeavor to shield his scrawny nakedness only brought forth convulsive whoops from his rowdy visitor. This was terrible—having a woman rocking with mirth at your body, the body which, until now, you had thought reasonably presentable.

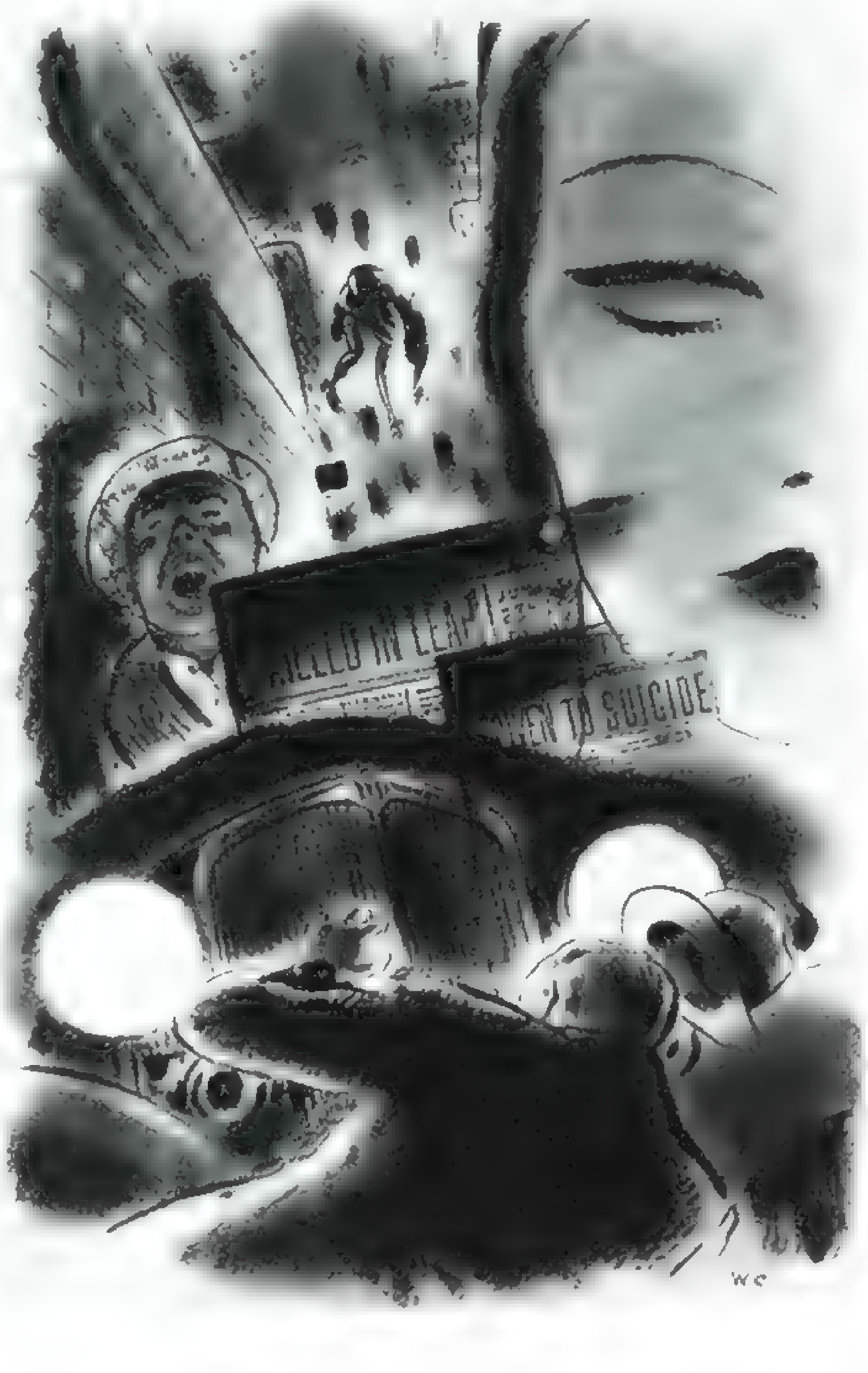
Better try conversation. He could ask her if she'd read Duncan Lyle's new anthology. Lord no! Better keep off of books; she might be an agent. "What's your name?" he asked.

This was surely safe; everybody had a name—and it certainly couldn't lead to anything.

"My name?" She appeared surprised. "Then you don't know me?"

Peter thought to himself, "Stalling. She knows damn well I've never even laid eyes on her."

"Names, names, names," she said wearily—as though the thought were too much for her tiny head—and obliged with some queer gurgly sounds.



Lord! Was that the woman's name? Sounds like fish language. Lying, probably. "Thank you," Mr. Hembley replied. "I believe I shall call you Miss Q."

She had no objection to this and edging over, urged Mr. Hembley to sit down. Her smile affected him, made him half lose his distrust of her. She was really, after all, like a naughty little girl who knows she's bad and glad of it. Mr. Hembley stepped through the window.

Seated beside her on the ledge, legs dangling high above the blinking lights, he felt very much at ease with her. Here they were now, chattering away, the best of friends, laughing and dropping large gooey chocolate creams on silk hats below. She'd hit nine and he seven—and they still had one more layer to go.

Then she became quiet and Peter observed that she was strangely sad and far away. Her eyes were fixed upon the slow-moving show crowds far below. Peter looked too, at the steady stream of headlights reflected on the rainy asphalt—slowly flowing uptown.

She was speaking. "Afraid? It's not too late to change your mind, you know."

"Not afraid. Let's go."

"All set?"

"All set."

She rose to her feet; pulling her wrap closer about her bare shoulders, she smiled, took Peter's hand, and together they stepped off the ledge.

Feeling detached and somewhat light in the head, Peter was all for sitting on a nearby fire-plug and getting himself pulled together. It was difficult adjusting himself to his new position.

"No, no. Come along—and for heaven's sake don't look around; you see, you were sort of a mess, I'm afraid."

A crowd had gathered. The fat lady in the furs fainted dead away. Had Mr. Hembley looked back he would have seen himself, the cause of the commotion, splotched untidily in front of "Marge's Waffles."

Miss Q had been watching all the taxis and had informed Peter that they must be ready to jump into one as soon as their chance came. Now! A large, well-stuffed couple entered a cab, and Miss Q, close on their heels, dragged Peter and herself in just before the door slammed.

Opening the small folding seats opposite the couple, they seated themselves, Miss Q informing Peter that his recent change had made him quite invisible to these people and that he need feel no embarrassment about his costume. The woman-passenger, presumably the man's wife, complained that the cab was stuffy and lowered a window. Peter, in his light drapery, was chilled and promptly closed it. Miss Q applauded this independence, remarking to Peter that he was catching on admirably. Yes, there were decided advantages to being "this way."

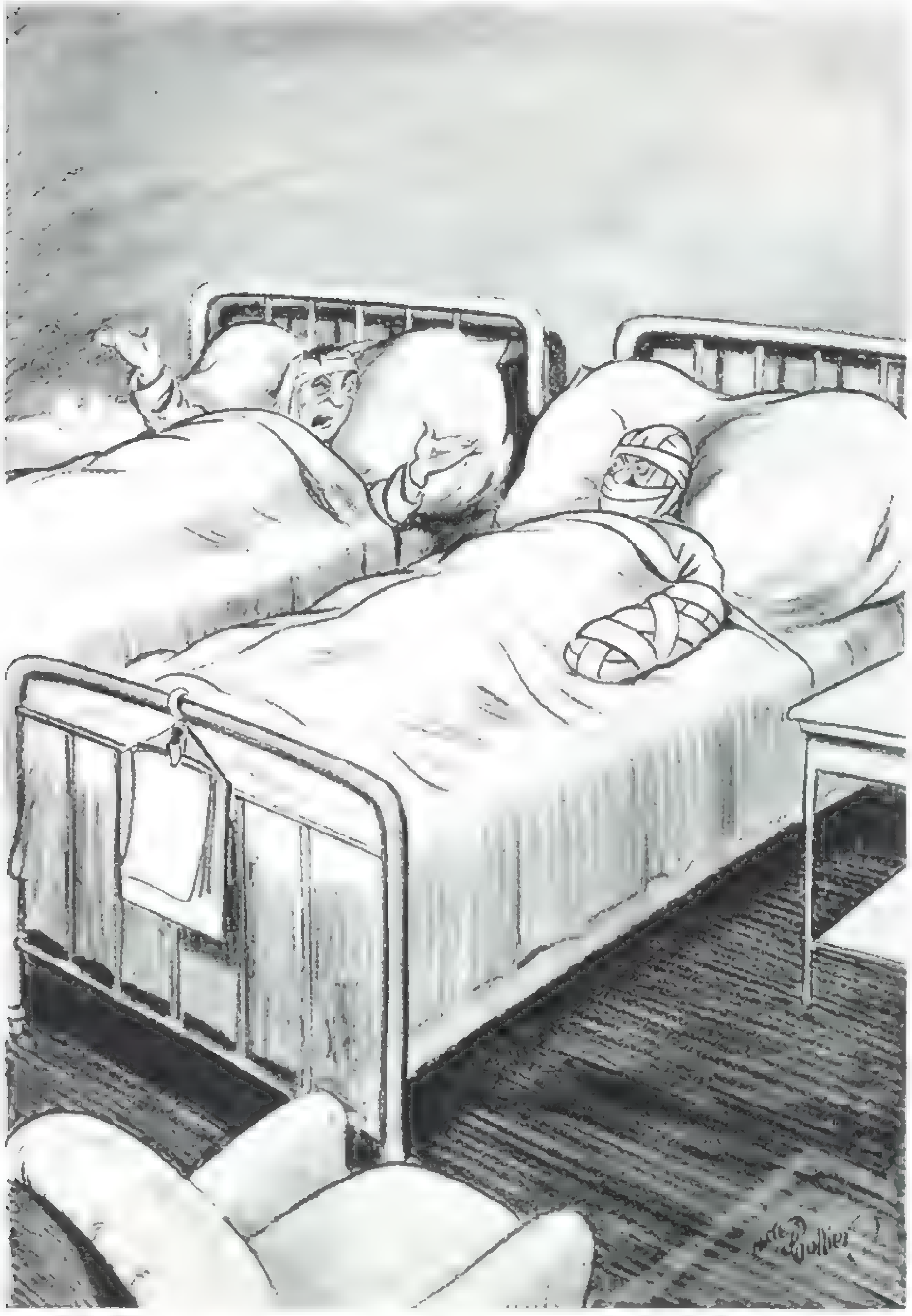
"I've got a job tonight on 39th street at 12:36," Miss Q told Peter. "It's going to be a man in a gray top-coat. Youngish, with a little moustache. Another pedestrian."

"But I don't understand." All this was crazy to Peter.

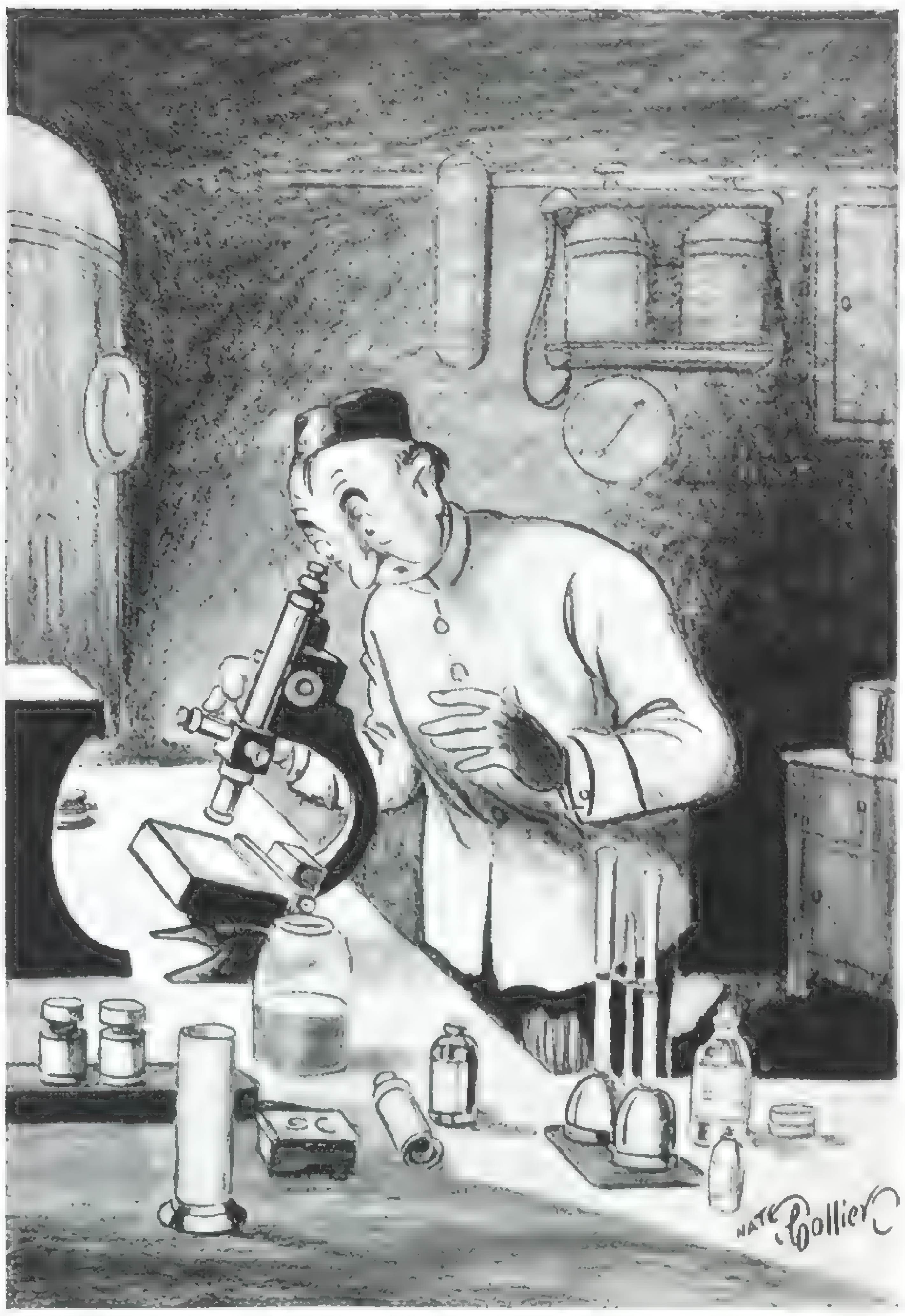
"Motor job," she explained. "Big Duesenberg. Really, it gets worse every day. This is my third since noon." And she sighed.

Nearing 39th street the cab slowed down and they scrambled out, leaving the occupants to wonder why the door had suddenly swung open, then slammed shut. In the rush, Mr. Hembley's improvised garment

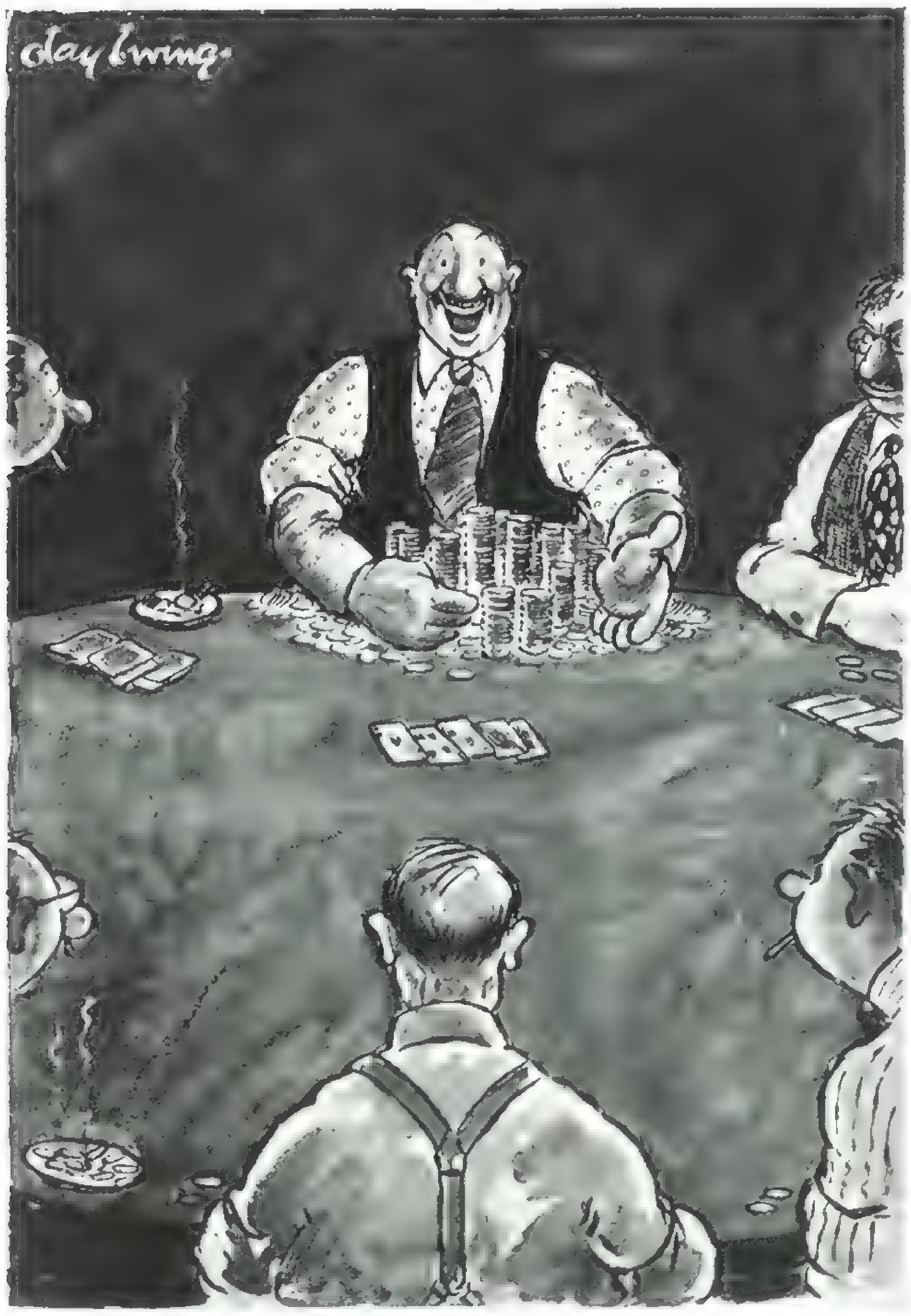
Continued on page 158A


Nate Collier

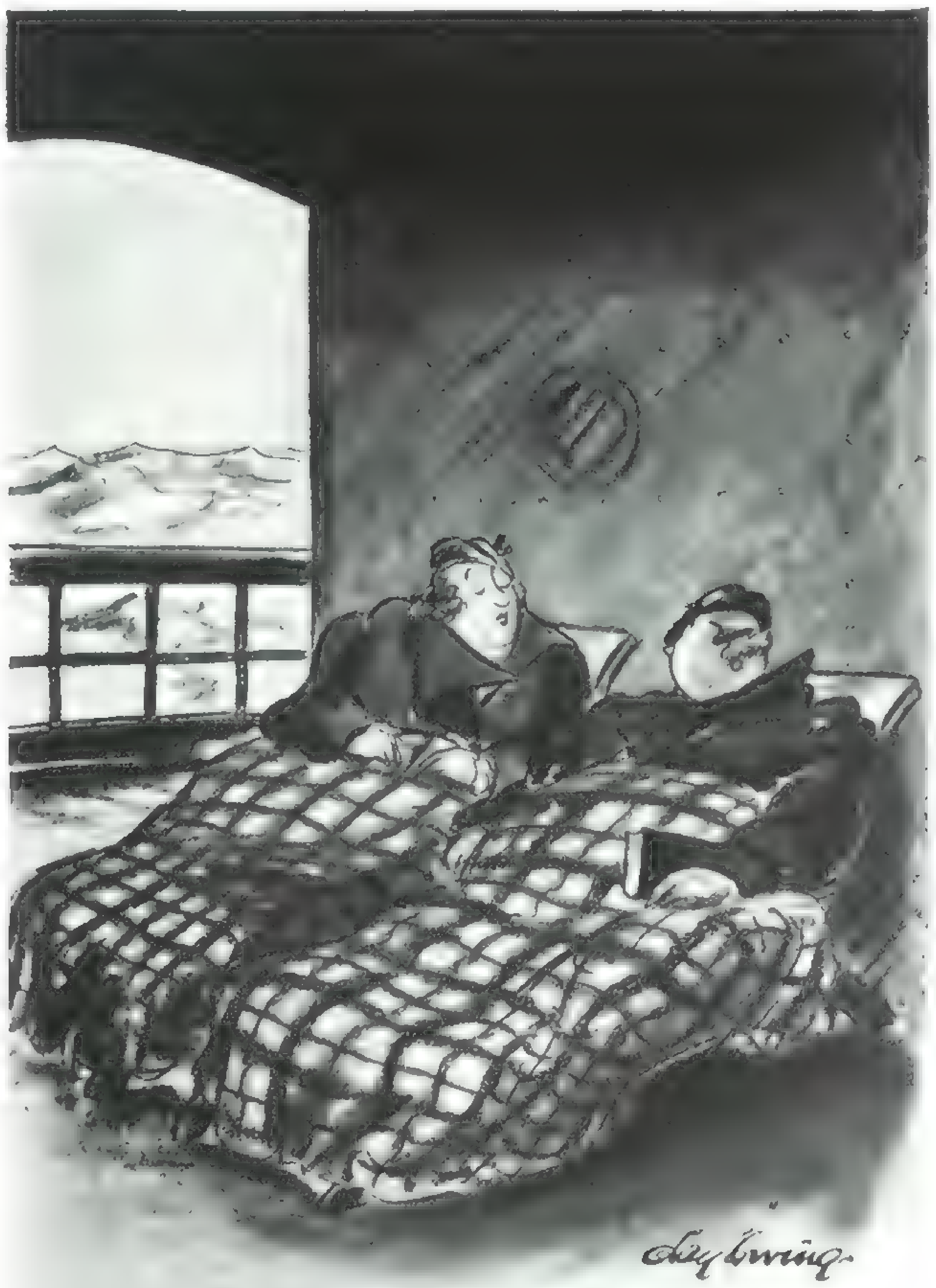
"I'm sorry I returned unexpectedly, ol' man, but I had to uphold my honor"


Nate Collier

"Hm! He's always running after that blonde!"


Clay Irving

"Let's play a few more rounds, to give the losers a chance to get even"


Clay Irving

"Coming over, my dear, the boat was just lousy with nobility"

From an Angler's Notebook

Trying to forestall some of the many excuses the guides always make when the fish fail to bite

by CAL JOHNSON

> *"For Angling may be said to be so like Mathematics, that it can never be fully learned, at least not so fully, but that there will still be more experiments left for the trial of other men that succeed us."*
> *Izaak Walton*

Bait casting is the method of angling which is no doubt the most popular among the 13,000,000 odd fishermen of America. Fly fishing, to be true, is favored by numerous anglers, but the great majority of users of fishing tackle resort to the short rod and quadruple-multiplying bait casting reel, braided silk line, wire trace and artificial wooden plug or metal lure.

Bait casting requires practice, just the same as any other phase of game fishing. To master the so-called art of handling rod and reel means both better luck and greater pleasure while fishing. Just as the experienced fly-fisherman studies water conditions, certain color combinations for flies, and the habits of the fish, so must the bait caster study his course of learning along lake and stream.

Weather conditions perhaps govern the taking of muskellunge, black bass, pickerel, wall-eye pike, et cetera, more than they affect the taking of trout with the fly. However, there are exceptions to almost every rule of game fishing, hence no angler should govern his sport entirely upon the cut and dried signs of old time fishermen or abide too strictly by the old rules. Even the ancient rule laid down by Izaak Walton sometimes proves of little worth. His rule goes:

When the wind is in the West,
  The fish they bite the best.
When the wind is in the East
  The fish they bite the least.
When the wind is in the South
  It blows the bait in the fishes mouth.
When the wind is in the North
  A good fisherman rarely goes forth.

Now, we have discovered that this scale of things does not always run true, but nevertheless it has its good points and means well. Naturally a north wind cools the surface waters and sends the game fish deep where they are difficult to locate. South and west winds are usually accompanied by good, clear weather and the game fish are nosing around for food, but the east and north winds usually blow up the kind of weather few fishermen care to mingle in, especially on a lake or stream.

Even the moon is supposed to have something to do with the biting of game fish, especially the wary muskellunge. Now we are not looking for an argument—*but* last summer we took note of our catches during different periods of the moon and discovered that the 'lunge were far more affable to our lures the first ten days of the receding moon. The ten days preceding the full moon the muskies were not in a mood to bite—but after the moon appeared in full dress and the owls and night hawks set forth their weird hoots and cries, then the muskies took on a different attitude and struck our lures with zest. Why, you ask? Who knows? There is still much to learn about our denizens of fresh water and the mystery of their biting proclivities—or shall we term it riddle—is still to be solved. Your guess is as good as the other fellow's.

But along with the sport of bait casting every fisherman is extended an opportunity to study the peculiar habits of game fish. No two fishing trips are ever the same. Rarely will any fish duplicate the actions of another, and every fishing trip produces new experiences and new thrills that have never before been registered in the angling life of the fisherman. Perhaps that's why the sport of bait casting for game fish is so popular in all ranks of life today. It's that uncertainty and great anticipation which surrounds the sport that makes it the favored outdoor recreation of millions of people.

Then, too, we have but to enter the modern sports store of today and look over the dazzling array of rods, reels, lines, baits and accessories to discover that the sport of fishing has grasped very securely the imagination of the average American citizen. Old Izaak Walton would undoubtedly throw a fit if he saw the huge assortment of tackle carried by the modern fisherman. In his day the home made rod was suitable and a line braided from a few strands of hair filched from the tail of the old grey mare was sufficient. Even his flies were crude, according to history, but to Walton the sport of fishing was a philosophy in itself and the tackle used was merely incidental. However, conditions are not so today, for we are prone to believe that the average angler takes greater pride in his tackle and his catch than he does in the philosophy of nature surrounding the sport. There are, however, exceptions and to those few we tip our hats because we know they enjoy their hobby all the more.

Now permit us to look over the modern bait casting lures which attract the modern fisherman. We find baits which travel on the surface of the waters, baits which are of the semi-underwater type, baits which travel deep and baits which skip, jump and tumble like a Mexican jumping bean. We will not go amiss by claiming that *all* baits on the market will catch fish—sometimes. An analysis of the whole thing will prove that the bait, itself, is not nearly so important as is the way in which the angler presents the lure to the unsuspecting fish. I have seen many excellent lures cast carelessly upon the waters, perhaps scaring the fish, for the angler did not manage to catch a single finny resident of the waters, whereas his fellow angler who was experienced in the habits of game fish arrived back at camp with his stringer filled.

To me, surface lures are the most favorable for producing fishing thrills. When a bait is discovered skimming over the surface of the waters by a muskie, black bass or pickerel, the fish immediately darts for it, grasping the plug with an upward leap that churns the waters into a seething mass of commotion. Black bass, particularly, will leap high, wide and handsome when they strike a surface lure. The mighty 'lunge will also do a dance on his caudal fin and shake his head like a bull terrier when he discovers that he has clamped his jaws over something phony, rather than a morsel good to eat.

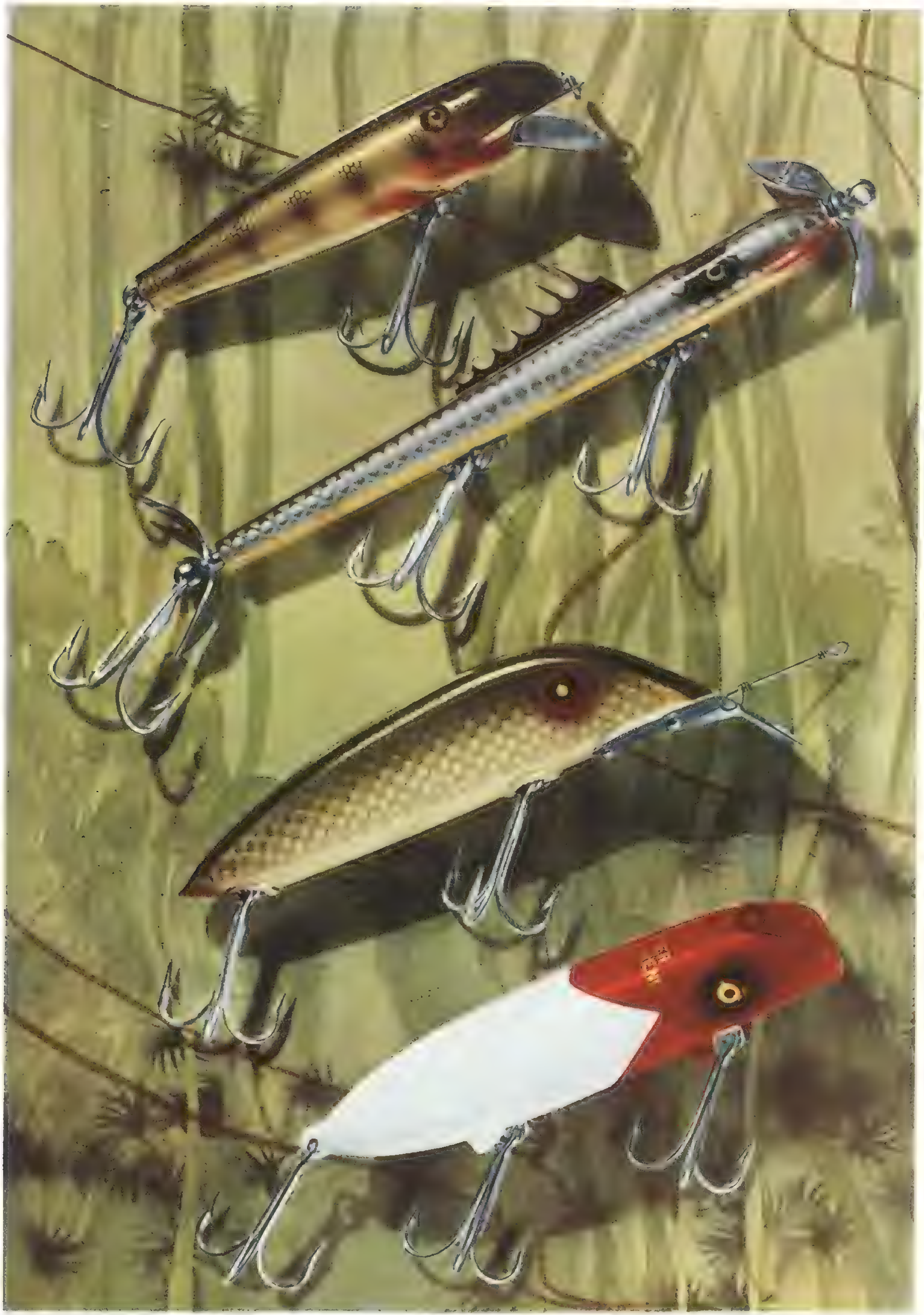
Surface lures can be used for bass, muskies, pickerel and northern pike throughout the year. Large-mouth black bass, pickerel and muskies are shallow water fish and are found accessible in the weeds and rushes, or over the sand and rock bars, during early spring, mid-summer and autumn. However, when the same species are feeding deep in the rushes and weed beds, it is necessary to use a lure of the weedless type. Metal baits are very popular for such type of fishing on account of their ease in reeling through tough weeds and lily stems.

Small-mouth black bass feed deep during the warm weather period, hence small underwater lures of the wooden or metal types are best. The fish usually seek the spring fed sections of the lake or the darkened waters over rocky bars. Reel the lure at a medium speed, but be ready to set the hook the moment the fish strikes. Spinners and pork strips are also excellent lures for mid-season small-mouths.

Late evening sometimes finds the small-mouth bass in the shallow waters near the shore where they feed on frogs, water-bugs and other insects. A surface lure cast out from shore and reeled in again will usually bring plenty of excitement. The time to fish for bass under these conditions is from dusk until late evening—the darker the better. However, some states do not permit bass fishing after dark, so it is well to check up on your fishing laws before trying this stunt.

Wall-eye pike are always deep feeders. A spinning lure is an excellent bait for attracting these gelatine-eyed fishes. Perhaps the most effective lure for wall-eye pike is the live minnow used in connection with a small spinner. A lure of this nature can be cast easily, but should be reeled very slowly inas-

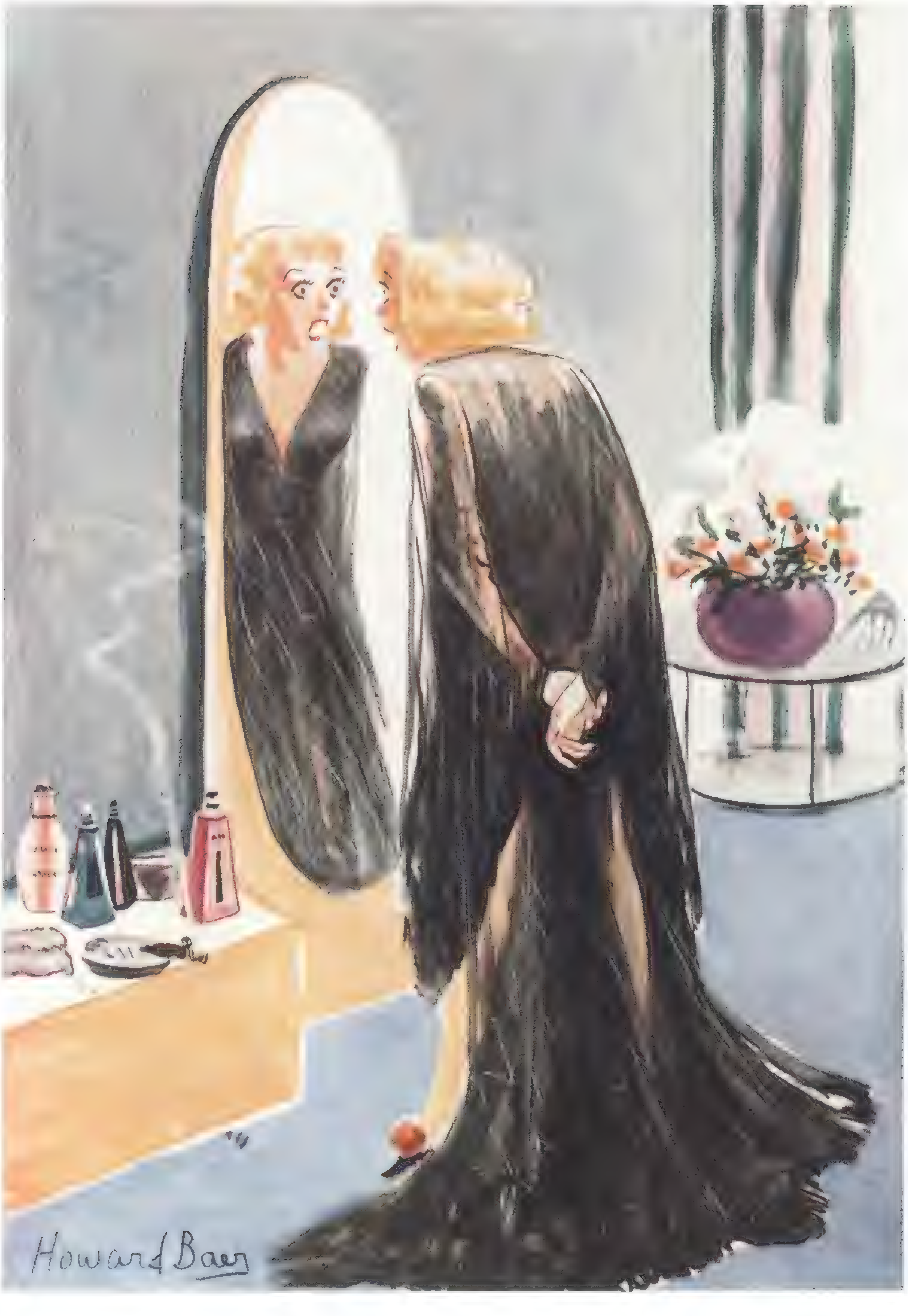
Continued on page 111



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR ESQUIRE

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

BASS LURES RECOMMENDED *by* CAL JOHNSON



Howard Baer

"*What makes you* so vulnerable?"

Current Mysteries

A searching inquiry into the reasons why most editors act like nursemaids to the public

by THOMAS BEER

You know, of course, that life is strange. Rich complexities brush your elbow and peer into the ash-can you had picked for scrutiny. You hand salt at dinner to a lady who has just inherited a Monticelli or a Manet but is going to exchange it for a set of chromium chairs. You, all ignorant, go down in the lift with a man who has lately paid an income tax of $134,205.22. A female who is about to scratch her only son out of her will for voting the Socialist ticket puts her elbow in your claret and tranquilly asks if you really like *Mickey Mouse.* What odd things happen, and so unexpectedly! When you next can afford to get to Paris, they may be calling the Rue Cambon the Rue Jean Weissmuller or the Rue Alice B. Toklas or the Rue Mainbocher. You can not tell.

Well, all that was to introduce a picture puzzle.

When reading magazines and reviews printed in the United States do you ever wonder when a fairly graceful sentence stops a little too sharply or a paragraph is uncommonly short, just what the editor has seen fit to get rid of? And, having worked yourself up to thinking that much, have you ever pondered on the obverse topic: Why do editors bother? Let me illustrate by printing some excisions made by American editors from the writings of rational people between January, 1932, and February, 1934. The matter omitted is shown in italics.

1. ". . . much taste in furniture. Sure, I've seen people chuck out fine old mahogany and have in *machine-made* trash *from Michigan* . . ."

2. ". . . and a banality is a banality, wherever printed. *The nice, mossy old one about the boy who made good in business because he played nifty golf or tennis is no more banal in the pages of Liberty or Collier's than a pointless essay on Michelet is in the New Republic* . . ."

3. ". . . "I think you look pretty innocent," she said.

Hugh was hurt. "Innocent? *Hey, listen! I was two years in the U. S. Marines!* I've been 'round some . . ."

4. ". . . good designing of fabric happens to be far less common than people uneducated in textiles think. I can reach across this desk and pick up five slips of stuff woven in Soviet factories. *One is admirably designed. Three are mediocre. The fifth is a botch.* On the whole, the Russian designer is definitely superior to his American rival. *But he is still a mile behind the fine French designers* . . ."

5. ". . . She rose. *She had left a heart-shaped print in the sand, and* her frock was moist with the new fog . . ."

6. ". . . in these distressing circumstances *the Queen gave birth to a son* . . ." This was altered to read, ". . . the Queen's son was born."

7. ". . . experience has taught me that most American critics are ignorant of painting. *You are lucky if you can find three men at a party where the stars of the New Republic, Mercury, Nation and so forth are glittering, able to tell you the difference between a Matisse and a gin rickey* . . ."

8. ". . . *The destruction of Rivera's mural in Rockefeller Center does not interest me, but it would thrill me to hear that the destruction of Rockefeller Center had begun* . . ."

9. ". . . How many British authors are at home in fantasy? *Take Mrs. Woolf's much praised Orlando, an affair that reminded me of an old burlesque of the hokum historical novel, named Abeniki Caldwell* . . ."

10. ". . . I grabbed my shirt open. *The bullet had grazed my left nipple* . . ." This was altered to read, "had grazed my chest, on the left . . ."

11. ". . . and found her mending a pair of his *drawers* with some pink cloth . . ." The word "drawers" is replaced by the word "shorts."

12. ". . . and gasped, "*I hate Omaha! I was born there. Lived there 'til I was ten.* I don't want to go back out West! . . ."

There. Let us now examine all this dangerous matter. Editors have protected you from reading such things. Be brave. Explore these mysteries. Let's take the matters of opinion as Group One. By the time we are through with that you'll be so used to recklessness that we can invade Group Two without even stopping for a stimulant.

DANGER
STOP

Numbers 1 and 2 do contain gunpowder. A happy youth who does not write fiction announces that the "old, defensive local booster tradition is a ruin . . ." Oh, sir, sir! Go and write a tale in which some character says, "I loathe Louisville! (*or Rochester, N. Y. or Los Angeles or Seattle*) I lived there 'til I was twenty. I hope the damn place burns!" Write that, young sir, get it printed in a magazine with a circulation of more than twenty thousand, and see what happens to your morning mail. You can write, "I loathe Gopher Prairie, Middletown and Mazuma City!" without raising a dust. That's quite all right. But just try loathing a real community, once!

In Number 2 you see that somebody thinks a banality is a banality. Well, isn't it?

SHORTS
~~drawers~~

In Number 4 a lady qualified to speak her mind has said that Russian designers of textiles have not come up to the best French work in this kind. Such is her opinion. But she has not been allowed to give it.

In Number 7 we come on truth, crushed to earth. It is a little extravagantly stated, of course. Many, many people can tell a painting by Matisse from a gin rickey. The two things have quite different shapes.

I wrote Number 8. It is just a whim of mine.

In Sin Number 9 we find a man saying that Mrs. Woolf's fantasy, *Orlando*, reminded him of a burlesque of the old hokum historical romance. It reminded others that life is very short and that the doctor had advised a long daily walk. And that is the end of Group One.

On, on! With Group Two we are in the region of American proprieties. I'll be as careful as I can, now. Let us see.

In Number 3 a girl tells a man he looks innocent. He answers, "Innocent? Hey, listen! I was two years in the U. S. Marines . . ." Well, ever since 1918 films, novels, songs, musical comedies, plays and public jokes have established the Marine as one of the world's great lovers and I hate to see an editor breaking with this tradition, sacred in the American home. You can feel just as you like about it.

In Number 5 a lady has been sitting on damp sand. When she rose she left a heart-shaped print. Perhaps this is something that should be referred to the clergy for discussion. But, come! It couldn't have been a square print or an oblong, now could it?

And now here is Number 6. And here we are up against Old Dame Nature, the editor's enemy. ". . . the Queen gave birth to a son . . ." For years editors have been telling authors that women "become mothers." They admit that children are born. Editors of three American periodicals concede that women "give life to" children. But when an author goes fantee and insists that women give birth to children, some-

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Strike-Pay

One of the best of the stories left unpublished by the author of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," etc.

by D. H. LAWRENCE

STRIKE-MONEY is paid in the Primitive Methodist Chapel. The crier was round quite early on Wednesday morning to say that paying would begin at ten o'clock.

The Primitive Methodist Chapel is a big barn of a place, built, designed, and paid for by the colliers themselves. But it threatened to fall down from its first form, so that a professional architect had to be hired at last to pull the place together.

It stands in the Square. Forty years ago, when Bryan and Wentworth opened their pits, they put up the "squares" of miners' dwellings. They are two great quadrangles of houses, enclosing a barren stretch of ground, littered with broken pots and rubbish, which forms a square, a great, sloping, lumpy playground for the children, a drying-ground for many women's washing.

Wednesday is still wash-day with some women. As the men clustered round the Chapel, they heard the thud-thud-thud of many pouches, women pounding away at the wash-tub with a wooden pestle. In the Square the white clothes were waving in the wind from a maze of clothes-lines, and here and there women were pegging out, calling to the miners, or to the children who dodged under the flapping sheets.

Ben Townsend, the Union agent, has a bad way of paying. He takes the men in order of his round, and calls them by name. A big, oratorical man with a grey beard, he sat at the table in the Primitive schoolroom, calling name after name. The room was crowded with colliers, and a great group pushed up outside. There was much confusion. Ben dodged from the Scargill Street list, to the Queen Street. For this Queen Street men were not prepared. They were not to the fore.

"Joseph Grooby—Joseph Grooby! Now, Joe, where are you?"

"Hold on a bit, Sorry!" cried Joe from outside. "I'm shovin' up."

There was a great noise from the men.

"I'm takin' Queen Street. All you Queen Street men should be ready. Here you are, Joe." said the Union agent loudly.

"Five children!" said Joe, counting the money suspiciously.

"That's right, I think," came the mouthing voice. "Fifteen shillings, is it not?"

"A bob a kid," said the collier.

"Thomas Sedgwick—How are you, Tom? Missis better?"

"Ay, 'er's shapin' nicely. Tha'rt hard at work today, Ben." This was a sarcasm on the idleness of a man who had given up the pit to become a Union agent.

"Yes. I rose at four to fetch the money."

"Dunna hurt thysen," was the retort, and the men laughed.

"No.—John Merfin!"

But the colliers, tired with waiting, excited by the strike spirit, began to rag. Merfin was young and dandiacal. He was choir-master at the Wesleyan Chapel.

"Does your collar cut, John?" asked a sarcastic voice out of the crowd.

"Hymn Number Nine.

'Diddle-diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his best suit on,'"

came the solemn announcement.

Mr. Merfin, his white cuffs down to his knuckles, picked up his half-sovereign, and walked away loftily.

"Sam Coutts!" cried the paymaster.

"Now, lad, reckon it up," shouted the voice of the crowd, delighted.

Mr. Coutts was a straight-backed ne'er-do-well. He looked at his twelve shillings sheepishly.

"Another two bob—he had twins a-Monday night—get thy money, Sam, tha's earned it—tha's addled it, Sam; dunna go beout it. Let him ha' the two bob for 'is twins, mister," came the clamour from the men around.

Sam Coutts stood grinning awkwardly.

"You should ha' given us notice, Sam," said the paymaster suavely. "We can make it all right for you next week—"

"Nay, nay, nay," shouted a voice. "Pay on delivery—the goods is there right enough."

Get thy money, Sam, tha's addled it," became the universal cry, and the Union agent had to hand over another florin, to prevent a disturbance. Sam Coutts grinned with satisfaction.

"Good shot, Sam," the men exclaimed.

"Ephraim Wharmby," shouted the paymaster.

A lad came forward.

"Gi' him sixpence for what's on t'road," said a sly voice.

"Nay, nay," replied Ben Townsend; "pay on delivery."

There was a roar of laughter. The miners were in high spirits.

In the town they stood about in gangs, talking and laughing. Many sat on their heels in the market-place. In and out of the public-houses they went, and on every bar the half-sovereigns clicked.

"Comin' ter Nottingham wi' us, Ephraim?" said Sam Coutts, to the slender, pale young fellow of about twenty-two.

"I'm non walkin' that far of a gleamy day like this."

"He has na got the strength," said somebody, and a laugh went up.

"How's that?" asked another pertinent voice.

"He's a married man, mind yer," said Chris Smitheringale, "an' it ta'es a bit o' keeping' up."

The youth was teased in this manner for some time.

"Come on ter Nottingham wi's; tha'll be safe for a bit," said Coutts.

A gang set off, although it was only eleven o'clock. It was a nine-mile walk. The road was crowded with colliers travelling on foot to see the match between Notts and Aston Villa. In Ephraim's gang were Sam Coutts, with his fine shoulders and his extra florin, Chris Smitheringale, fat and smiling, and John Wharmby, a remarkable man, tall, erect as a soldier, black-haired and proud; he could play any musical instrument, he declared.

"I can play owt from a comb up'ards. If there's music to be got outer a thing, I back I'll get it. No matter what shape or form of instrument you set before me, it doesn't signify if I niver clapped eyes on it before, I's warrant I'll have a tune out of it in five minutes."

He beguiled the first two miles so. It was true, he had caused a sensation by introducing the mandoline into the townlet, filling the hearts of his fellow-colliers with pride as he sat on the platform in evening dress, a fine soldierly man, bowing his black head, and scratching the mewing mandoline with hands that had only to grasp the 'instrument' to crush it entirely.

Chris stood a can round at the White Bull at Gilt Brook. John Wharmby took his turn at Kimberly top.

"We wunna drink again," they decided, "'till we're at Cinder Hill. We'll non stop i' Nuttall."

They swung along the high-road under the budding trees. In Nuttall churchyard the crocuses blazed with yellow at the brim of the balanced, black yews. White and purple crocuses clipt up over the graves, as if the churchyard were bursting out in tiny tongues of flame.

"Sithee," said Ephraim, who was an ostler down pit, "sithee, here comes the Colonel. Sithee at his 'osses how they pick their toes up, the beauties!"

The Colonel drove past the men, who took no notice of him.

"Hast heard, Sorry," said Sam, "as they'm com'n out i' Germany, by the thousand, an' begun riotin'?"

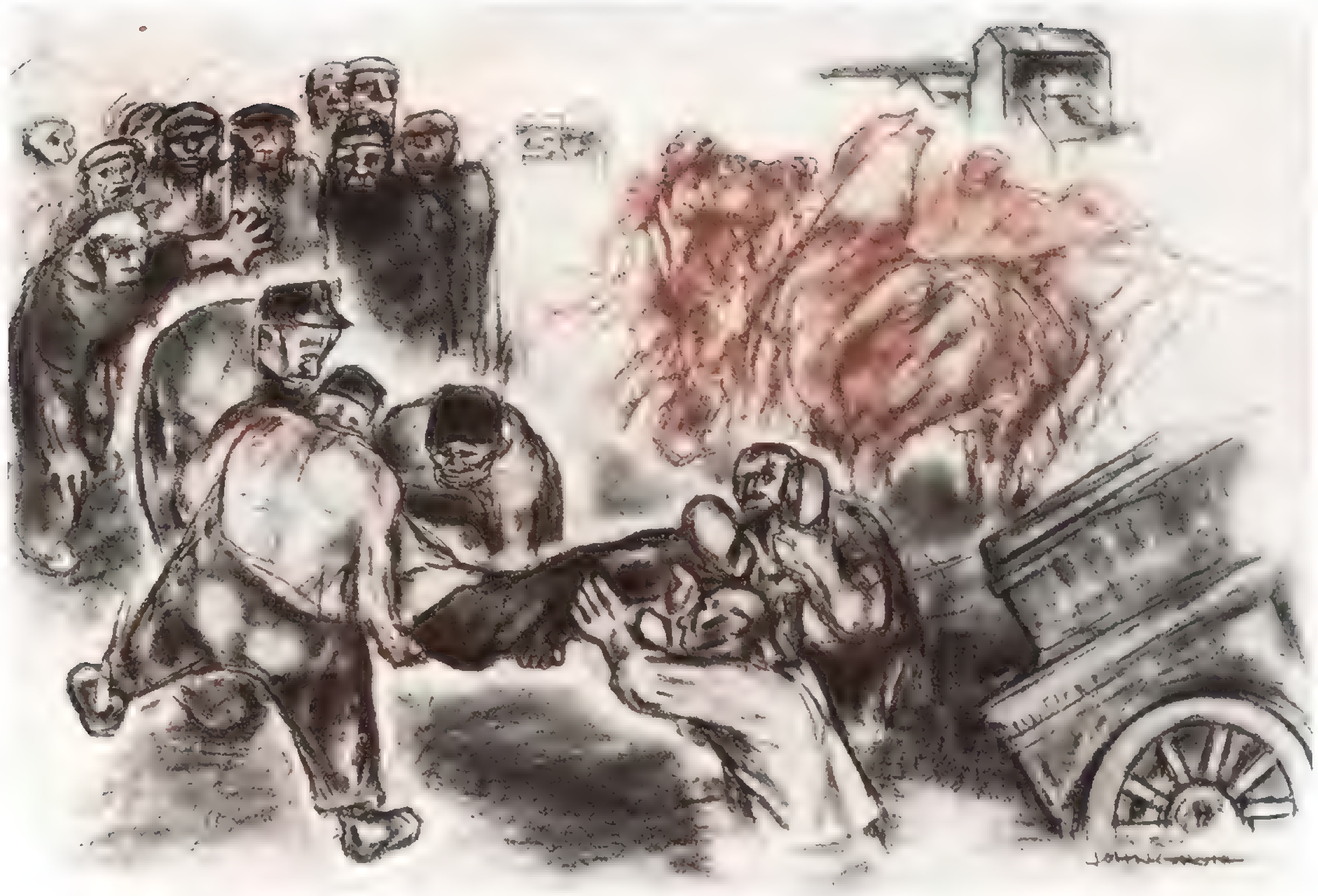
"An commin' out i' France simbitar," cried Chris.

The men all gave a chuckle.

"Sorry," shouted John Wharmby, much elated, "we oughtna ter go back under a twenty per zent rise."

"We should get it," said Chris.

"An' easy. They can do nowt biout us, we'n on'y ter stop out long enough."



"I'm willin'," said Sam, and there was a laugh. The colliers looked at one another. A thrill went through them as if an electric current passed.

"We'n on'y ter stick out, an' we s'll see who's gaffer."

"Us!" cried Sam. "Why, what can they do again' us, if we come out all over th' world?"

"Nowt!" said John Wharmby. "Th' mesters is bobbin' about like corks on a rassivoy a'ready." There was a large natural reservoir, like a lake, near Bestwood, and this supplied the simile.

Again there passed through the men that wave of elation, quickening their pulses. They chuckled in their throats. Beyond all consciousness was this sense of battle and triumph in the hearts of the working-men at this juncture.

It was suddenly suggested at Nuttall that they should go over the fields to Bulwell, and into Nottingham that way. They went single file across the fallow, past the wood, and over the railway, where now no trains were running. Two fields away was a troop of pit ponies. Of all colors, but chiefly of red or brown, they clustered thick in the field, scarcely moving, and the two lines of trodden earth patches showed where fodder was placed down the field.

"Theer's the pit 'osses," said Sam. "Let's run 'em."

"It's like a circus turned out. See them skewbawd uns—seven skewbawd," said Ephraim.

The ponies were inert, unused to freedom. Occasionally one walked round. But there they stood, two thick lines of ruddy brown and piebald and white, across the trampled field. It was a beautiful day, mild, pale blue, a "growing day," as the men said, when there was the silence of swelling sap everywhere.

"Let's ha'e a ride," said Ephraim.

The younger men went up to the horses.

"Come on—co-oop Taffy—co-opp Ginger."

The horses tossed away. But having got over the excitement of being above-ground, the animals were feeling dazed and rather dreary. They missed the warmth and the life of the pit. They looked as if life were a blank to them.

Ephraim and Sam caught a couple of steeds, on whose backs they went careering round, driving the rest of the sluggish herd from end to end of the field. The horses were good specimens, on the whole, and in fine condition. But they were out of their element.

Performing too clever a feat, Ephraim went rolling from his mount. He was soon up again, chasing his horse. Again he was thrown. Then the men proceeded on their way.

They were drawing near to miserable Bulwell, when Ephraim, remembering his turn was coming to stand drinks, felt in his pocket for his beloved half-sovereign, his strike-pay. It was not there. Through all his pockets he went, his heart sinking like lead.

"Sam," he said, "I believe I'n lost that ha'ef a sovereign."

"Tha's got it somewheer about thee," said Chris.

They made him take off his coat and waistcoat. Chris examined the coat, Sam the waistcoat, whilst Ephraim searched his trousers.

"Well," said Chris. "I'n foraged this coat, an' it's non theer."

"An' I'll back my life as th' on'y bit a metal on this wa'scoat is the buttons," said Sam.

"An't it's non in my breeches," said Ephraim. He took off his boots and his stockings. The half-sovereign was not there. He had not another coin in his possession.

"Well," said Chris, "we mun go back an' look fir it."

Back they went, four serious-hearted colliers, and searched the field, but in vain.

"Well," said Chris, "we s'll ha'e ter share wi' thee, that's a'."

"I'm willin'," said John Wharmby.

"An' me," said Sam.

"Two bob each," said Chris.

Ephraim, who was in the depths of despair, shamefully accepted their six shillings.

In Bulwell they called in a small public-house, which had one long room with a brick floor, scrubbed benches and scrubbed tables. The central space was open. The place was full of colliers, who were drinking. There was a great deal of drinking during the strike, but not a vast amount drunk. Two men were playing skittles, and the rest were betting. The seconds sat on either side the skittle-board, holding caps of money, sixpences and coppers, the wagers of the "backers."

Sam, Chris and John Wharmby immediately put money on the man who had their favour. In the end Sam declared himself willing to play against the victor. He was the Bestwood champion. Chris and John Wharmby backed him heavily, and even Ephraim the Unhappy ventured sixpence.

In the end, Sam had won half-a-crown, with which he promptly stood drinks and bread-and-cheese for his comrades. At half-past one they set off again.

It was a good match between Notts and Villa—no goals at half-time, two-none for Notts at the finish. The colliers were hugely delighted, especially as Flint, the forward for Notts, who was an Underwood man will known to the four comrades, did some handsome work, pulling the two goals through.

Ephraim determined to go home as soon as the match was over. He knew John Wharmby would be playing the piano at the "Punch Bowl," and Sam, who had a good tenor voice, singing, while Chris cut in with witticisms, until evening. So he bade them farewell, as he must get home. They, finding him somewhat of a damper on their spirits, let him go.

He was the sadder for having witnessed an accident near the football ground. A navvy working at some drainage, carting an iron tip-tub of mud and emptying it, had got with his horse onto the deep deposit of ooze which was crusted over. The crust had broken, the man had gone under the horse, and it was some time before the people had realized he had vanished. When they found his feet sticking out, and hauled him forth, he was dead, stifled dead in the mud. The horse was at length hauled out, after having

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The Richest Man in Spain

About Juan March, Majorcan smuggler extraordinary and Spain's beloved public enemy

by THEODORE PRATT

Juan March, Spain's richest man, doesn't know how much money he has, but he can look back to a series of unparalleled and adventurous exploits by which he attained his unaccountable wealth. This modern Spanish buccaneer deals with kings, dictators, and premiers, and makes or breaks Spanish cabinets at will.

He is more brazen in his own country than Al Capone ever was in the United States. He travels without a bodyguard, though his rackets extend to a dozen business fields. When arrested and put in jail he gets himself elected to Congress and to a judiciary body which investigates the officials who jail him. He walks, when he chooses, out the front door of the strongest jail in Spain, and he crosses frontiers that have been closed and armed to prevent his escape.

March, though he wields, by virtue of his wealth, more power than any other single man in Spain, is not a Spaniard in the true sense of the word. He is a Majorcan, a native of Majorca, largest island of the Spanish province of the Balearic Islands, located one hundred miles off the Spanish mainland in the Mediterranean. A short, chunky man, his eyes, in his nearly full moon face, are not the liquid, naïve eyes of the typical Castilian, but are sunken a little and shrewd. He is nearly bald, and he has a high, long nose, pointed ears, and a wide, generous mouth with a continual quirk to it, as though he is constantly amused at some huge, secret joke. He is over forty, but until recently he could neither read nor write, and now can do so only imperfectly. But he understands figures when he hears them or makes them himself.

This plump, good-natured little man obtained his real start from the World War. Before that he was engaged in the contraband trade, smuggling tobacco into Spain to compete with the government monopoly. When the war broke out and Majorca became a strategic naval position in the Mediterranean, March found a greater opportunity. It is a matter of record that he obtained a contract for supplying provisions to the British submarine base at Gibraltar.

What is not so generally known is that March obtained, in Majorca, control of a large supply of gasoline. This started the rumor that oil had been discovered on the Island, a thing some people still believe, but which has no basis in truth. How, and from where, March got his gasoline, he is not telling. But get it he did, and it is a common boast among his fellow Majorcans today that Juan supplied German submarines which crept, in the dead of night, to the shores of secluded bays of Majorca. He is also supposed to have sold information about German submarines to the Allies, playing one side against the other throughout the war, to his huge profit.

After the war, March, already a considerably rich man, returned to the smuggling of tobacco. But now he entered the business on a large and well organized scale. It became his great enterprise, upon which all his others have been based. Taking in a few close friends for trusted lieutenants, and using any willing and usually eager fisherman with a boat that could make the shores of Algiers and back, he developed such a tremendous sale of contraband tobacco in Spain that it seriously interfered with the government tobacco monopoly.

The cigarettes, cigars, and smoking tobacco offered for sale by the Spanish government stores are notoriously bad. This is recognized by almost every Spaniard, for the smokers of the nation have originated a habit of unrolling the government cigarettes and re-rolling the tobacco in paper they purchase separately. March specialized in better foreign cigarettes, and undersold the government sometimes by one-half, usually by about one-third, because there was no nonsense about paying a tax on his wares.

Factories in Algiers, Morocco, Tunis, Egypt, Greece, and Turkey furnished him with large consignments. A number of brands were originated and manufactured especially for his bootleg trade. His prices and profits for the middlemen were so advantageous that those in charge of official tobacco shops often found it a source of greater return to sell March tobacco over the counter instead of what the government offered.

The government tried but found it impossible to curtail his activity. March operated on the simple, straightforward basis of presenting so much graft to officials that it was more than worth their while to close their eyes to what went on. When a raid was made on a shipment of March's tobacco, it was usually just for the appearance of the thing, and it was arranged that while the police were confiscating a few hundred pounds at one place, thousands of pounds were being brought in at another place. Not even the system of changing officials frequently could stop him; there was always enough financial encouragement for everyone.

One of the places where March's smuggling business went ahead most frankly was at the tiny port of Cala Rajada on a remote shore of Majorca. The procedure there on a night a shipment was coming through was downright absurd. The normal life of a small community went ahead up until about midnight. Then, instead of most people being in bed and the streets deserted, the town swarmed with activity. The masts of schooners could be seen standing blackly in the bay, trucks showing no lights were lined up on the quay, and a band of strange men were busy. In the cafes every chair was filled, some of them by the *tabacoleros*, special government police detailed to stop the smuggling of tobacco, but who often had a difficult time keeping out of the way of March's men so that they would not witness what was going on. Then, when the trucks went through the town toward Palma, the capital, everyone gave a sigh of relief.

It is common knowledge that in a Palma cellar there rests continually around a million pesetas' worth of contraband tobacco, and there are few Majorcans who do not believe that among it there are concealed many valuable pounds of narcotics destined for the Spanish mainland and France.

At Cala Rajada there stands a monument to March's smuggling success, his huge house on a hill overlooking the bay. For the past several years it has lain empty and deserted, with dust gathering upon valuable antiques and grass growing on the tennis court, for its owner has been away, busy with being in jail and other things.

When King Alfonso turned Spain over to the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, a determined effort was made to stamp out March's drain upon one of the most lucrative sources of government income. But if his representatives were stopped at one place, they began in another. The shores of Majorca,

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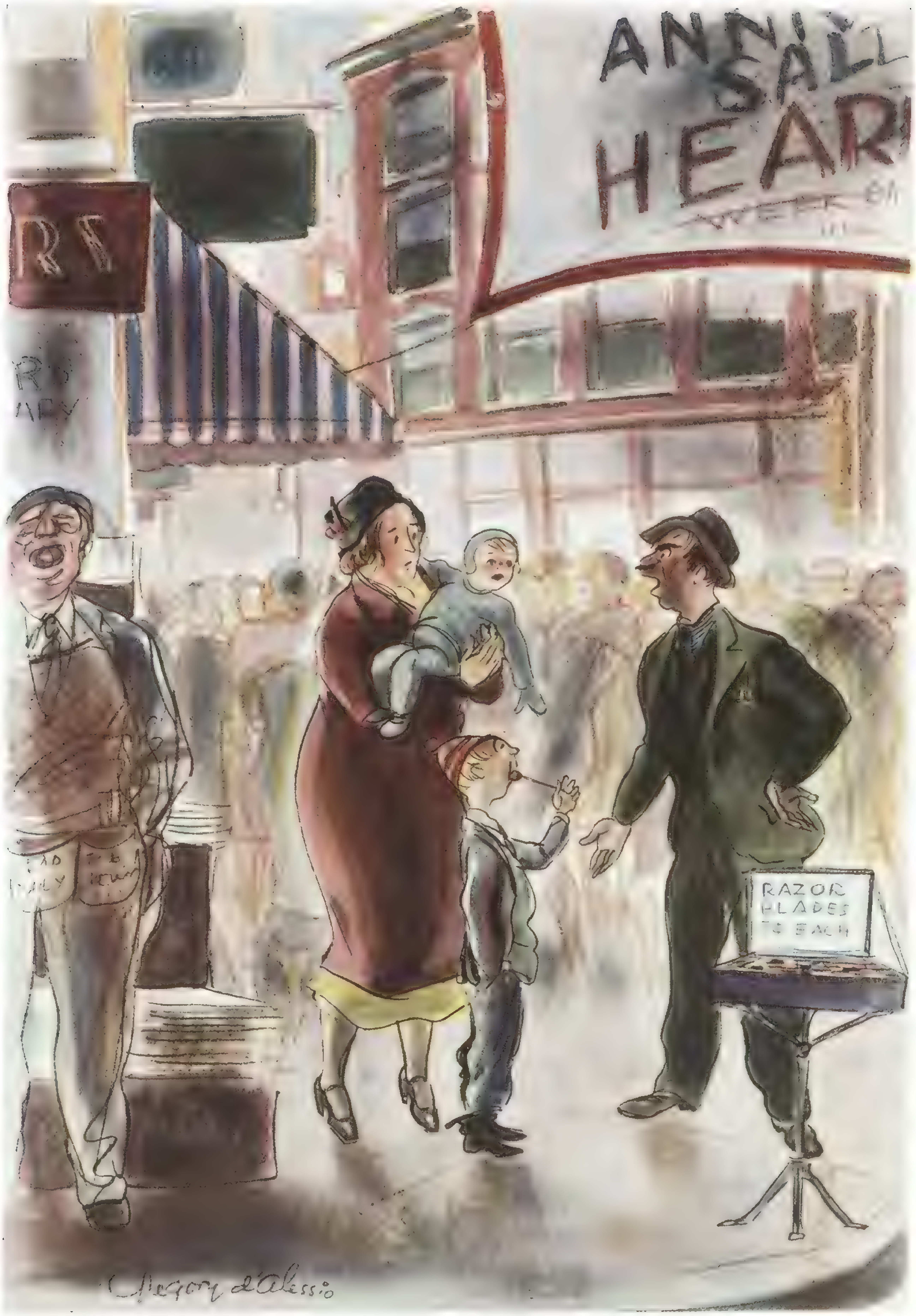
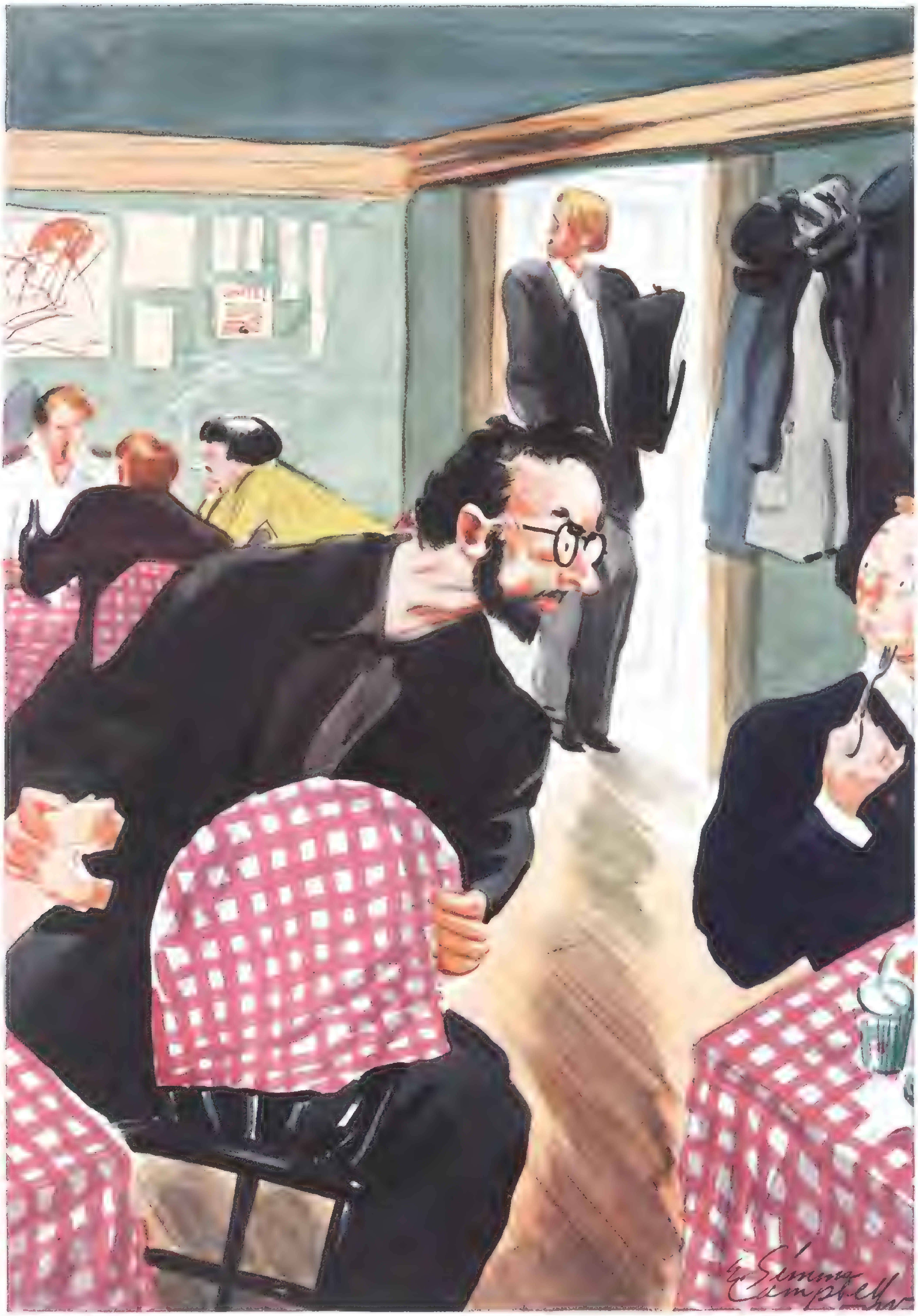

ANN
SAL
HEAR
WEEK
RS
RAZOR
BLADES
EACH
Gregory d'Alessio

"How many times I gotta tell you not to drop in on me durin' business hours!"


E. Simms Campbell

"Do you believe in Socialism or Communism? Take either side"

Zero-Zero

A short story that carries a real wallop for anybody who has ever been off the ground

by HARRY ASHE

Fog drifted lazily across the Washington airport and blurred out the sharp outlines of the hangars. Beads of moisture formed on half a dozen planes and trickled gayly down the wings and struts.

A pilot glanced about him. "—Thick enough to row a boat in," he muttered. "Bill better not try to get in with those passengers from Newark."

A mechanic nodded in silent agreement.

In the dispatcher's office a worried young man chewed viciously on a pencil. "How's she looking?" he asked the weather man at his elbow.

"—Worse," was the laconic reply. "—Temperature and dew point the same. Fog closing in fast. Zero ceiling, zero visibility."

"How's Baltimore?" the Dispatcher asked.

"—Five hundred ceiling, quarter mile visibility," he was told.

The Dispatcher turned to the radio operator. "What's Bill's position?"

"—Over Havre de Grace," was the answer.

"Tell him to put down at Baltimore and entrain his passengers," was the order. "And tell him to hurry up about it!"

"Okay," nodded the radio man.

The big ship droned and whined its way over the Maryland countryside. Glistening highways slipped by and railroads curved and darted as though perplexed as to course. Straight as a homing pigeon the flying tin goose streaked south.

Bill Banning, first pilot, squinted through the clouded windshield and turned to Larry Weston, his co-pilot. "Getting pretty soupy, Son. See if you can get a weather report."

Larry nodded as he adjusted the headphones. For several moments he listened to the signals of the radio beam then deftly turned the dial to the frequency used by his company. Almost immediately he heard the even, unexcited voice of the Dispatcher. "Washington calling Banning, ship fifty-two . . . Washington calling Banning, ship fifty-two."

Larry answered promptly through the transmitter: "Okay, Washington . . . Go ahead." . . . He turned to Bill. "Orders to land at Baltimore, Skipper," he said. "Washington has closed in solid."

"Oh, yeah?" mused Bill. "And they guarantee us beautiful weather at Baltimore, I suppose?"

"—Five hundred feet," said Larry.

"Oh, sure," Banning observed. "Say, if those weather birds had to fly in some of the ceilings they report they wouldn't be so optimistic."

"Well, we've got the beam, haven't we?" argued Larry.

"Sure, we've got the beam," snorted Bill. "But we can still smack things coming in with a low ceiling and don't forget it!" He glanced with amused contempt at the younger man. "The trouble with you young punks is," he pointed out, "that you haven't been in enough jams. Your diapers are too clean!"

Larry grinned and walked back to the cabin to see how the passengers were getting along. There were six of them — five who had flown before and one, a middle-aged woman, who was making her first air journey. "Why there's nothing to it," she kept saying. "You don't even know you're moving."

Larry walked down the aisle by her. "Oh, you're one of the chauffeurs who drives us, aren't you?" she gushed.

"No, Madam, I'm not," bristled Larry, forgetting company rules that a passenger is always right even if she walks into a propeller.

Bill didn't like the looks of things. The ceiling was crowding him lower and lower. Straggling wisps of fog enveloped the plane and obscured the ground. Bill glanced at the altimeter . . . only two hundred feet . . . and Department of Commerce regulations demanded five hundred foot minimum. . . . Perhaps he ought to cut back to the Aberdeen Army field . . . Of course it was more convenient for the company and passengers to make Baltimore . . . Okay if the ceiling there held. If not, he must reverse his course . . . Guess he'd better contact Washington. A moment later he spoke into the transmitter: "Banning, ship fifty-two, calling Washington . . ."

Quickly the response came: "Okay, Banning, go ahead."

"Any change in Baltimore weather?" Bill asked. "Go ahead."

". . . You've got about two hundred feet, Bill, but it's getting worse. Better sit down at the next emergency field."

Bill knew he was about over Edgewood field located between Baltimore and Aberdeen but all he could see below him was grayish vapor that blotted out the world.

"—Can't make it," he advised calmly. "Socked in tight. I'm going back to Aberdeen."

". . . Okay, Bill, whatever you think best. Keep us advised your position . . ."

Larry was back in the cockpit now as Bill carefully turned and banked towards the new course.

No ground or sky or helping horizon was visible now to check the position of the ship. Regardless of instruments—the least panic, the slightest overcontrolling meant disaster at that altitude.

Alone in a world of vapor the ship flew steadily north. Suddenly, Larry's headphones barked another report . . . Grimly he turned to the first pilot. "Aberdeen reports zero-zero!"

"The hell you say," answered Bill. Then derisively he added: "Oh, well, we've got the beam, Pilot." Larry squirmed in his seat.

"Listen, Son," went on Bill, "get busy and tell Washington we're in a jam. Find out if we can get in at Camden or Harrisburg or LeBourget!"

As Larry, visibly sweating, talked to Washington again, Bill put the tin goose in a steady climb, leveling her off when the altimeter indicated a thousand feet. Then he throttled back the motors to save gas.

Larry removed the headphones and from his expression Bill knew the answer. "I suppose Miami or maybe Los Angeles is open," he commented hopefully.

"Yeah," answered Larry humorlessly, "—and Spartanburg is clear, unlimited."

"Spartanburg?" repeated Bill, "what do they think this is—the Graf Zeppelin?"

"They didn't have much to say," grunted Larry. "—Seemed sort of worried about us. I just asked for the nearest field that was open and they said Spartanburg."

Bill glanced at the fuel gauges. "—Not today, Josephine," he said and added: "Go back and soothe the passengers, Larry."

Larry returned in a moment. "They don't need soothing," he advised, "and the old gal wants to know what time we'll reach Washington."

Bill grinned. "Tell her our celestial radio is not working," he said, "but that we're in constant communication with hell."

Larry was beginning to look a little haggard. "I don't think it's exactly the time for wisecracks," he said abruptly.

"No?" For a swift interval Bill removed his concentrated gaze from the instrument board. "Maybe you would like the banking business better," he suggested coldly.

Larry flushed. Bill, holding one hand steadily on the control wheel, reached for his own headphones and adjusted them. Then he reversed his course and followed the radio beam south toward Washington.

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Sailor to Squire

Considering the possibility that there is an incipient revival of the once general vogue of tattoo

by BRUCE L. HENRY

Your skin, sir, is about to regain its rightful artistic function.

For tattoo is coming back.

As a well-bred 20th Centurion, you undoubtedly were reared in the tradition that only sailors, criminals and other exotics bedizen their hides with purple dragons, red ships and pink ladies. Until recently, this legend has been regrettably true. But a Renaissance of Cuticle is upon us, and once again tattoo is becoming an art for gentlemen. Countless times, in the past, tattoo has been worshipped by the gentry. As recently as 1890 such persons of importance as the King of England, the Prince of Wales—now George V—Duke Alfred of Edinburgh, Czar Nicholas of Russia and King Oscar of Sweden bore elaborate and intricate designs on their royal bodies. To be tattooed was no stigma in those days, and even the conservative clubmen of this country flaunted birds, crests, initials and flags on bicep, shoulder and thigh. With the adoption of tattoo by the masses, who knew a good thing when they saw it, those halcyon days soon passed . . . and hide-emblazoning became a fad for gobs.

Now, however, there is considerable evidence that tattoo is once again rising in the social scale. This evidence is partially based on concrete statistics furnished by one Professor Percival Waters, of Detroit, who by virtue of an almost complete monopoly on tattoo supplies and instruments is Arbiter of Style, Teacher of Technique and Plenipotentiary Extraordinary for the 1500 tattoo artists of this country. Prof. Waters is selling more ink, more needles, more salve, more designs . . . ergo, the tattooing business is picking up. Prof. Waters, furthermore, constantly receives confidential reports from tattooers, and these have lately contained startling comments anent the trickle of well-dressed, embarrassed gentlemen who are sidling into tattoo cubicles, there to bare arm and soul for the privilege of wearing "Papa Loves Mama," or some such sentiment, for the rest of their natural lives. To boot, there is a hitherto undreamed-of demand for tattoo equipment from such impeccable sources as Yale University, the United States Department of Commerce, hunt clubs, sundry college fraternities and private individuals whose names can only be whispered. Whether or not such demand is inspired by a desire on the part of undergrads, statesmen, MFH's and such to indulge in clandestine body-marking is moot. Yet, in the opinion of the tattoo clan, where there flows so much ink there must be some smudge.

So far as the tattooers themselves are concerned, they are certain that it is only a matter of time until the entire haute monde will sport subcutaneous designs. It is inevitable. For A. D. 1934 marks the end of the Seven Year Cycle. It seems tattoo enjoys the patronage of wealth and respectability at regular seven-year intervals. The last era of such patronage—when many a tattooed man could have been located in Dun's or Bradstreet's—extended from 1921 to 1928, with '25 as its banner year. Came depression, then, to sit heavily upon the blue, yellow and red shoulders of our skin artists while they waited out the proverbial lean seven. And now that the fat seven are due, they are, to put it mildly, rarin' to go. Nor are they content to place all their faith in the esoteric Cycle myth. The superstition is reassuring, but advertising is compelling. So they're planning campaigns of publicity calculated to reach a snooty clientele with the burning message that an unadorned carcass is practically indecent.

Selling tattoo to the elite should not be difficult. It is axiomatic in the City Rooms of our contemporary metropolitan newspapers that when the available supply of snatch, murder and rape stories has been exhausted, you can always seek out the local tattoo artist and dig up a passable feature yarn. For some unaccountable reason, Vox Pop and Constant Reader love to be informed at regular intervals that a certain San Francisco truck driver has the Rock of Ages on his bosom, and a Kennebunkport lady wears the Lord's Prayer in chummy juxtaposition to her umbilicus. Our Better People being but the Herd in guise, publicity of much the same type will undoubtedly tickle their risibilities equally well, provided it appears in the proper media.

Unwittingly, Simon & Schuster, publishers, started the tattoo campaign by issuing a book by Albert Parry, last year. Bearing the succinct title, "Tattoo," Mr. Parry's opus told all there is to tell about the art, tracing it from its Genesis as an aboriginal ceremony to its Revelation as masochistic-exhibitionism for inverts. Tied neatly together with Sex and some elegant nekkid art, the book had an enormous critical success and sale, and did much to stimulate interest among three and four-syllable word readers. Realizing this, tattooers are grateful to Mr. Parry, although they decry his insistence that tattoo has sexual significance. Tattoo, say tattooers, is Art, not a glandular stimulant.

An avalanche of publicity has already been released, in fact, though this particular bit of prose is no portion of it. And the well-born are responding. Even you may succumb, in time, for as an ardent follower of fashion you naturally will take steps to have your own tegument artistically illuminated if the president of your No. 1 club, your squash partner, your polo companions and drinking friends all shame you with their epidermal elegance. In which case, there are a number of recondite facts about tattoo which you should know.

No gentleman, for instance, will consider for even a moment the acceptance of such rococo designs as Death before Dishonor, Rock of Ages, Marine Disaster, or Angel and Cherub. These are strictly middle-class, hardly the sort of thing you would wish to display in the locker room while playing the 19th hole. Indeed, any tattoo design which does not conform to the modern trend of simplicity and restraint, with an accent on realism rather than symbolism, is in as bad taste as wearing slacks to the opera. Prof. Waters, who designs nearly all the tattoo motifs used in this country, say so. Selah.

Modern tattoo stencils offer a wide variety of aesthetic compositions to suit all tastes and skins. You ride? Then why

not have a neat group of three horse heads, in five colors, placed on your wishbone. You like dogs? There is a swell beagle design which will just fit your solar plexus region. Or, even better, why not combine the two in a striking all over scenograph, as has one imaginative Eastern sportsman. This magnificent tattoo covers the entire back and presents to the delighted eye a complete hunt scene reaching from nape to a point below the os coccyx. Details include seven riders (two sidesaddle), fourteen hounds (bitches optional), one dozen birds on the wing, one rail fence, two purling streams, one man in boat (just south of the right kidney) and, of course, a fox. The fox, incidentally, is depicted as just disappearing into a hollow stump . . . said stump having been tattooed so as to make judicious use of a natural anatomical fissure.

Sportsmen will find that such masters of tattoo as Prof. Waters, Charlie Wagner, Joe Leiber, Prof. LaMarr, Charles (Sailor) Barr and other stout fellows of the guild, are able to copy accurately the lineaments of a favorite pet, cow, horse, wife or mistress. While such portraits can be placed on any portion of the body desired, it is suggested that the latter two be relegated to fairly remote locations, the sole of the foot for example. Tattoo is so permanent.

Early returns from the field indicate that snakes, dragons, feminine heads, Mae West, Sally Rand (both with and without fans), Franklin D. Roosevelt and innumerable combinations of crests, initials, mottos and poems will be in favor during the Renaissance. Among the poems you should find at least one which aptly mirrors your deepest sentiment. Consider, as an example, this gem, taken verbatim from the stencil-catalogue of Prof. Waters:

A Loving One From
Me Is
Gone, A Voice
I Loved is Still
A Vacancy in My
Heart
Is Left Which Never
Can be Filled
—MAMIE

If executed by a competent tattooer, this lyric bit should be surrounded by cupids, hearts, flowers and sundry unclassified objects, and hard indeed is the man who will not be deeply moved as he views your undraped form. Innumerable names of dead loves may be added to the elegy, at will.

Gentlemen with a deep-seated pater familias sense can pay eloquent tribute to their offspring by having the children's names tattooed, in the order of arrival, upon a convenient arm or leg. This homely custom is indicated especially for husbands who travel a great deal. It avoids census confusion in the home.

Nudes will also be de rigueur. And they will be both comely and chaste. Out-and-out erotica of the Barbary Coast type is passé in tattoo circles, but the feminine form divine will rank high in the list of preferred designs. In this division you will find an inspiring variety of poses, shapes, colors and degrees of nakedness. There are dancing girls, pirate girls, fencing girls, fairies (fem.), mermaids, girls stuffed in wine glasses, girls swathed in veils, and just girls. You may choose a side view, a front view or a rear elevation . . . all will respond equally well to the flexing of your muscle. Nudes, however, are not recommended to future Benedicts or candidates for Annapolis. Brides and Admirals mutually abhor them.

In the past, the utilitarian value of tattoo has been largely overlooked. The Renaissance may, at long last, give proper importance to the tattooing of new-born babes; the indelible marking of wives (with weight, height and scrapping prowess of their husbands); and the anti-amnesia device of having a brief biographic sketch inked upon, say, the abdomen of every man-of-affairs. This last would also be an aid to the cashing of checks in strange banks.

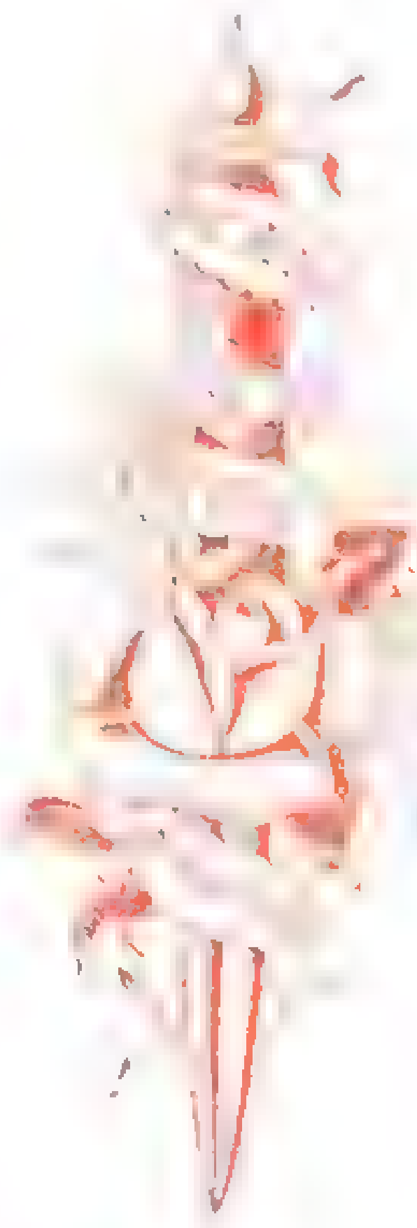
Pseudo-utilitarian advantages of tattoo are numerous. It is, for instance, a well-known fact among devotees of the art that anyone who has a pig tattooed on one foot and a rooster on the other will never drown, and any man who has twin ship's propellors adorning his posterior can make swimmers like Johnny W. and Buster C. look like landlubber movie actors. For timid souls there are any number of slightly phallic symbols which, if correctly placed, will make one a perfect breeze with the wimmen. And if you suffer from headaches, a small blue spot tattooed on each temple has aspirin beat all hollow.

Considerable stress is being laid by the tattooers on the usefulness of skin-pictures as a means of identifying either the quick or the dead. In this connection they frequently cite, with macabre glee, the case of "The Drum." Stripped of its Poe-ish trappings, the yarn goes something like this:

Major Gregory Montague was a British gentleman who, as a result of his lengthy Army service, had a remarkable collection of Africana and trinkets from Borneo. He was a lonely man, a widower, whose only son had run away from home years before and disappeared. The Major's sole passion, therefore, was his pride in the array of shields, drums, spears, mummified heads and other jolly doo-dads which filled his house. He delighted in showing the collection, and was famed for his numerous and slightly Bacchanalian parties. These invariably reached their climax when the Major squatted upon the floor and beat madly upon a Bornean drum as the guests cavorted and capered to the savage rhythm.

Came a sudden end to these gay soirees. The Major's long-lost son returned. He had made a mess of life, it developed, and had come back for the fatted calf . . . and a slice of the Major's estate when the old boy died. Although disappointed in the fellow, the Major nevertheless outdid himself to make the prodigal happy, and the Collection gathered dust.

Africa and Borneo were in the Major's blood, though. He missed his brawls. Especially he missed the drum-dances. So, late one night he gave in to the primeval urge and crept downstairs to sneak a tap or two on his favorite instrument. Tenderly he took it from the wall and caressed the much-beaten skin head. And since it was one of the few times he had ever viewed the drum while sober, he was somewhat amazed to discover on the head the faint outline of his own coat-of-arms, complete with bar sinister and lion rampant. Repeated beatings had worn away a superfluous coat of glazed grime to reveal the true drum head. It was made from the skin of a tattooed white man.



The rest of the story is too obvious for elaboration. Investigation revealed that the Major's son had shipped on a tramp steamer and in some remote port had, as a sentimental gesture, ordered the crest of his house tattooed on his chest. Later, head hunters captured him and, taken with his bodily speciousness had made him into a drum. The prodigal gent was a commercially-minded impostor.

So popular is this bit of fiction that Phillips Lord once used it, with variations, on one of his radio broadcasts. This probably is its first appearance in print, which is not important. The story, after all, proves nothing except that tattooers have learned how to disguise their publicity.

You may have noticed that no mention has yet been made here of tattoo for women. Little work on this interesting branch of the art is expected during the Renaissance. There was a time when our best debs, subdebs and dowagers swarmed to offer their powdered limbs and torsos for brilliant needlework, and displayed amazing inventiveness in their selection of designs and locations. Such beyond-reproach ladies as Mrs. Cornwallis West, Princess Chimay and Lady Randolph Churchill once bore tattoo and placed the stamp of polite society's approval on the art. And hordes of post-war flappers had permanent rouge tattooed on cheeks and lips. But now only a few filles-de-joie, with requests for "Dangerous Curve Ahead" and "Detour, Dirt Road" signs; a few lovesick adolescents who crave eternal perpetuation of the Boy Friend's name on their dewy hides, and a few Burly strip-tease dancers who want a butterfly placed here or there, remain to hold up the female end. Tattoo is strictly masculine.

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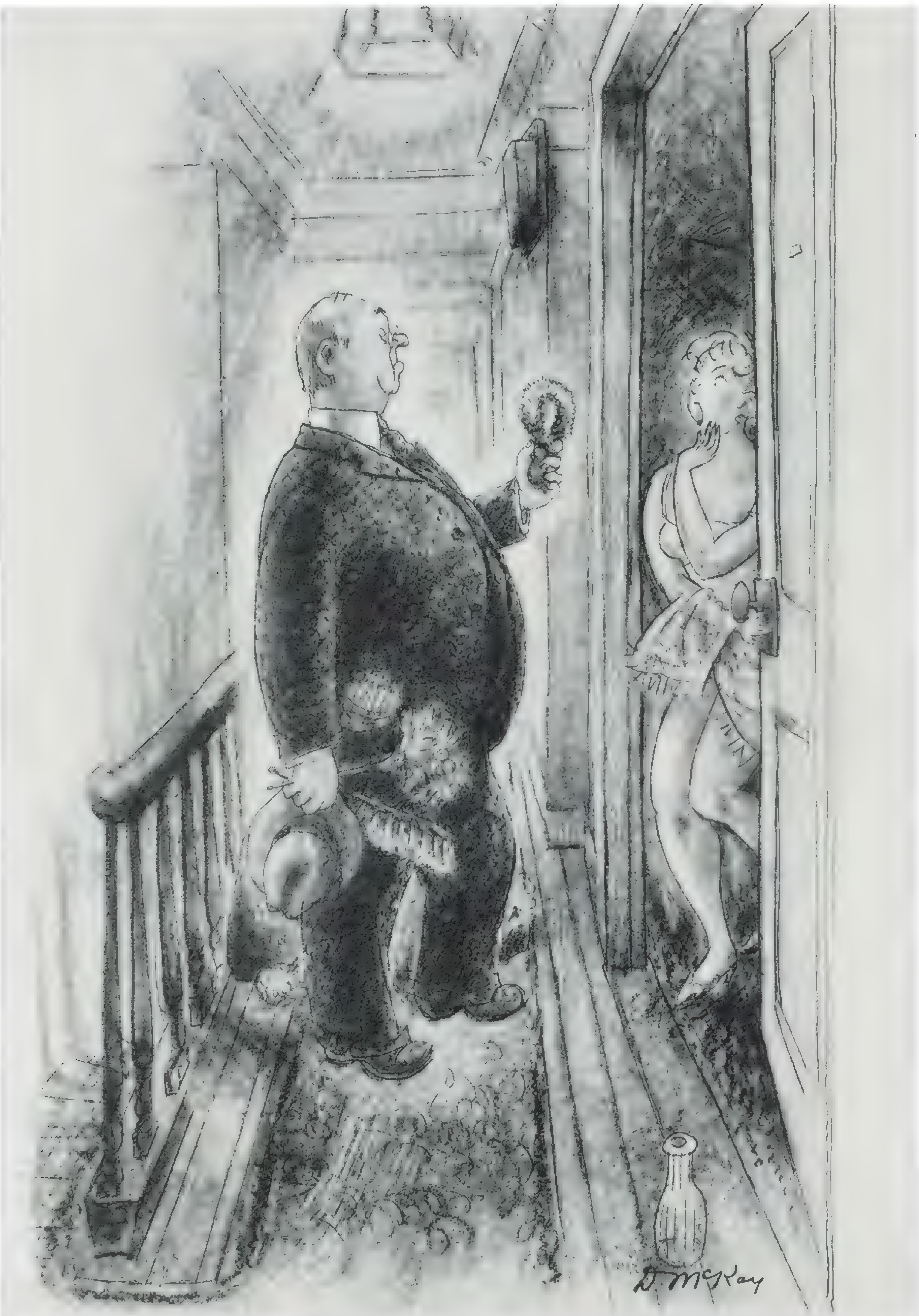
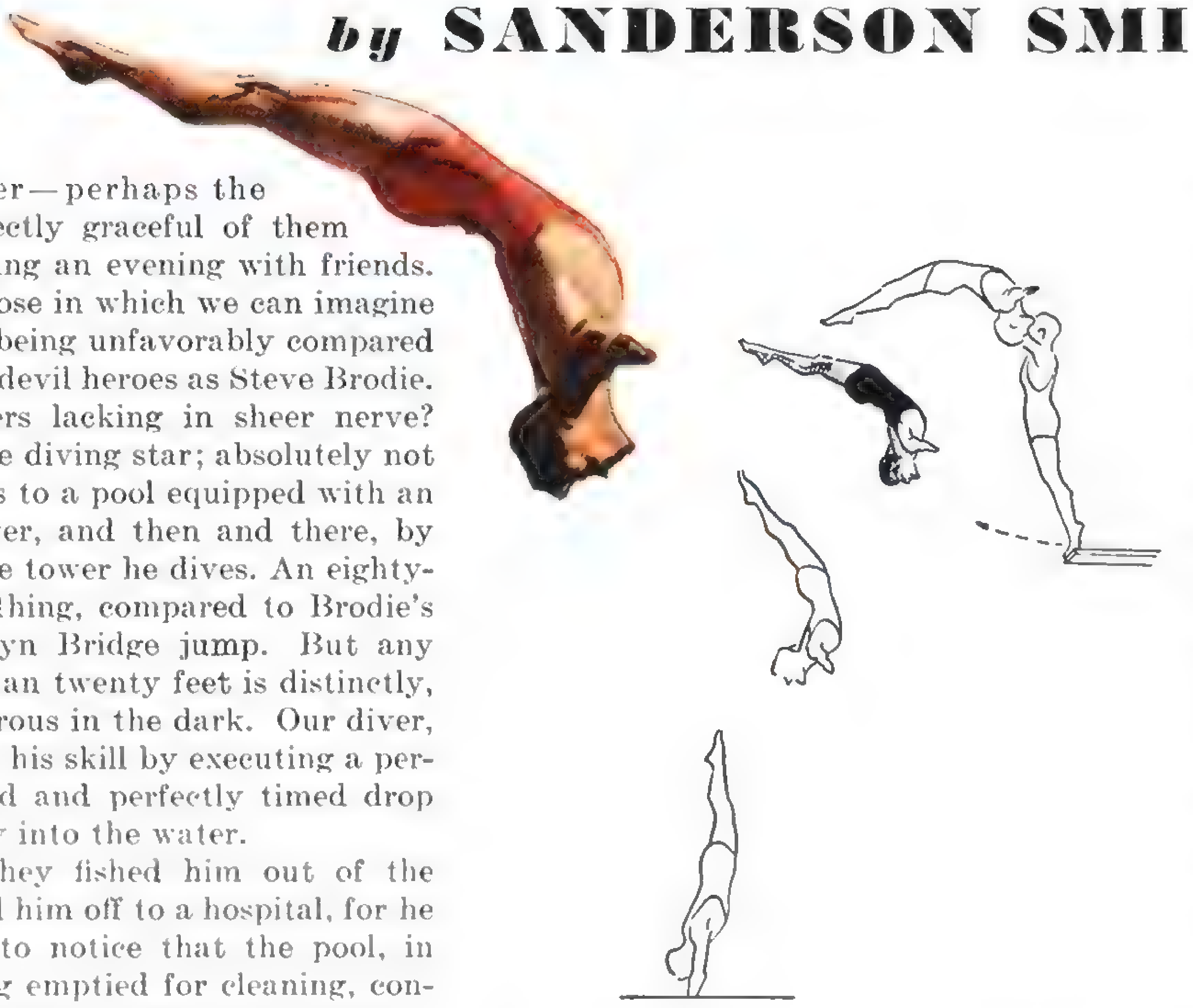


"O-oh, I thought it was Oscar!"

What Is This Fancy Diving?

An article which holds the avowed intent to show what, if not why, is a fancy diver

by SANDERSON SMITH



A FANCY diver—perhaps the most perfectly graceful of them all—was spending an evening with friends. A discussion arose in which we can imagine modern divers being unfavorably compared with such dare-devil heroes as Steve Brodie.

Modern divers lacking in sheer nerve? Not so, says the diving star; absolutely not so. Out he goes to a pool equipped with an eighty-foot tower, and then and there, by starlight, off the tower he dives. An eighty-foot dive is nothing, compared to Brodie's historic Brooklyn Bridge jump. But any dive of more than twenty feet is distinctly, mortally dangerous in the dark. Our diver, however, shows his skill by executing a perfectly calculated and perfectly timed drop to a clean entry into the water.

After that they fished him out of the water and toted him off to a hospital, for he had neglected to notice that the pool, in process of being emptied for cleaning, contained just three and a half feet of water.

A diver is a swimmer with his brains knocked out. If you're much of a frequenter of swimming pools, you've doubtless heard that saying. Stories like the one I have retold are behind it. There are lots of them; they are all true stories.

There was the man, a world champion as a matter of fact, who insisted on trying a second back dive from a fifty-foot tower in a sixty-mile gale after the first had resulted in a flesh-beating, nerve-jangling pancake smash on the water—and then tried a third when the second was a flop.

There was the great woman diver who competed in a meet with her nose-ear-and-throat specialist at the pool draining her sinus cavities between dives.

There was the diver, waiting to go ashore in Hawaii, who calmly practiced from the ship's deck while sailors beat off the sharks with oars and boathooks.

There was the diver who spent time in the hospital with strained back muscles and ligaments once annually for three consecutive years after exhibition fire dives.

Performances like these are links—not by any means missing links—between the old-time dare-devil high diving of the Brodie sort and modern fancy diving. The old hair-raising stuff has left a direct descendant in the circus and vaudeville performances, the dives from bridges and cliffs. Fancy diving is an offshoot.

Fancy diving is a contest of skill, not of nerve.

A swimmer with his brains knocked out: is that a satisfactory definition of a diver? Let's do a bit of light research on the subject.

Fancy diving is a standardized sport, with set rules and methods of comparison. This last statement is made with all the bravado, even braggadocio, in the world, for only in the past year have conditions become such that it is actually true. Until recently, diving rules were changed more often than football rules—if you can believe that—and far more drastically.

Now there is at last a code of rules which has been adopted by the interscholastic, intercollegiate, national, and international governing bodies of swimming. And what a code!

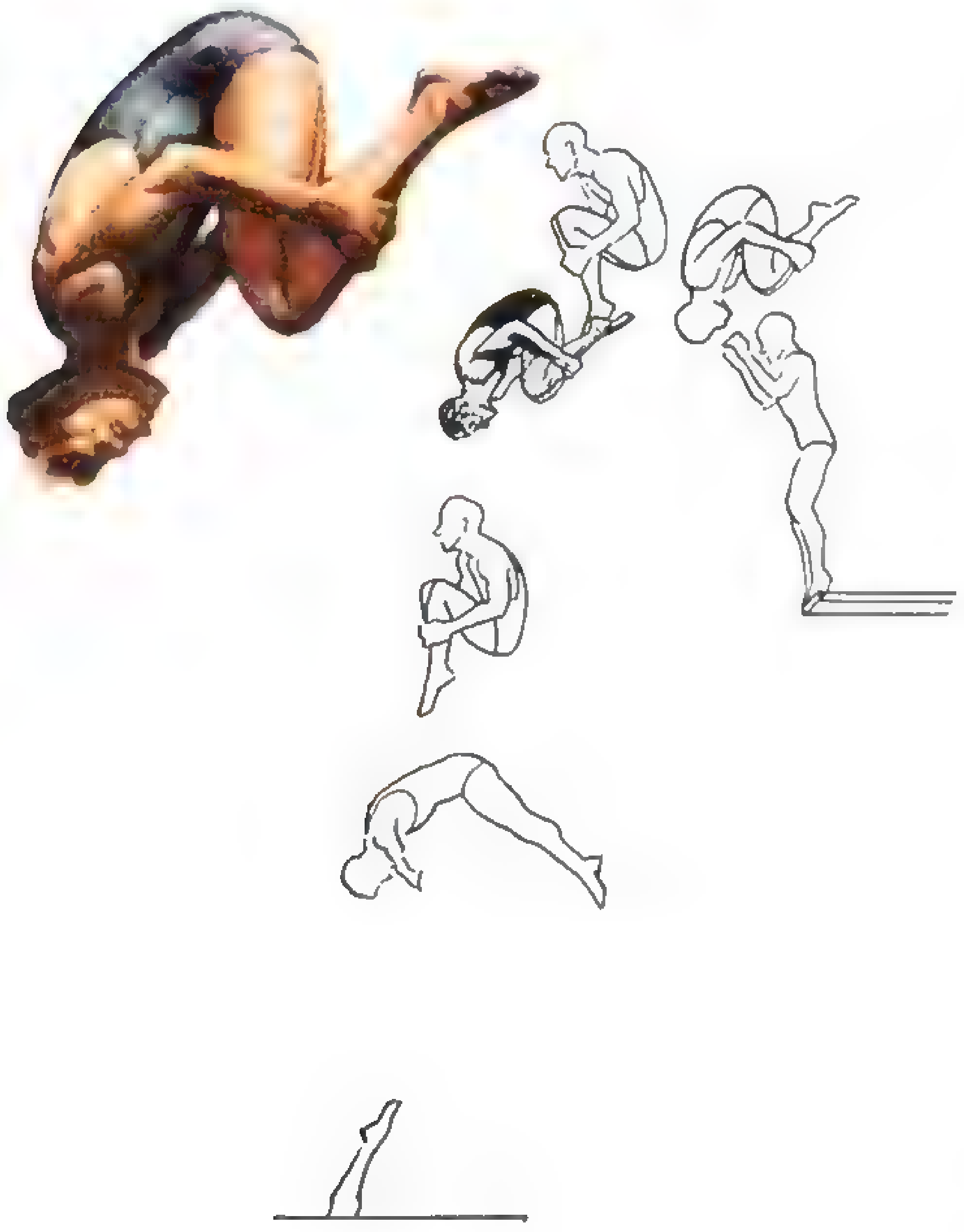
Regard for a moment this paper which I hold in my hand. On it are spaces for sixteen different entries, three distinct mathematical computations, and two official signatures. What is it? Income tax return? Not so; it is a "Referee's Recording Sheet." In official diving competitions one such sheet must be filled out, not merely for the meet, not even merely for each diver, but for each dive. For each competitor ten, count 'em, ten, of these sheets must be used. And after that he has a column on the form called "Record of Diving Results." On the Record, for a beginning, seven different entries must be made and two signatures affixed. Then for each diver (already ten separate sheets have been filled out for him) thirteen entries must be made and nine computations.

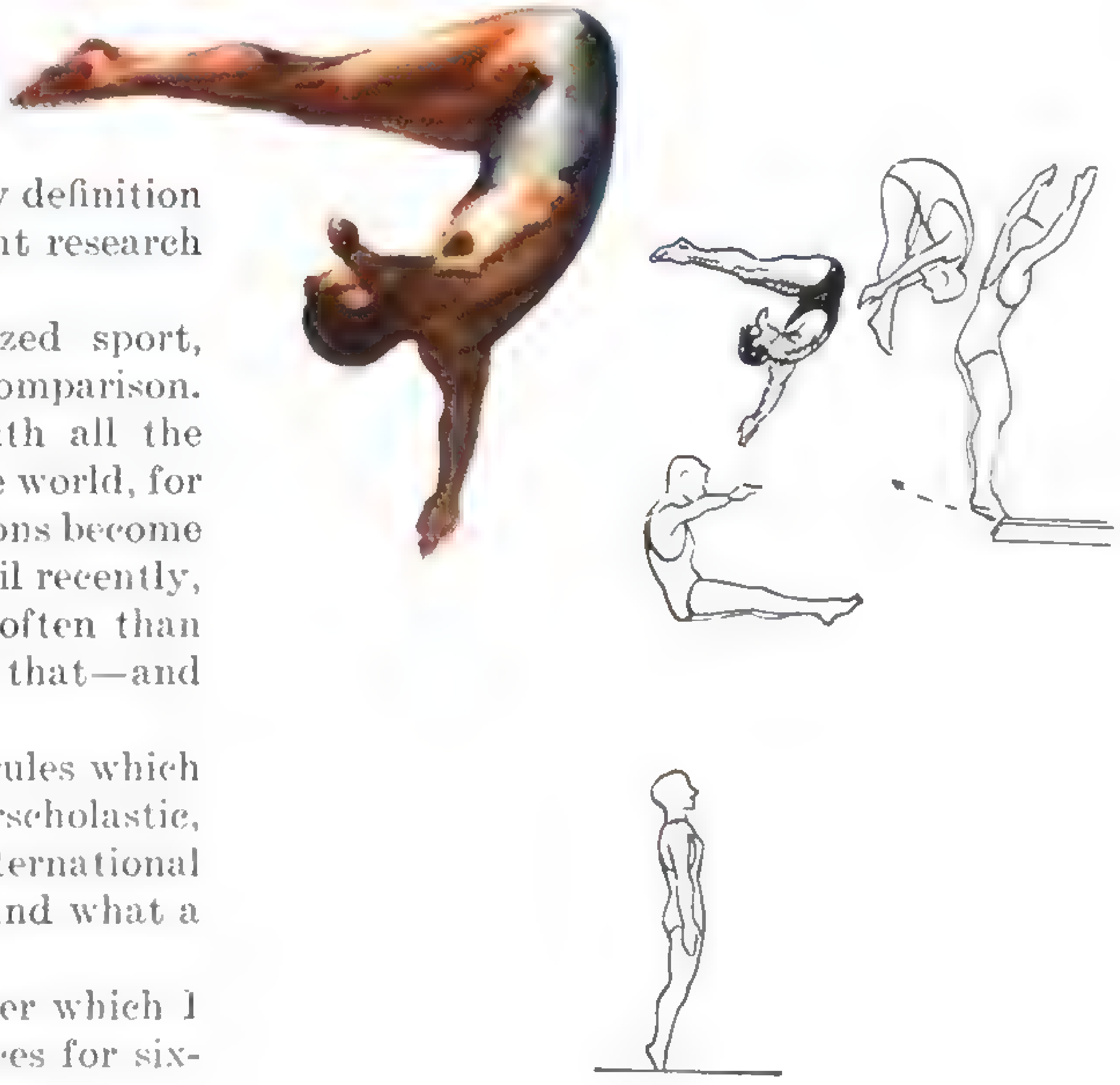
A diver may be a swimmer with his brains knocked out, but his intellect seems to be unimpaired if he can cope with tape so brilliantly red.

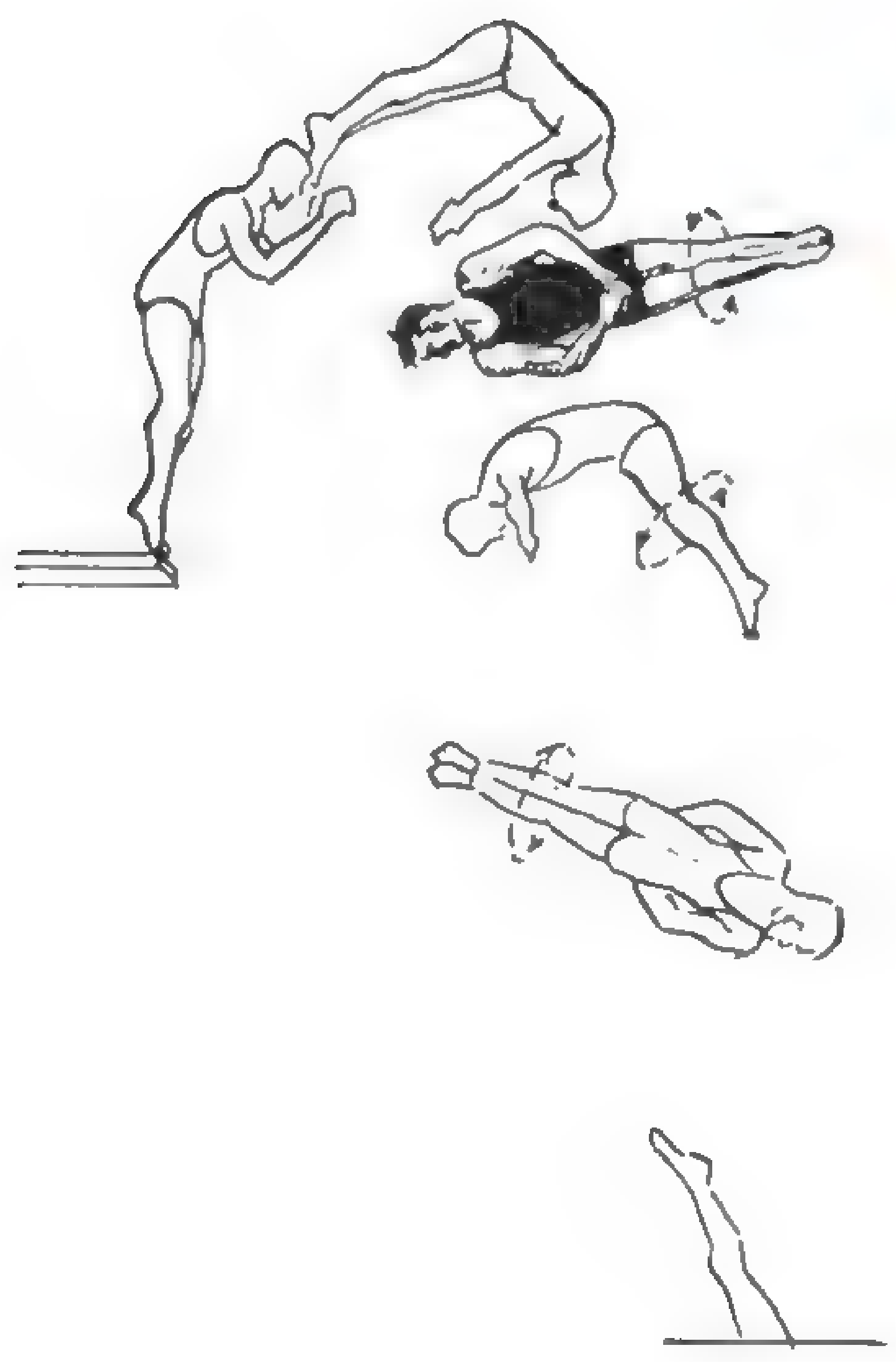
Fightin' words, "red tape." Let us, so as not to have the rules-formulating gentry on our necks, make an observation: the results of a diving competition used to be known seldom less than forty minutes after it was finished; since the introduction of the bookkeeping forms at which we've scoffed so gaily, results are often announced less than a minute after the last dive. And, further, the chance for any official to show favoritism is reduced to a minimum by the new system.

What is this fancy diving?

Let's take a look at this newly formalized offshoot of dare-devilism. Let's watch some diving in our imagination. First, let's find a diver to watch. We can find one any time we look for him, because diving is a year-round sport. The school and college season







lasts from September to June, and reaches its height about the last of March. And of course there's lots of diving during the summer.

That brainless swimmer, the fancy diver: we should expect to find him whiling away the long afternoon with the nymphs and the sprites, plunking into a limpid pool or lyric stream from some overhanging rock or limb.

Were we to get burrs in our socks searching for him, we shouldn't find him; we might find a nymph or a sprite or two, even a kelpie or a nudist—but no diver.

To find him we must first know his kind—is he a fancy diver or a high fancy diver? He may be both, but not at the same time.

If he's a high fancy diver we'll find him where there is water not less than twelve feet deep and two rigid platforms, five and ten meters above the water.

But let's say ours is the more common variety of fancy diver, the one without the "high." That means he dives from a springboard. A springboard—an International and Intercollegiate Regulation Springboard, if you please, without which our diver wouldn't be seen diving dead at a dog fight—is a piece of knot-free, straight-grained wood either fourteen or sixteen feet long, twenty inches wide, tapering in thickness from three inches to an inch and a half. It is fastened at the thick end, and supported on a rigid cross-bar about six or seven feet from the fastened end; the thin end projects at least one meter beyond the pool's edge over the water. The top of the board is covered with cocoa matting.

Where we find our diver, there may be two boards, one three meters—ten feet—above the water, the other one meter—three and a quarter feet. Or there may be only one of these. In any case, the diver will be using only one of them. He knows, if we don't, that though in a high diving contest both heights of platform are used, in a springboard meet only one board is dived from. He'll be practicing from the board from which he is next to compete.

Let us watch him practice. Come, sit beside me and get grass stain on your clothes. Or would you prefer a few splinters from this bench? And now, notice me: do you see the adhesive tape covering my mouth? Perhaps you don't, but I might as well be gagged for all the talking I shall do to our diver friend, unless he starts the conversation.

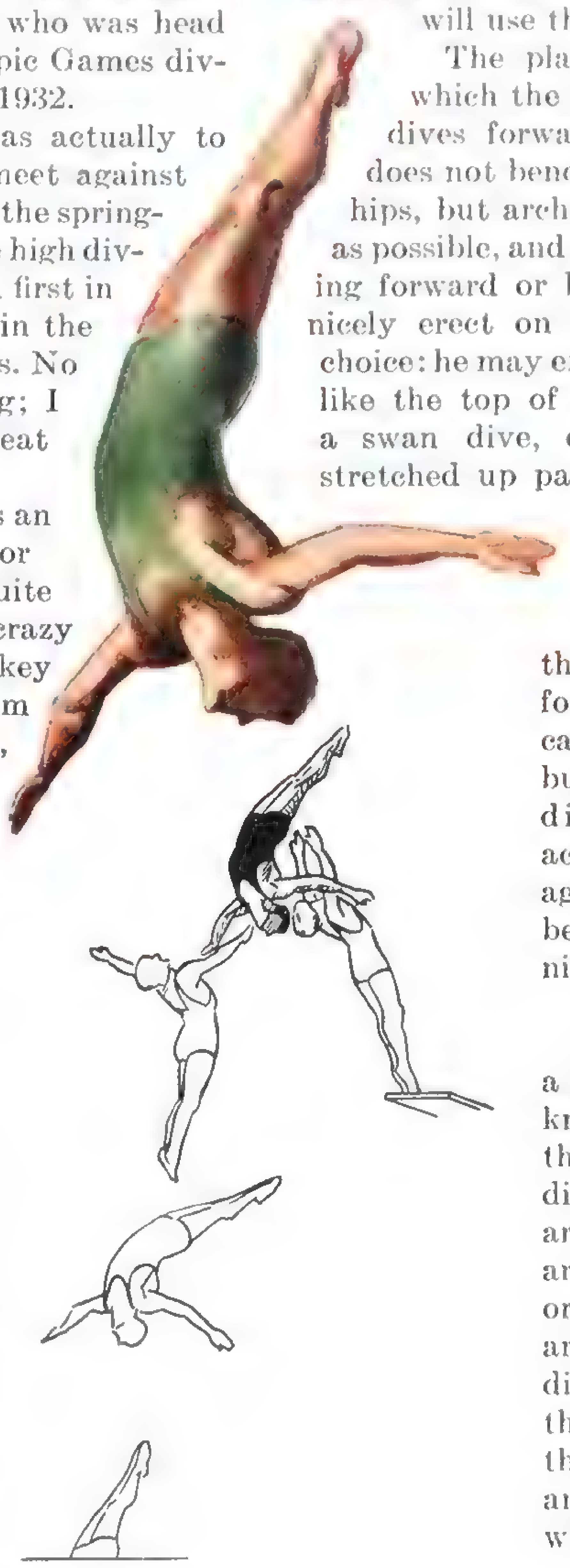
I've spent most of my life watching divers. I've sat day after day watching Clarence Pinkston, first place winner in the high fancy diving and second place winner in the springboard diving at the 1920 Olympic Games and winner of third place in both events at the 1924 Games. I've sat for weeks and months watching Al White, winner of both Olympic events in 1924. I've practiced with Pete Desjardins, second to White in the 1924 springboard competition and winner of both Olympic titles in 1928, and Dave Fall, runner up in the 1924 high diving.

I have often comforted Ed Thorndson while he spent the evening in a torture device of his own invention stretching his ankle ligaments so that he could point his toes, inability to do which would have prevented his becoming the intercollegiate champion he was. I learned diving, as did most of the divers I've mentioned, from Ernst Brandsten, the merry Swedish Californiac who invented the hereinbefore-mentioned International and Intercollegiate Regulation Springboard and who was head coach of the American Olympic Games diving teams in 1924, 1928 and 1932.

I once even went so far as actually to compete in a high school meet against Mickey Riley, later second in the springboard contest and third in the high diving at the 1928 Olympics and first in the springboard and second in the high diving at the 1932 Games. No fair accusing me of bragging; I did not, to put it mildly, defeat him.

The last mentioned diver is an illustration of something or other, something or other quite in keeping with diving's crazy heritage: his usual name, Mickey Riley, springs as logically from his real one, Michael Galitzen, as does Desjardins' "Pete" from his Christian name, Ulise Joseph. But . . .

What I was getting at is that great as may be the amount of diving knowledge I must have absorbed, still greater is my habituated ability to keep my unsought diving advice to myself. There is no scorn in my experience to equal that of the diver for the onlooker who volunteers the information that, let us say, the diver's double gainer would be improved by a more vigorous forward cast of his hips on the takeoff; the virulence of the scorn, usually, increases in direct proportion to the wisdom of the advice.



So let's confine our conversation to each other while we watch this diving practice. If there's anything you don't understand, let me try being the explainer. If you haven't seen a great deal of fancy diving, there probably won't be much that you do understand.

First, you want to know why yon diver doesn't dive. Since our arrival he hasn't done anything but take his starting position, run three steps, high-jump as though he were hurdling an imaginary barrier, land on the board's end, and bounce up and down a few times—then repeat. He knows what you perhaps don't: how all-important the correct use of the board is to the success of any dive. How could anyone perform accurately any dive, if he didn't always leave the board at a certain angle and with the maximum amount of spring? And if you think correct use of a springboard is an easy thing to master, come on over to the practice board in the sand pit and I'll villainously laugh while you shake loose your lights and livers.

No, an experienced diver never dives without first practicing his approach and his hurdle and trying the board a number of times.

Now our diver takes his starting position, runs three steps, hurdles, springs, and—yes sir, dives. It's a plain front dive, the familiar swan dive. He's doing it first because it is always the first dive in competition; he practices his dives in the order in which he will use them.

The plain front dive is one in which the diver simply springs and dives forward into the water. He does not bend forward at the waist or hips, but arches his body as gracefully as possible, and keeps his neck from bending forward or back, so that his head is nicely erect on his shoulders. He has a choice: he may extend his arms to the side like the top of a T, in which case it's a swan dive, or he may keep them stretched up past his head in the position for entering the water, in which case it's just a plain front dive.

The plain front dive is the easiest of all to judge, for it is the least complicated. There is little to it but sheer grace. And good diving, though it may actually be three-quarters agility, should appear to be five per cent agility and ninety-five percent grace.

Next we're going to have a back dive. How do I know? Ah-ha . . . because the first five of the ten dives in any competition are always the same. They are called the compulsory or required dives, and they are the running plain front dive, the backward dive, the running half gainer, the backward jack-knife, and the running front dive with half twist.

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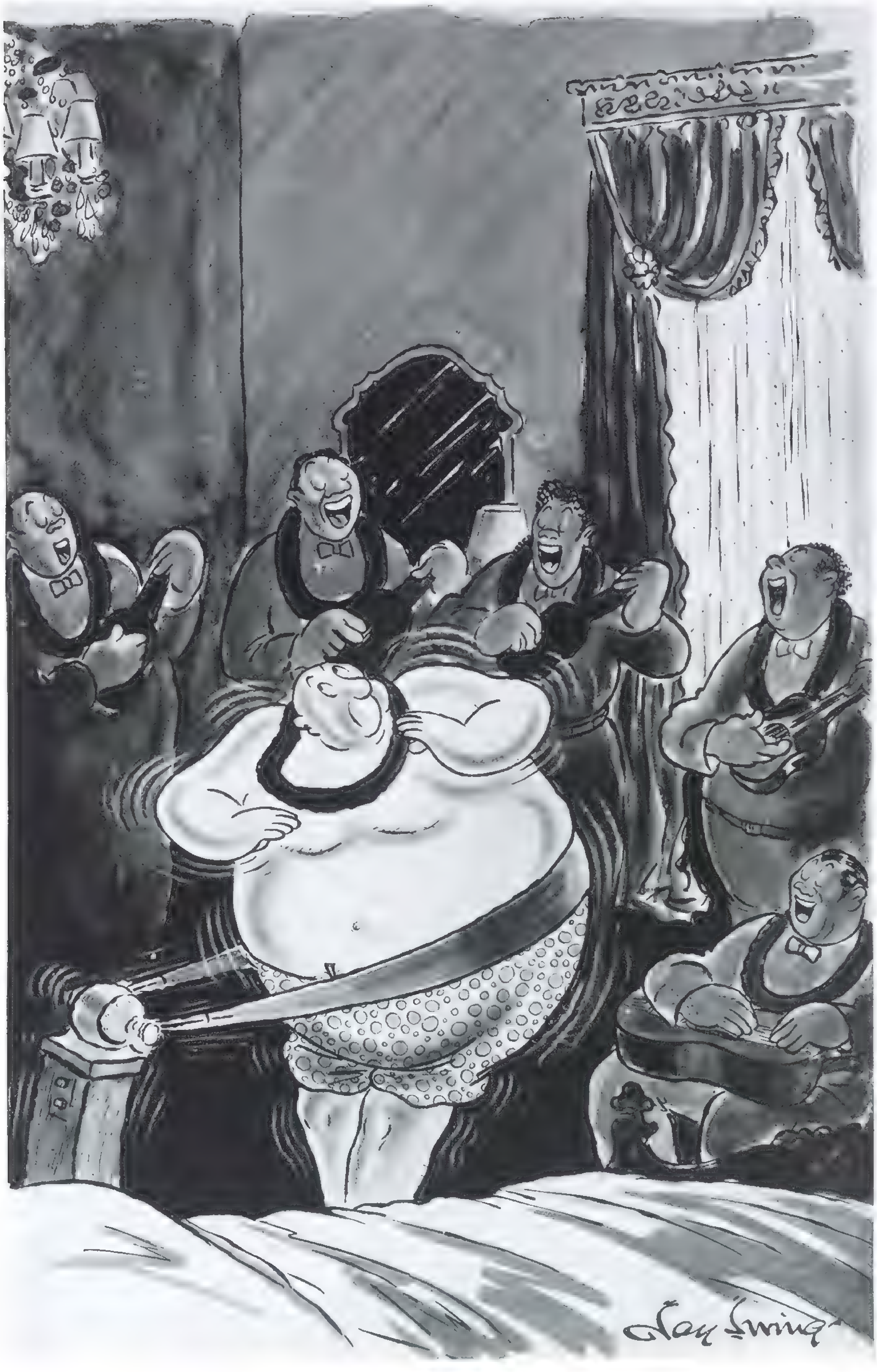
Jay Irving

Gentian for Dreams

A Tyrolean idyll, in the course of which a rich American girl cuts herself a cardboard lover

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

THROUGH knife-cut defiles, along the vertical beds of dried streams, skirting dizzy precipices, steadily they mounted toward the white-crowned peak which towered above the lesser giants.

Jack dawdled in the rear, glowering without cease at his sister, who had capped her other offenses by outfitting herself in complete peasant costume, gay flowered kirtle and apron, a scarlet kerchief about her hair.

She swung along with her lithe, free stride abreast with Oberdorfer and Ned. She kept up an unceasing flow of questions, delving into the life, the habits, the backgrounds of the guide. Ned stumblingly translated. Whenever his vocabulary failed, he was assisted by the Tyrolean himself who, with earnest gestures and grins, clarified meanings.

Her heart quickened, piecing together some comprehension of the man's hearty, fresh, uncomplicated soul. Unaccountable shame grew in her for the twenty-one years of luxury-laden frivolity she had raced through, dipping surface sensations, touching reality never.

She recognized that his was a continual contact with realities, which, to her amazement, did not seem banal. Her supposed sophistication should have jeered at the earthy routine of this farmer's son, whose sole distinction among his fellow-guides was that he could handle a small boat better than they, and had consequently almost won a thousand-schilling prize for navigating an unconquerable *klam*. Yet every fact she gleaned seemed to glint with romance.

In the winter, she learned, he would travel on skis to far slopes, and cut pine-trees, and slide them down the snow to the valley. In the old days, he had acted as glacier-guide, but this business was *kaput* now, because of the aerial railways and funiculars. During most of the year, he did farm-work, helping his parents and brothers and sisters with the crops. He listed the things he loved—the mountains, gathering a good harvest, drinking beer with friends, singing and dancing and playing the zither; dull enough activities, surely, but somehow, as he spoke, charged with excitement. Recently, he said, he had prospered a little. He had saved his money, and he dreamed of buying a small place of his own, with a "house-let" on it. If only he could win that prize—but it was impossible. Yes, impossible.

"Just as well!" she commented, her cheeks pink. "Why should he plop down and get settled and marry one of these apple-jawed maedels, and raise a litter of healthy, dumb louts, and so on, and so on?"

Ned laughed, teasingly. "Can't he have a sweetheart and a nice little home? Her name's Berthe, it seems."

When the sun was highest, they came to a long plateau, an emerald carpet embroidered with mad patterns of Alpine blossoms, spread blazing to the foot of the cloud-wreathed Hundspitz. There they devoured savory cold sausages and black bread and shining boiled eggs, washed down with tingling cold beer.

When she had finished, she lay stretched out, letting her thoughts ride aimlessly upon a foamy wisp of vapor which danced above. Presently she brought her gaze to the profile of Oberdorfer, etched against the distant snow, and its hard purity caressed her mind, soothing it into a deep content.

For many minutes she watched him as he sat studying a patch of blue flowers. At last, carefully, he plucked one blossom. He arose, and came hesitantly toward her. Squaring his shoulders, he proffered the flower, bowing jerkily, looking at his own feet, unsmiling. His voice was a shy whisper, saying two words. Then he made his comic bow again, and strode away to a tree, at the foot of which he sat, his back turned.

She stared down into the depths of the flower's bell, and the blue of it washed over her senses, blue flooded her, until it seemed the universe became one incredible blue.

After a while, she shook the shoulder of her drowsing fiance, and said, "Ned, what's the name of this?"

He removed the cap from over his face, and looked. "Don't you remember?" he yawned, "'thou blossom bright with autumn dew, and colored with the heaven's own blue, te-dum, te-dum, te-dum, te-doo'."

"Gentian!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah!" her brother added. "They make schnapps out of it!"

"Schnapps? Brandy?"

"I'll say brandy! Got a kick like a wild mule! All the cuckoos aren't in clocks—some of 'em drink gentian."

Silently, she tucked the flower in her breast, and sprang up. "Time to start, I think. Oh, Ned, by the way, what does 'deine Augen' mean? 'Your eyes'?"

"'*Thine* eyes'," he replied, drily.

"Oh," she said, and flushed, "all right. Let's go."

Soon the sun was overcast, and they blundered through a whirling blizzard, now plunging up to their waists in drifts, now sprawling headlong over hidden rocks. She snatched spasmodic, sobbing gasps of the rarefied air. She fell, and thought that she could not continue, that she must sink into this white mattress and sleep forever. She struggled upright, slipped, and fell again. She lay face-upward, her heart-beats pounding in her ear-drums.

"There you go!" raged her brother, "I knew it would be like this! Now I suppose we've got to carry you!"

"Carry me, indeed!" she retorted, gathering up the remnants of her strength, "I'll walk! Here, Hooperdooper!"

She arose, clinging to the brown, firm hand, and set her teeth. It was as if life flowed into her from his touch and from his smile. She became an automaton, conscious of nothing but his handclasp. Scarcely she realized when the upward tug ceased, and the precipitous descent commenced. Out of the snow, down through moss and gentian again, into the sparkle of the late afternoon sun, and at long last to the steps of a neat hotel, where she sank, dazed.

Ned, unruffled, said, "Good girl! Hot bath and a nap, and you'll be as fresh as new."

"Let go the man's hand," her brother suggested, vehemently, "or perhaps you'd like him to cut it off and give it to you for a souvenir."

She peered with surprise at the guide's hand, to which she still hung grimly, then at his sympathetic smile. She squeezed the fingers tightly, then released them, and steadied herself by the rail.

"*Auf wiedersehen*, all!" she murmured from her coma. "Don't disturb me, for dinner, or anything!" She shook off assistance, and groped up the stairs.

She awoke in a glow of moonlight, burning through the wide open windows. She felt a dim want, identified it as hunger, and as if in a spell, found her clothing, got into it, and went quietly down the stairs. The dining-room was closed. Through the crack of the common-room door, she heard her brother's voice, loud and muzzied. He had evidently been drinking heavily, and was quarreling over some card-game with Ned.

She tiptoed past, out to the verandah. Music, singing, laughing shouts were coming from a building across the enclosure. It seemed that she was treading nothing more real than moonlight as she passed over the

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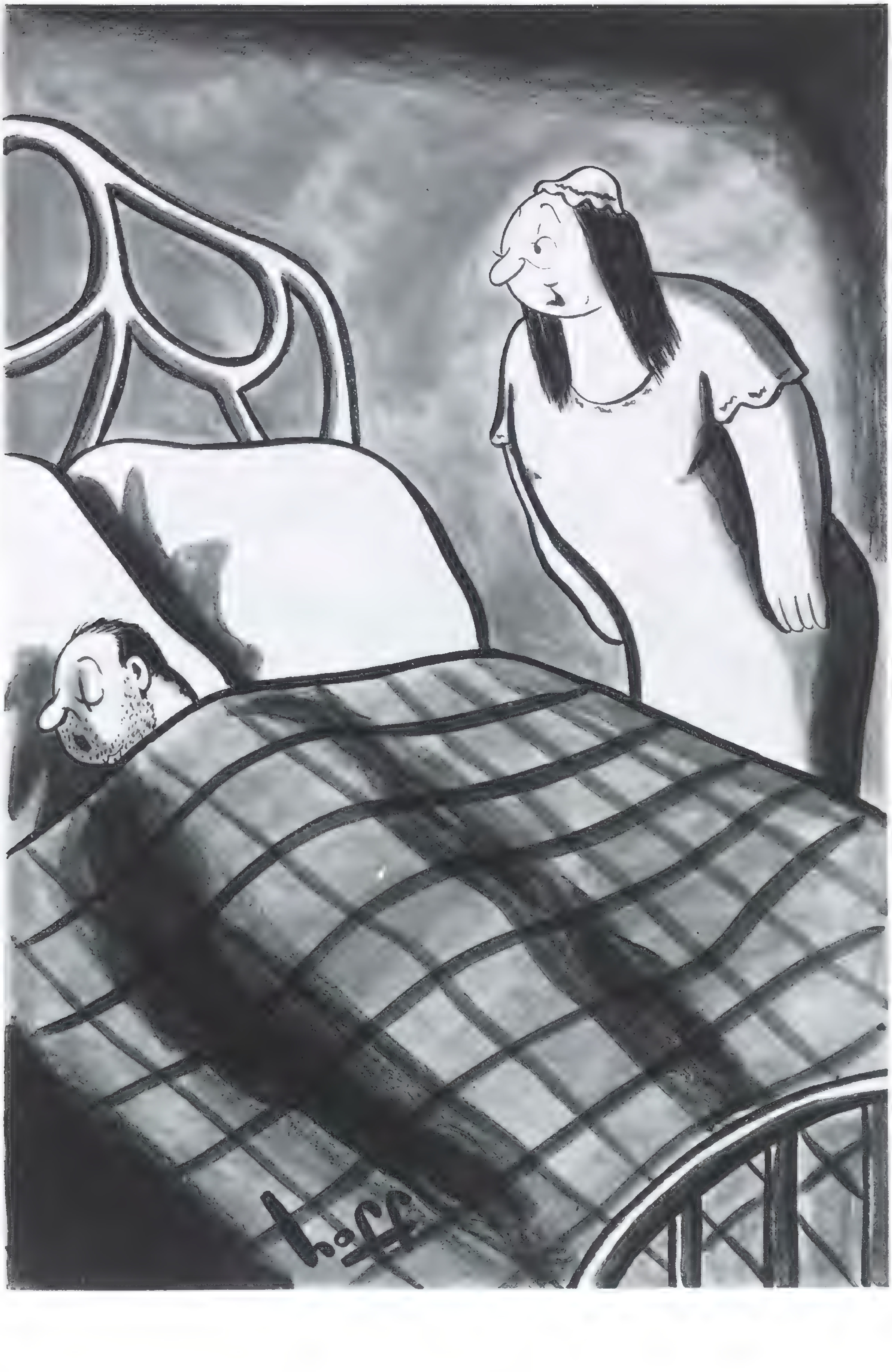
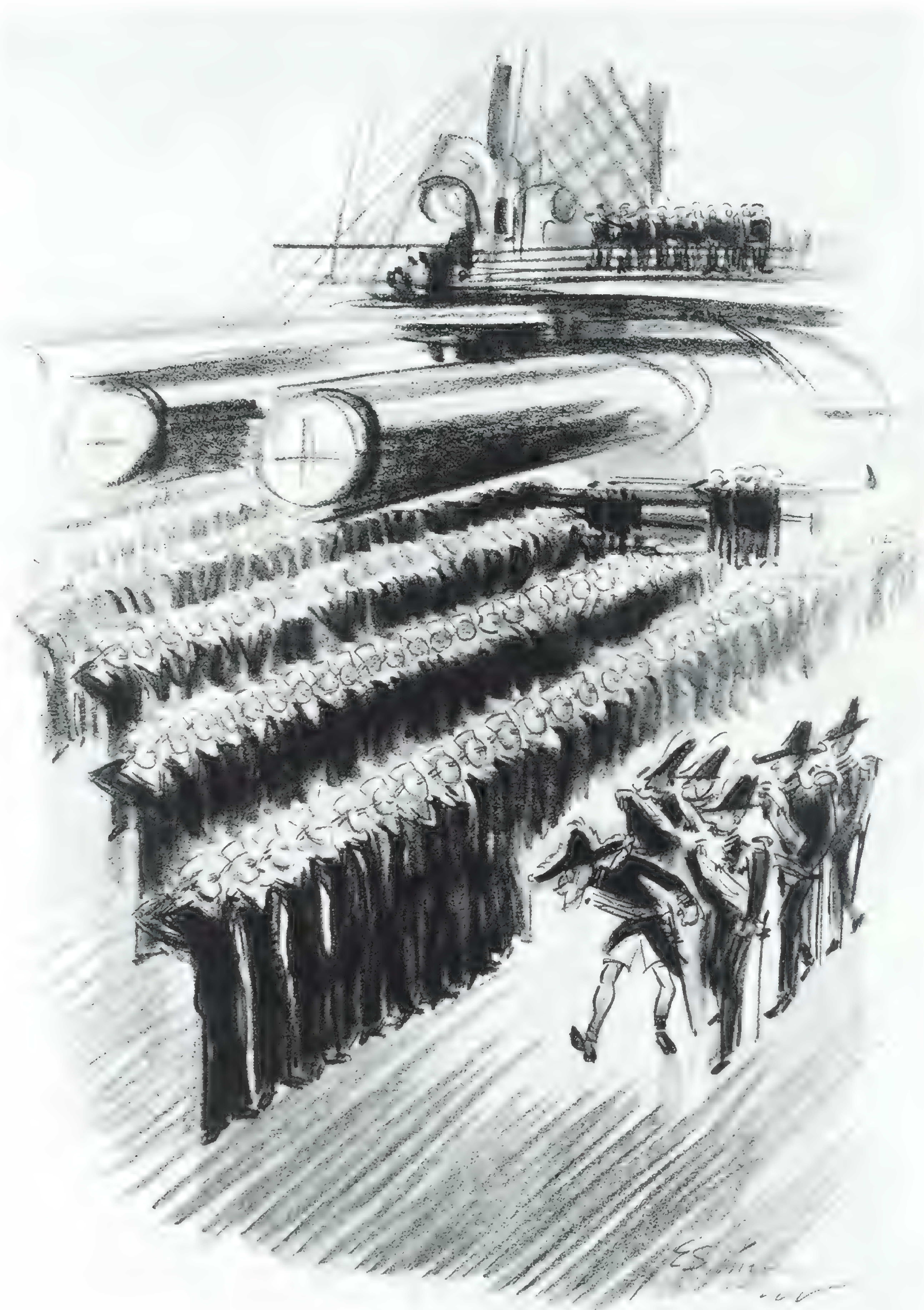


"Yoo-hoo!"



"Well, we'll just go through the entire fleet until I find my pants!"

The Welcome Bar

About a sailors' night club where there are goings-on whenever the fleet is in

by JOHN R. TUNIS

RECREATING the atmosphere of a place three thousand miles away is not the easiest thing in the world. Possibly the best way to describe the Welcome Bar is to call it a typical French bar, the epitome of all such bars in France. It is a low, rather gloomy room, with small tables completely surrounded by uncomfortable chairs, a *zinc* at one end, behind which the *patron* in an apron, his sleeves rolled up and a distressed-looking cigarette in his mouth, stands ready for business.

Back of him on a shelf are all the bottles on earth; large and small, short and tall, brandy, whiskey, wines, liqueurs, sirups innumerable. The *patronne*, a fattish lady clothed in dingy black, is superintending the washing of the floor by Gaby, the bar's sole attendant; while a single client, a middle-aged man in striped trousers, a black coat and a black felt hat, is drinking a *café crême* and reading the morning edition of the *Eclaireur de Nice*. When the door opens suddenly and my heroine enters.

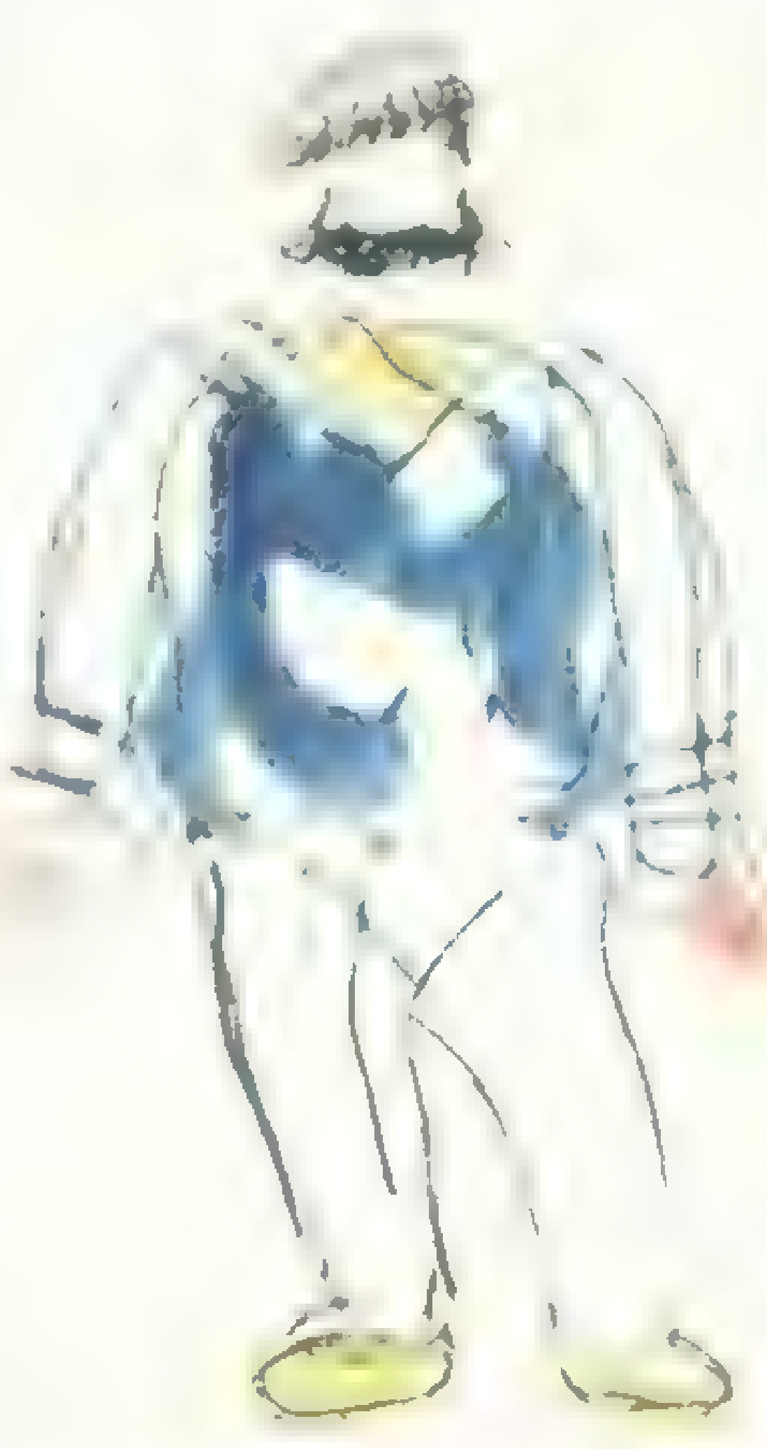
Or rather, one of my heroines. I cannot say she is a romantic object at the moment. Recent rains of the Midi have not been considerate to the papier-maché soles of her fragile shoes; her coat is painfully inadequate to withstand the vagaries of the Riviera climate in winter, her yellow beret may once have been smart, now it hangs listlessly across her scraggly hair. She carries one of those tin French suitcases painted to resemble leather; evidently it contains all her possessions; certainly it does not add chic to her appearance. Plain to see there are ups and downs in her profession as in others more respectable. Yet standing there in the open door she electrifies the room.

Together the *patron*, the *patronne* and the client exclaim: "*La flotte!*"

They say this, however, with a different tone. The accent of the *patron* and his wife is that of aviators stranded in the desert who see a cavalry patrol approaching. Not so the client. His tone is one of disgust. He slaps a two franc piece on the table, resolutely folds up his *Eclaireur*, and stuffing it into his side pocket, stalks out. The Fleet is coming in. For two weeks the Welcome will be no place for a quiet man.

To be sure, the Fleet may not arrive the next day, nor even the day after. But the client does not care to wait. The advance guard is here and others are sure to follow. Most of the time the Welcome is just an unpretentious cafe upon the waterfront at Villefranche, a tiny seaport in the south of France.

But when the Fleet comes in, especially when the American fleet enters the harbour, the Welcome is metamorphosed. Overnight it becomes one of the most raucous, riotous, and delightfully rowdy places in all France.



Already the change is beginning. Surrounded by the *patron*, the *patronne* and Gaby, the newcomer is bombarded. She had a letter? *En bien* . . . when will they arrive? Tomorrow . . . at noon! *Zut alors.* Not too much time. The *patronne* rushes out to command additional help, the *patron* rolls down his sleeves, puts himself into his coat, and prepares to charge into Nice in his ancient car in search of supplies. The entire place must be cleaned. The chairs and tables must be installed upon the *terrasse*. The orchestra must be hired—an ancient gramophone called a "*phono*" is good enough for the French and British, but the Americans insist on a jazz. And while the bar is being refreshened, my heroine repairs to a cell in the attic where she gets ready to undergo a transformation on her own account.

By nightfall half a dozen of her colleagues have assembled. The *patronne* serves them (on credit) a painfully simple meal, while every hour by train or bus the ladies of the fleet swarm into the Welcome. They haven't seen each other since the last port the ships touched, where was it . . . Cartagena . . . Algiers . . . Bizerte or Messina? The following noon there they are, changed like the bar itself and like the bar, gay, smiling, jaunty and smart, as different as possible from the bedraggled females who slipped in with a tin suitcase in one hand the previous evening. Drinking a beer they sit chattering and waiting the great moment.

The Fleet is due for noon. Exactly at eleven forty the grey nose of the first destroyer can be seen rounding Cap Ferat. Silently they come into the harbour; a destroyer, then two cruisers, then two more destroyers. Anchors slide into the water with a crash and a rattle. Inside the Welcome a calm excitement fills the air. That rumor the men haven't been paid this month . . . *mais c'est idiote!* A bugle sounds. Now the first boatload leaves the nearest destroyer. Its prow makes a ripple over the placid bay. One of the girls comes to the window. She turns and addresses the audience.

"Ladies, the soup is about to be served!"

Possibly all this has changed with the times. For I am describing the Welcome as I knew it back in the good old days. At present there is no longer an American squadron based on the Mediterranean, while no more is the dollar collected (and can you blame them?) by foreigners of every age and sex. But ten years ago the Welcome Bar when the Fleet came in was a place not to be missed.

It was just a simple four story building beside the quay, below the railroad along the coast, and the town. A bar on the ground floor, rooms above, the sort of place one would never notice twice in that welter of ornate Casinos and villas, chateaus and grand palace hotels which flourished up and down the littoral. But when the Fleet came in, the Welcome was worth the lot. Rowdy, riotous, with every table jammed by sailors and girls, half a dozen couples swaying back and forth in the middle of the smoke-filled room, it was noisy, raucous and rough

from the time the first leave boat came ashore in the afternoon until any time you liked in the morning. Yet no matter how many rum punches that unsteady lad from the Isherwood had downed, things rarely got much beyond the boiling point. This was because of Ma and Pa but mostly because of Ma.

The *patron* and *patronne* of the Welcome, Ma and Pa to the boys of the Fleet, were an amazing couple. Individualists like all the French, they ran their business in their own way. Pa was a retired railwayman from Alsace, in fact his card carried his name and his title below, "*En Retrait du Chemin-de-fer*," just as an officer or a retired admiral's card bore the same information. Ma was sixty, a native of Provence, grey-haired and bulky. As in most French households she ran the show. But she ran it according to her principles, never overcharged the boys, refused to water drinks or serve bad liquor, and how many thousand of francs she must have lent over a period of years one hesitates to guess. To the credit of the American gob, she never lost a sou.

Naturally when our fleet abroad was at its full strength with six or seven or eight ships in port, not everyone came to the Welcome. Some went to the Rendezvous around the corner, some came ashore with their motorbicycles or cars—in those days motorbikes and Fords were numerous on every ship—and chugged off to Nice, others hopped a bus or a tram for Monte. The Welcome was the cafe for certain ships, their crew all knew Ma and she knew her clientele; did a man from another vessel enter he would be served but there was something in her manner which made it unlikely he would return.

To be in the Welcome when they first came charging in was an experience. The boys rolled up with a rush and a roar and the roar grew louder as old friends were discovered and greeted. "Hey there, Cosette . . ." "Bon jour, Simone . . ." "Hullo, Jou Jou . . ." "Oh Lucette, Lucette . . ." For twenty minutes there were embraces. And kisses. Then gradually the noise died down temporarily. The greater part of the invaders lined up behind Ma's high counter where she surveyed the room, to hand her their month's wages minus fifty or sixty francs for change. She kept this while the boys were in port, doling out daily what she thought each man should have. They trusted her as she trusted them, no accounts given or asked. How many beers have you had? *Trois? Bien* . . . Or, four rum punches? The number was noted down, deducted from the sum in Ma's possession, and no money changed hands in the transaction.

Almost anything went in the Welcome, for Ma knew that boys will be boys. Noise, dancing—of various kinds—even embracing was looked on with favor. But fighting, never. One word from Pa usually quelled the combatants. If not Ma herself intervened and what she said went. Only once was her request for peace refused, that on a certain New Year's eve when some boisterous sailors from the British fleet anchored over in Golfe Juan invaded the bar full of American sailors. However Ma even managed to stop that fight, too. She told the Americans she was going to have a baby.

The gobs who frequented the Welcome, the boys from the Isherwood, the John D. Edwards or the Memphis were her boys. Pa had an ancient 1912 Buick touring car in which he used to rattle back and forth from Nice, and at any hour of the day or night you could see him bumping along the Promenade des Anglais loaded to the hilt with sailors, feet sticking out of every end. Every few yards he would stop to pick up another couple who would be deposited on the laps of those on the laps of those on the seat. Could you find Ma or Pa you were sure of a free ride back to Villefranche no matter how many the Buick held. Once the last returning roisterers from Nice stopped into the Welcome for a final rum punch with the report that one pal had become so drunk that he had fallen victim to the wiles of Circe and was going to miss the Fleet, due to sail the following morning early.

Instantly Ma was alert. Who? Ah . . . that one! She called to Pa, motioned to the boy's pal, and in a few minutes the three were in the Buick sloshing through a torrential rainstorm into Nice. After four attempts at four different hotels they finally located the wanderer in bed with his charmer, and while Ma in red hot Provencal French gave that lady an exact opinion of her character and that of several of her ancestors, Pa and his pal dressed the boy, bundled him feet first into the car, and charged back to Villefranche just in time to shove him on the last bumboat for his ship.

The gobs naturally had confidence in Ma, her reputation spread all over the Fleet, they felt at home in the Welcome as they didn't in almost any other cafe on the Mediterranean. When the Fleet returned after an absence of months, their greetings to her were affectionate and sincere. Ma was one person, and the Welcome was one place where there was no gypping.

The American sailor's tastes were not difficult to satisfy in either drink or women. When it came to liquor he cared for only two things; beer when it was hot, rum punch when it was cold. Champagne he never touched. There was one exception. The Fleet had received orders to leave, the last boats back to the ships were leaving the side of the quay at midnight. As twelve drew near bedlam broke loose within the bar, the party got noisier, embraces became wilder and more unrestrained. Then like a pardon at the last minute in a crook play, a messenger burst in at the door. Departure had been postponed a week. This time the lid blew off and real champagne was served by Ma to everyone present.

She was particular about the place and never allowed any feminine clients who were, as she expressed it, "*pas correct.*" What they did with the men when they left the bar and retreated to their tiny rooms on the hillside was their own business, in the bar certain things were not permitted. For instance, other fleets beside the American anchored in Villefranche during the winter, and some of the young ladies had taken on and defeated the French, British and Italian navies in succession. Ma did not approve of this and never hesitated to say so; she preferred those who attached themselves to one fleet and followed it about from France over the border to Genoa, thence to Sicily, to North Africa, to Spain and back again.

Although the Welcome was the resort of the enlisted men, an officer in civilian clothes would drop in occasionally. If he was unpopular as happened more often than not, the atmosphere of the room would fall perceptibly.

"Jeez, will yuh look whooz here." After a while they would start to drift out in ones or twos; here and there a gob would pull at a girl's sleeve, "C'mon, kid, less go over to Nice." In half an hour the bar would be empty, much to Ma's disgust. But one night the Captain, who is popular, entered. He showed his tact in several ways, first by sitting with his back to the room so he couldn't see fireman first class Sweeny rolling around in his chair with that dizzy blonde, or gunner Morgan's peculiar method of showing his affection to Lucette on his knees. Inasmuch as all this was invisible to the Captain, the men didn't have to watch him, and consequently the atmosphere of the place was undisturbed. Nevertheless they watched carefully to see what he would order. Ma in her best manner waited on him herself. He ordered beer! Not champagne,

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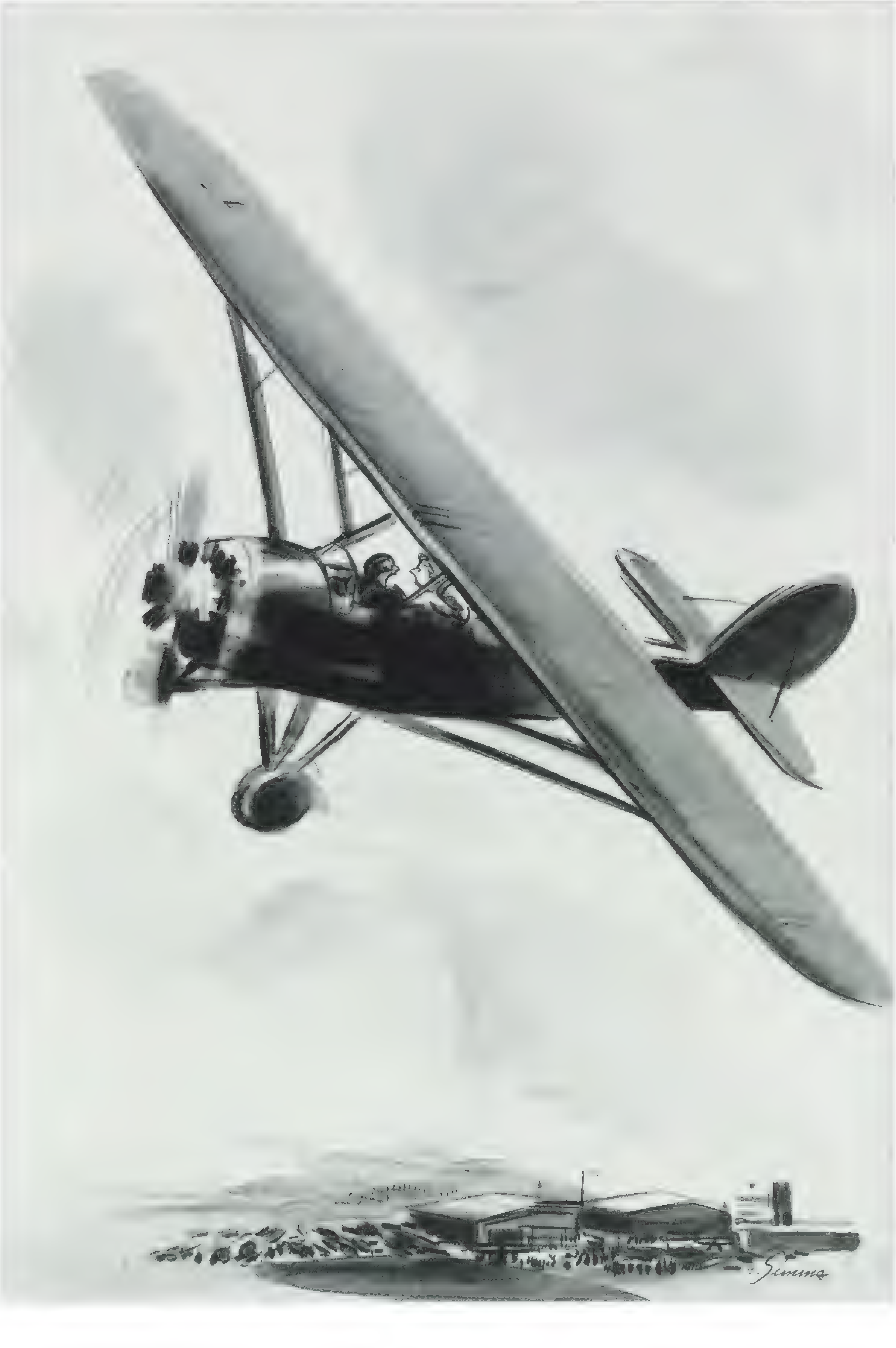

"Why didn't you think of that before we started?"

Campus Blues

Bright college years—as seen from that distance that does not, somehow, lend enchantment

by DAY EDGAR

The slow tilting of the earth's axis has once more brought back the season of Spring; so you and I and thousands of other men are again preparing for our annual migration. And, as it does every Spring, the migration will increase the year's fits of the blues by a number exactly equalling the number of men who take part in it.

This annual blight of gloom is something to deplore; surely, it is no trivial thing that hundreds of thousands of men should be plunged into melancholia each Spring. These campus blues, to sharpen the tragedy, can easily be avoided. And irony stalks upon the scene when you learn that the cure has been discovered by a person of no greater importance than myself.

The migration is known to different alumni by different names. Some groups expend great ceremony on it, handling everything through committees; with others it is unorganized. But its essential nature is always the same—every Spring men from all parts of the continent pay a visit to the campus they knew as undergraduates.

On the campus to which I return, a reunion is treated with more than the average ceremony. Each class has an official headquarters; those classes holding important reunions adopt a costume for the occasion. Bands are hired, vaudeville and radio stars perform at the headquarters; nutritious liquor is drunk; speeches are made, both premeditated ones by the University officials and—but these are best—impromptu orations from a table top, beer mug in hand, by inspired alumni; and the occasion reaches its climax on Saturday afternoon when all the classes form into a huge parade and, with banners streaming and bands playing, march down to University Field to watch Yale beat us at baseball again.

That parade is a colorful drama, and it thrilled me in my freshman Spring. I made mental notes on what I saw, for even in 1922 I was preparing to shake the bay from Kipling's brow. My first step in that campaign called for a series of stories that would portray college life as it existed on the campus, rather than in the cinema and the magazines. So I seized upon reunion as something peculiarly collegiate and hence ideal grist for my mill.

I watched the old grads arrive by train and auto. I thrust my head into many class tents, receiving in some cases a shouted invitation to enter and drink, in others an instantaneous order to depart. I studied the astonishing costumes that transformed prosaic alumni into convicts, white-capped French chefs, Chinese coolies, Confederate soldiers, sombreroed Mexicans, bare-kneed Scots, French Legionnaires. And as I watched their effusive greetings and jovial back-slappings, I assumed that their only emotion was hilarity at this chance to become young again by treading the old familiar campus.

Hence, I later gave in public print a false picture of college reunions. For the series of stories appeared in due course, were republished in book form, and when I recently dipped into a copy I found that the pages employing reunion as background treat of it as a thing of unalloyed light-heartedness. That this was an error I did not discover until I began attending reunions of my own.

To date nine years have rolled by since I stripped the photographs from the walls of my room in Seventy-nine Hall and came home to Pennsylvania. Thus, my class has held nine reunions. It required only a few to show me that they are by no means light-hearted. My first big reunion—our Fifth—showed me just why they are always depressing. And nothing could induce me to return for our Tenth were it not for a discovery that has for me—and can for you, my brothers—permanently rid college reunions of all nostalgia.

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow," said Queen Victoria's favorite poet, "is remembering happier things."

Those eight words of Tennyson's explain the melancholia you suffered on that last trip back to your campus. The old scenes provoked memories. Here, you felt, you were happy. Here you spent the last four years of your youth. You had no harrowing decisions to make, your father paid your bills. And as you mused upon those carefree years you, like all other returning alumni, fell into the natural error of wishing that you were an undergraduate again. The utter hopelessness of obtaining your wish induced that peculiar type of glumness identified as the campus blues.

I, too, have suffered from them. I do no longer. And my immunity, like so many other great philosophic victories, was achieved by accident.

At the time I was contemplating reunion. The old scenes filed through my mind. They were not scenes of the campus as it had appeared on my last trip back. No, I was envisioning the place just as I had known it in my senior year. And suddenly it occurred to me that it would be a delightful experience if one, while preserving one's present identity, could journey back not merely through space, but also through *time* . . .

From the station, when I left the train, I set out for the campus. The darkness was fragrant, for I had chosen, as the best season for this imaginary journey, one of those still May nights when the stars hang only a few feet above the spire on Holder Tower. Excitement stirred in me as I reached the campus gates. My feet needed no guiding; they slipped instinctively into the right paths.

I was a walking anachronism. The outer world, which I had just left, was in the throes of 1933. But all around me glowed the lighted windows of 1925. The phonograph tunes that floated out into the night —"*Who?*" and "*What'll I do?*"—were the favorites of 1925. By a special dispensation of fantasy, I was en route to see the man I had been eight years before.

My expectancy increased when, across a level stretch of lawn, I caught sight of Seventy-nine Hall. It took shape in the starlight that glistened on the ivy cloaking its walls. My eyes focussed on a well-remembered entry. A lantern threw a soft radiance down upon a worn stone step that my feet had helped to hollow.

As I drew closer an unexpected shyness smote me. My pace slackened. I did not go on to the entry. Instead, I stole to the bay window, the casements of which were fringed with ivy leaves. Cautiously I parted the ivy and, with a heart beating like Enoch Arden's, peered into my old room.

I saw a group of seniors. Eagerly I scanned them. Then my pulse jumped, for I was looking at—him.

He sat, leaning forward, in an armchair. As I had expected, he was talking. Only the dulled murmur of his voice came through the window. How I hungered to hear his words! With what a lively excitement I studied every inch of him!

He looked young. His face held none of the wrinkles that the eight years between us had brought to me. Like the others, he was wearing the white canvas beer suit allowed only to seniors. His shoes were buckskin—I remembered them. A blue necktie girdled his soft collar, which was unbuttoned, and the knot had been pulled loose, so that it hung down on his chest. The effect was not becoming, but it seemed to give him greater freedom in talking.

I glanced over his audience. There was his roommate, Ed McMillan, captain of the football team; Julian Street, Jr., of *The Daily Princetonian;* Charley Beares, the hurdler; Nels Abeel, who bossed the *Nassau Lit;* and Ward Thorne, an oarsman, and polo-playing Arch Wemmer, Captain in the R. O. T. C., who shared the rooms above. Some of the group were listening, others were not. There were interruptions. Once, at something my former self said, a howl of derision went up; and Charley Beares, with one palm, made an expert wriggling motion through the air, a motion which, I recalled,

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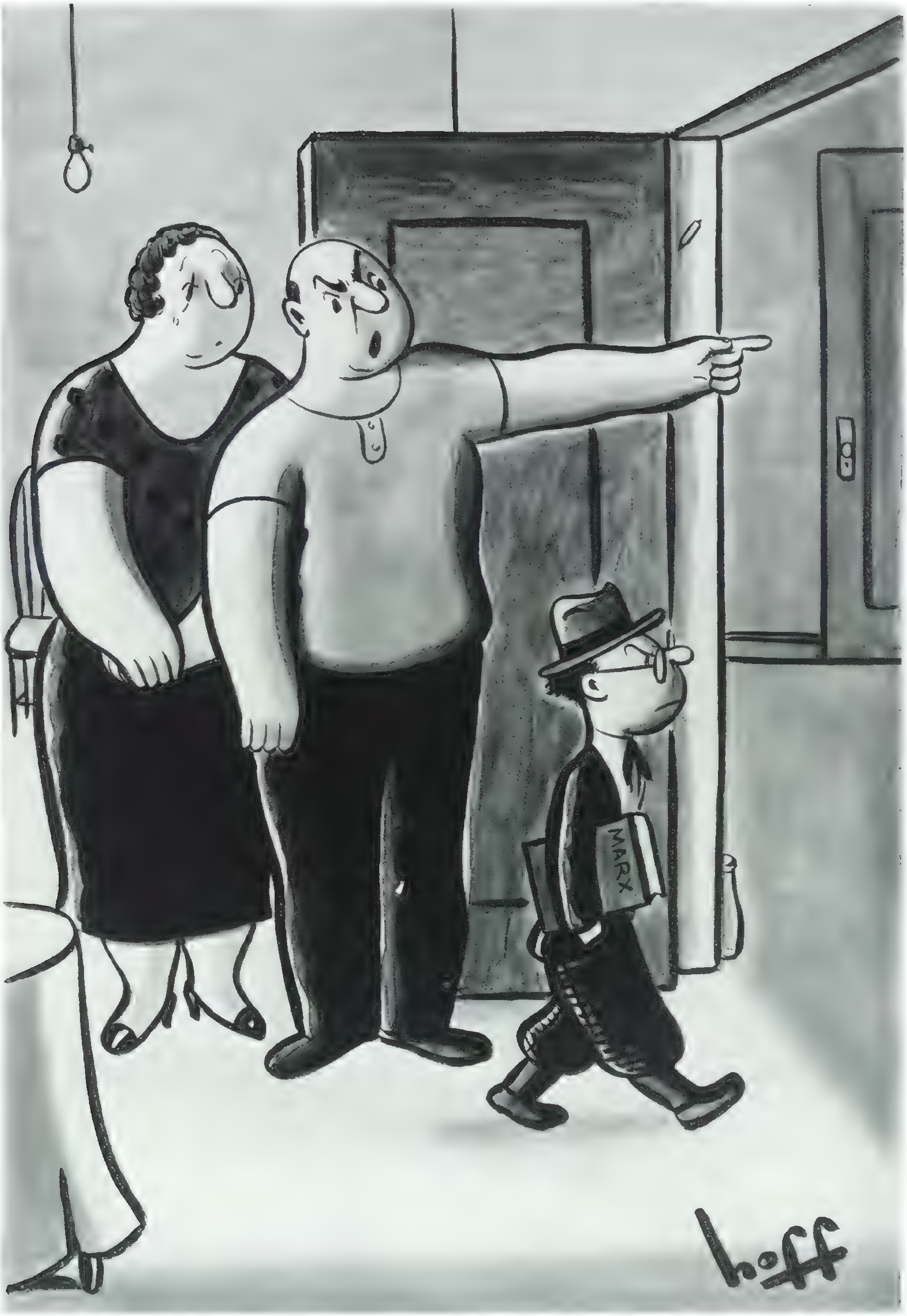


"And don't come back until you believe in God!"

An Old Masterpiece

Back to the first principle that Chaplin is primarily a comic of the Keystone school

by GILBERT SELDES

From time to time, when people are discussing Charlie Chaplin—and they can't spend their time more agreeably—you hear the opinion that Chaplin isn't, doesn't want to be, never was, *primarily* funny. This is one of those peculiarly effective bits of bunk for which intellectuals are always falling; since Chaplin was universally hailed as a great comedian, as essentially "a funny man," it is the mark of superiority to say that his fun is all secondary, and the primary things are the poignance of emotion, the cosmic, as opposed to the comic, implications, of his work. People who say these things are no less convinced than others that Chaplin is a great genius, a great artist; but they feel, I suspect, that they must remove him from the muck of pie-throwing movie comedy before they can give him their accolade. It is all nonsense, and by the happiest of chances I have the proof. For the first time since 1917 or so, I have seen a Chaplin picture which is pure Chaplin, one of his greatest flights of fancy and inventiveness, and which hasn't a trace or a glimmer of all those "great" qualities on which intellectuals base his reputation. It is proof that Chaplin is primarily and essentially funny; that nearly all of his greatness depends upon his being funny; and that his genius expresses itself completely in outrageous comedy.

The Cure, which I have just seen, was made in 1916 or 1917; now reissued with sound effects which do not, thank God, spoil the picture, it still moves more rapidly than current films and to our eyes, accustomed to the slower pace, the human beings seem mechanically operated, a little like marionettes, which is not a bad effect in a picture wholly unreal and fantastic. It is remarkable, among other things, for the appearance of Chaplin not as a wanderer, vagrant and defeated by power, but as a man of substance himself; the substance consists almost entirely of a trunkful of liquor; at the bottom of the trunk are a toothbrush, a collar, and the famous derby hat which he does not wear in this picture. The air of doing the right thing with which Chaplin brings a few dozen bottles of Scotch to a cure for dipsomania is charming.

As soon as he arrives he gets involved in a revolving door. Those who imagine that timing was invented three years ago are advised to note what a master can do, and does, with this obvious and hackneyed device. First Chaplin alone, then Chaplin and a porter, and finally Chaplin, the porter, and another patient at the spa go round and round, at accelerating or diminishing speed, and from time to time the face of Chaplin behind the plate glass is alive with bewilderment, or terror, or perhaps madness. And this episode, insanely funny in itself, and including the outrageous cruelty of jamming the gouty foot of the second patient in the door, is actually only a build-up for a final scene of the same sort, a sort of footnote to this one, toward the end.

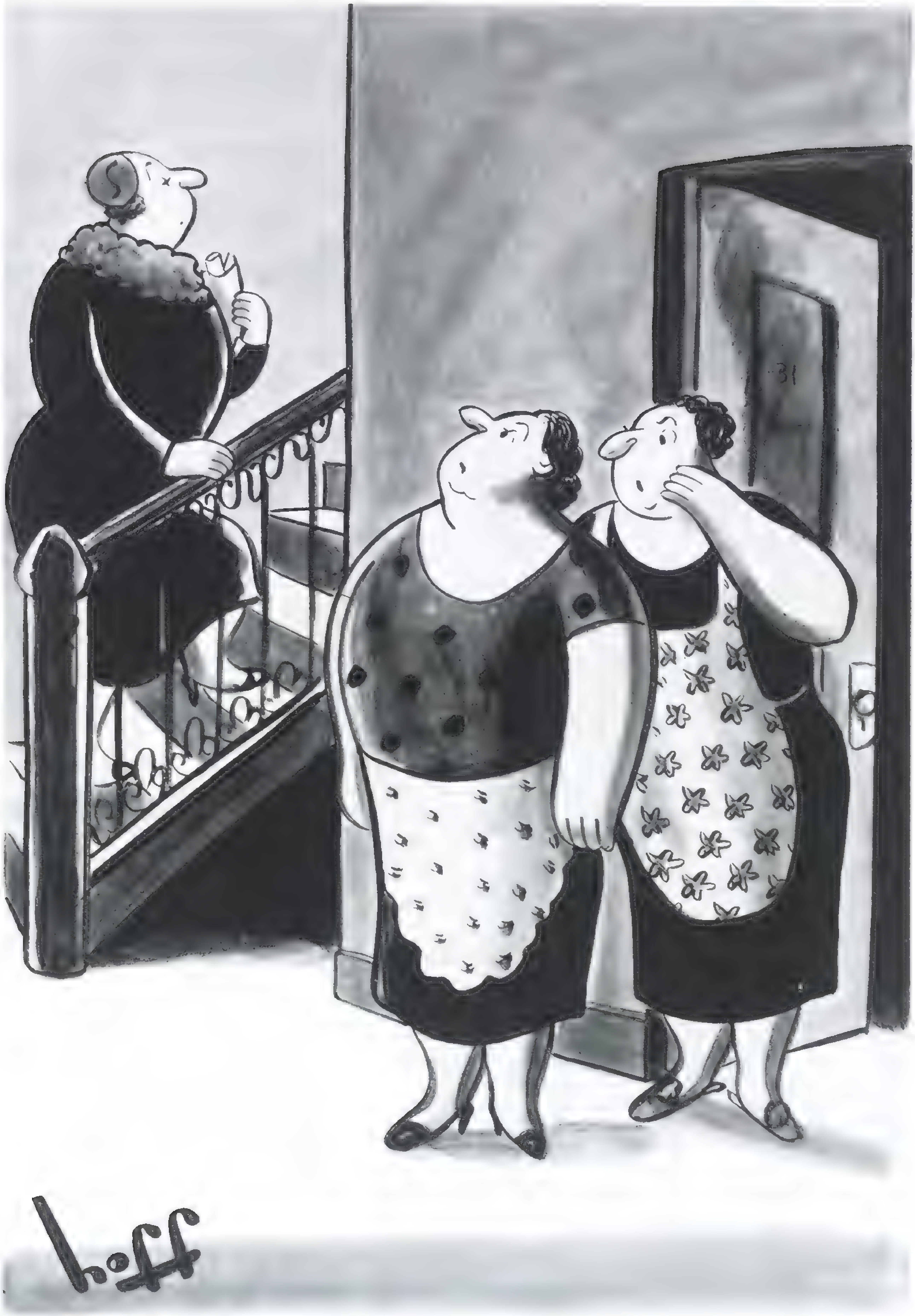
The central episode is worked out with a beautiful sense of climax; you see what is coming, but you are delayed on the way by minor events, so that the satisfaction of the whole is multiplied many times. It begins when a bellboy (with a long gray beard) gets drunk on Chaplin's liquor; the manager of the hotel orders the stuff destroyed; a porter throws it out of the window. The bottles land in the pool of curative waters and from that point you count on a drunken scene. But before you get it Chaplin has to visit other departments of the sanitarium and his efforts to escape the masseur (including a brief pansy scene—in 1917!—which is excellent) lead up to his disappearance behind a screen to undress. Thence he throws his shoes over the screen, they hit other patients, who finally dash for him, and Chaplin, throwing back the curtains goes into one of his exquisite series of poses, the quick little steps, the styling, and the bow of a great dancer. The creativeness, physical adaptability, grace, and fun are all masterly.

You still want to see what happens when the liquored waters are drunk. Correct in this as in everything, Chaplin first shows you the effect: the spa is rolling drunk. Then he goes to the pool. Now, he has been there before and a pretty girl has tried to persuade him to drink; he has poured the waters, as he thought, on the ground; actually into his own hat. When he put on his hat, he was drenched and indignantly slapped away the toy dog which the girl has placed between them. Then, when he discovers his fault, he apologetically has patted the toy-dog and taken a drink; the waters were foul. Now he is back and the girl (Edna Purviance, I think) re-persuades him.

Reluctance; the struggle between his aversion for the waters and his desire to please the young woman; the triumph of the latter emotion; the decision to make the supreme sacrifice; the summoning of all the forces of courage and self-control—and then the first surprise, the ecstasy of not tasting bitter waters and the mounting glory as Chaplin recognizes the taste; divinely inspired he seizes a pitcher instead of the inadequate cup, and emerges from a long drink, drunk and amorous, and above all things, profoundly grateful to the persuasive young woman. There follow a series of small and violent incidents and then, for a fade-out, a scene for which you were prepared in the very first minute of the picture. The pool of curative waters is about two feet in diameter; it is surrounded by marble benches. From the beginning Chaplin has threatened to fall in—but each time has just stepped over to safety. Now, at the end, to your full satisfaction, he goes in.

I have given the action of this picture not with any absurd intention of communicating its quality: you cannot do that with a Chaplin film; and certainly I have not expected to make anyone laugh, reading about it, as I laughed seeing it. I wanted only to put down the main events and to give the general outline of the story to show how completely without serious intentions this picture is; how it lacks overtones and symbols. Yet it is one of Chaplin's masterpieces. It fully realizes his intentions and his intentions were all comic. For his comic purposes he used grotesque exaggeration, violence, the appearance of cruelty, and everything irresponsible; all the beauty that came in, all the aesthetic qualities were accidental and secondary. The central figure was not Man; nor, as often in later Chaplins, the dispossessed. You could make literature out of The Kid and allegory out of The Circus and even autobiography out of City Lights; but out of The Cure you can make nothing but laughter.

In a dozen like The Cure you can list: The Pawnshop; Easy Street; A Dog's Life; The Rink; The Floorwalker. I, who find Chaplin still unequalled, would not say that these represent a greater period than the time of Shoulder Arms and later. I am ready to grant the deepening feeling of Chaplin's pictures, and have never been much distressed by it because Chaplin himself has never emphasized this feeling too much—leaving that for his more serious admirers. I recognize that with the years a part of his magical agility (the first element in the equipment of a great clown) has decreased and to take its place he has dramatized and acted more; he definitely is a better actor, with greater range, than he was twenty years ago. But he still has the talents of the clown and the acrobat and the dancer; and unless he does what he has never done before, his next picture will still be a picture meant to exploit the qualities of a comedian, a picture meant to make you, in the first place, laugh. If you do not get a tear in your eye from time to time as you watch a Chaplin picture, you are insensitive and deserve to see no more; on the other hand, if you do not—again, in the first place—laugh until you cry, you are insensitive on the worse side, because you are artificially sterilizing yourself against his true greatness.



"Dot's de American frum opstairs"

Golf Goes Simple-Minded

An article calculated to deal a kick in the pants to many a pet idea concerning golf instruction

by HERB GRAFFIS

An estimable Scotsman, by name Forgan, and one of a family famed in Caledonia for golf club-making, came out to the States and made himself wealthy and respected as a Chicago banker.

Before Mr. Forgan departed the hazards of this world for the wide, green fairways beyond he wrote a brief and simple rhapsody on golf. It was one of those nice things like a love-letter. It was sincere and profound to the author but its expansive fervor was only pardonable poetic license to one less sentimental about the same amour. There are plenty of fellows who can love a girl and still admit that she has an eye that is slightly cocked. Perhaps to them that's part of her distinctive charm. But Mr. Forgan was not one of those agreeing to anything less than celestial perfection in his beloved. Golf was his Venus, his Diana, his Minerva.

Golf "is a science; the study of a lifetime," chanted the enthralled Scot to the sport he loved.

The remark was innocent and would have passed unnoticed had it not appeared about the time the nation was suffering from a weakness for displaying the "I Am the Printing Press," "I Am the Toilet Seat" and other "I Am" documents personalizing and glorifying subjects to which we all were accustomed. Anything that could be printed or etched and hung on an office wall was grist for the mill of gift card manufacturers. This golf creed by Forgan was a natural for them. It was not copyrighted. The greeting card and advertising boys picked it up and sold it in large quantities to men who wanted to remind prospective customers that they had won at golf from the donors of the cards, who had something to sell.

The average golfer didn't pay much attention to the Forgan hymn. But the pros saw it tacked up on the walls of men who were prominent at their clubs and they took it seriously.

Despite a fairly popular suspicion that golf professionals do not suffer from hernias acquired by lugging their brains around, they are, generally, a group of business men athletes with considerably more than average shrewdness. They figured that since golf was regarded as a "science of a lifetime," professionals were promoted to high estate as scientists. They were astonished, but readily reconciled to the change.

You cannot blame a man for wanting to be rated as an Einstein or one of the Mayo Brothers instead of merely as a guy who can hammer the hell out of a little ball, nudge it onto a green and pat it into a hole.

The scientific angle went across great at the start. Many of the pupils were violently enthusiastic. There is something about golf that prods screwiness to the surface as the golf patents, exceeding by far those of any other sport, will reveal. The indefatigable patients for golf instruction became scientific research fellows instead of plain nuts, under the benevolent beam of the Forgan tenet. Every professional's necktie was marked with rich instruction income gravy in those departed days when Tommy Armour, Bob MacDonald, Alec Smith and other top-shot pros asked and got $100 for a lesson from wealthy students.

Lesson tees were crowded from dawn's early light until complete darkness fell on the course. Many wealthy men had their private professional tutors. Jack Mackie, the veteran professional, even had a regular assignment to give golf lessons to a rich lawyer, in durance not so vile, as the legal luminary was filed away in a roomy cell at Welfare Island, New York.

Printing presses began to grind out golf instruction books and syndicated articles. Prior to the wide circulation of the Forgan tract, there were but a few golf books and none of them taken very seriously. There was a book by Walter Travis which was adorned by a series of photographs of the elderly and acidulous master at various stages of his swing. He was shown addressing the ball, clean-shaven and at the finish of the swing, with a full beard, which gives you an idea of the kind of a book it was.

Across the water George Duncan's name appeared on a golf book that mocked many of the St. Andrews traditions. The ghost work on Doctor Duncan's treatise was done by a former Australian, P. A. Vaile. In addition to the manual labor of writing the manuscript there were typically Vaile touches to the work indicating that the ghost had chased the medium clear out of the room and taken control of the seance. The impertinence and vigor of the versatile Vaile's writings on political subjects secured for Mr. Vaile an official reminder that England was a very small country, so he transferred his residence to the United States.

In this country Vaile worked with Bob MacDonald on MacDonald's book "Golf," which is expertly appraised as the soundest modern tome on golf instruction.

Mr. Vaile has not played golf for years. Perhaps that bit of evidence indicates that a golf authority usually is weightiest when he operates by remote control. Mr. Alex Morrison, author of the most widely sold book of golf instruction, is a stranger to tournament golf where a few scores in those big numbers like you see at the edge of town might reduce the market and effectiveness of the book.

The newspaper syndicate articles have, at intervals, some excellent stuff in them when authoritatively and accurately written or reported. Their value is in brevity and their futility lies in the inability of the reader to do what he thinks he is doing in attempting to follow the tips he reads.

All this printed matter helped to build up the professionals as scientists. It constantly reminded them that golf was the science and study of a lifetime, so encouraged them to develop what they reckoned a scientific complexity instead of simplicity, as their proper objective. The professionals began to say solemn things about the lateral hip shift, pronation, axis of the swing, open and shut face of the clubs and other details that were as plain to pupil—and many pros—as the inscriptions on Mayan ruins. It was great stuff, temporarily, for it lent itself to argument as does anything that no one knows about exactly.

Even the eminent young Master Jones took to it, earnestly. For several years he has been writing syndicated articles on golf instruction and adeptly reversing his field when he recovers one of the fumbles inevitable to golf instruction writing.

Jones, by anyone's reckoning, is still the Great God Jones in the golf field, regardless of his putting lapse in his revival meeting. He should be, because he hasn't stumbled over himself as a public character anywhere along the line of march. In this respect he is unique and provides the professionals with ample justification for following his lead. Rotund Robert was one of the early explorers into the mysteries of the golf swing as revealed by the slow motion camera.

Individual professionals also had been employing the motion picture camera with some favorable results in tutoring. At one of the conventions of the Professional Golfers' Association the mentors authorized preparation of a series of key motion pictures of the stylists. Approximately $10,000 was spent for ultra-slow-motion pictures of Jones, Vardon and Joyce Wethered. Jones was selected as the master of the new school notwithstanding some comment that Jones, because an amateur, indicated a lack of stylist class in playing professionals' ranks. Harry Vardon was picked as the one who founded the new school of playing technique. Wethered was chosen as the world's greatest woman golfer.

Under severe handicaps of weather and operation conditions affecting the complicated picture-taking mechanism, the movies were shot in the United States and in England.

Jones could not be pushed around to provide exactly the kind of pictures the professionals wanted. He was on the verge of cashing in his chips as an amateur and signing with Hollywood for his first series on motion pictures of golf instruction. The pros could not, and did not, expect him to take the play away from his own banquet tickets. Harry Vardon was shot during a period of misty, cold British weather and was wrapped up like an elderly Bye-Bye-Bunting with rabbit skins, sweaters, ulsters, strait-jackets and a diver's suit to protect him against the inclement weather. Details of his swing remained much of a mystery in the pictures. The Professional Golfers' trick camera had battery trouble when the Wethered picture was being made. An automobile battery was borrowed from a garage far away from the bleak moors and set up at the Wethered homestead, ninety leagues from Nowhere, England. The finished pictures show the classic Joyce swinging in a fog. But the Wethered pictures were clear enough to reveal that she had the ideal, sound golf swing.

Despite all of the faults of these early research pictures the true spirit of the scientist kept burning like a prairie fire in the bosoms of the leading professionals. The professional who was in charge of this picture-taking for the Professional Golfers' Association, George Sargent, projected those slow-motion-pictures several thousand times on paper sheets, stopping the camera to make pencil marks showing the position of the clubhead, hands, elbows, head, wrists, feet, legs and all other parts of the human form divine, including the approximate location of the umbilicus at various stages of the swing.

After studying these pictures and charts and exploring them with scores of other expert instructors George Sargent finally arrived at a remarkably simple discovery; that the tough thing about golf was to get the clubhead back in the same position it occupied when the ball was addressed and to return it to this position so power could be poured into the shot. From that point the professional scientists began to untie the knots into which golf instruction had been bound. What is complicating the research problem from that point in has been the eager efforts of some 3,000 sets of professional golfer hands and brains to untie the knots.

I have covered many meetings of the Professional Golfers' Association and have marveled at the actually intense sobriety of these meetings compared to the vigorous lushing done at most conventions of business men. The professionals' substitute for liquor is golf instruction debate. They will argue for hours on the correct location of the right index finger at impact and reel out from the confabs in a manner leading the unknowing observer to suspect they have been gnawing at the nozzles of pinch bottles. Whenever some eminent golf scientist presents his method of untying the golf instruction knot his colleagues leap at him to prove that the proposed method adds more knots.

Early in 1932 the Professional Golfers' Association sent out a questionnaire to its members asking what was the most difficult phase of golf instruction. The 300 returns named 42 different details as being "most difficult."

You may be interested in knowing these 42 difficulties so you can try to have them all solved during that period of less than 1-1000 of a second during which clubhead and ball are in contact, according to some photographs made by Dr. Harold E. Edgerton and Kenneth J. Germeshausen at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

These things that you have difficulty in learning about golf are (say your professional instructors): balance, grip, coordination, driving, long irons, pivot, iron play, recovery shots and bunker shots.

To that start is added, direction, relaxation, 100 yard approaches, short pitches over traps, straight left arm, relaxation at impact, weight shift and the important matter of swinging from the inside out.

Now that you are beginning to realize what makes it hard to hit that stationary little ball, we will continue with: holding the body still, hitting with the hands, timing, downward swing, holding the head still, mashie, hitting with club instead of body, judgment of distance, stroke is a swing, how to handle the club, brassie from fairway lie, left side of body, follow through, overcoming tensity, starting downswing properly, cocking the wrists, body action, rhythm, conscious effort, hitting through, woods with the men and irons with the women, midiron and long shot to the green.

Those are the points the pros say people can't get quickly. Oh, yes; there was one more difficulty of the pupil mentioned frequently by the professionals; the difficulty of concentrating. You have an inkling of the basis of this difficulty as you consider the list of things that the professional scientists have been trying to teach as vital elements of the game.

You will note that putting does not appear among the things that the professionals mention as a difficulty. The very simple reason for this is that mere mention of putting throws professionals into a panic. The majority of best putters have been amateurs. Goodman won the 1933 National Open golf championship with his putting. The Jones record is another example of the critical value of putting in a title quest which was made conspicuous by the failure of the young master to lead the field at the Tournament of the Masters held in March at the Augusta-National golf club.

A few of the older professionals have been famous putters. Willie Park and Johnnie McDermott, the latter the first American to win the United States National Open title, were brilliant putters. Park died after suffering from a mental aberration during his later years and McDermott has been confined to a sanitarium for some time, so what do you make of putting now Watson?

As a very plain matter of fact the psychological angle of golf finally has been recognized by the professionals as being a most important sector of the instruction problem. The Professional Golfers' Association right now is working on a plan to codify in simple fashion "the fundamental principles and mechanical laws of the golf swing." When they get through with that there probably will be some brilliant professional who will tee up with a suggestion to have the Professional Golfers' Association sponsor the use of hypnotism in instruction. There is ample evidence as a background for the belief that hypnosis, or to put it less technically, suggestion, is an extremely important factor in golf. Chick Evans and Bob MacDonald, two magnificent golfers, had their competitive careers collapse on them when they finally subscribed to the constant repetition of remarks concerning their poor putting.

On the other hand there is the case of Joe Kirkwood who has a repertoire of some 240 different trick shots and who has played more than 3,000 outdoor and indoor engagements without missing any of these delicate shots. The customers wonder, as they see Kirkwood hook and slice at will, knock balls backwards out of traps and off of watch crystals, why he hasn't won every championship he has entered. Mr. Kirkwood has wondered about that more than anyone else and finally came to the conclusion that it was his putting psychology. He would go after a crucial putt in a championship like a man in a nightmare; partially paralyzed.

For several years Joe had been at work gathering notes for a golf book he intended to write. After each of his exhibitions at golf clubs sufferers would come to him and ask for a quick correction of their golfing faults. He was so successful in these brief clinical sessions he made the method of this

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Lady in the Rain

Another mystery-flavored story by the Esquire "discovery" who wrote "The Man in the Black Hat"

by MICHAEL FESSIER

THE rain pulled the horizon down until it was only three feet above my head and I couldn't see six inches before my nose. It was cold and the wind blew and I felt like hell. Besides that I was out of a job, broke, hungry and tired. If you want to know what makes people commit suicide you crawl into the crack I was in and you'll understand. I stood in front of a restaurant and cursed everybody that went in or out until I got tired of it and started walking again.

A woman bumped into me and her heel cut into my toes.

"Look where you're going, sister," I said.

"Oh," she said, "I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry."

"Alright," I said, "Get on your bike now and go places. I'm a busy man and I can't stand here jawing with you."

She touched my sleeve and stood on tiptoes to look into my face. Her face was as white as the underside of an albacore and her eyes were black and they glittered like polished metal.

"You're not a busy man," she said. "You're hungry and you haven't any money."

"Well," I asked, "isn't that enough to keep a fellow busy? Why don't you start for wherever you were going when you banged into me?"

"I don't think I'll go there," she said. "Come with me and we'll have something to eat."

"Funny how the ladies fall for me," I said. "And will you give me a bed and buy me a drink?"

"Yes," she said. "Come on."

She started away, looking back at me.

"Okay," I said. "Okay, sister."

We walked along without saying anything for awhile.

"Lovely night," I said finally. "Fine, large, long and wet. Been reading any good books?"

"Why do you try to be funny when you feel so miserable?" she asked.

"Miserable?" I said. "Why, I don't feel miserable. Why should I, sister? The world's one great big, beautiful playground and I'm out for recess. I'm an optimist, I am."

She stopped near a street lamp and looked up at me. Her eyes went right into me and watched the wheels go around.

"Are you an optimist?" she asked.

"No, sister," I said. "I'm a liar."

"Come on," she said.

"Okay," I said.

"If it had been convenient you would have committed suicide, wouldn't you?" she asked.

"If it had been convenient," I said.

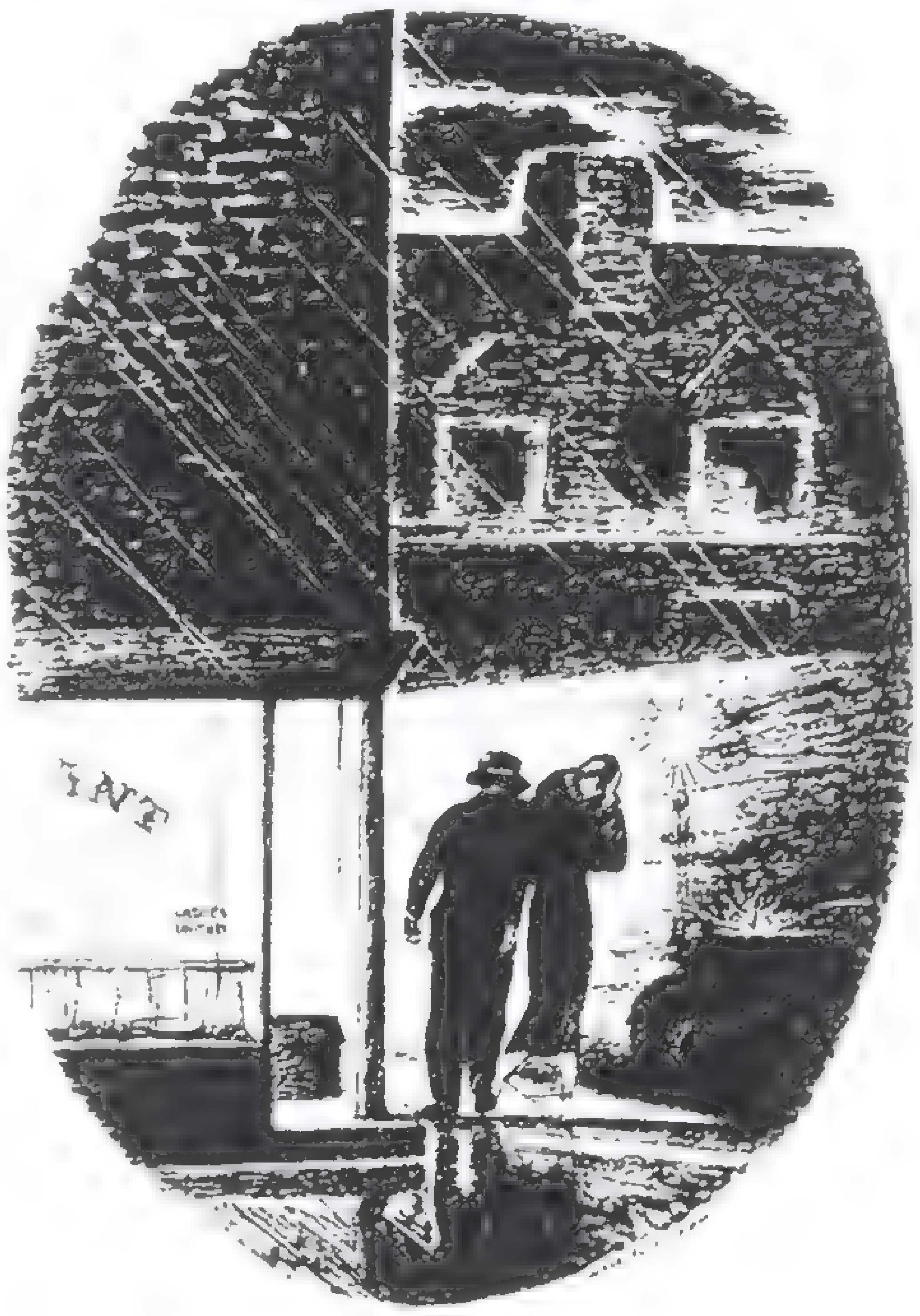
She turned a corner.

"Listen, sister," I said, "how do you go about picking up all your information?"

"Your face doesn't keep secrets very well," she said.

She pulled me into a doorway and we went upstairs to an apartment that looked like somebody with money and good taste had spent considerable time doing things to it.

I saw that she was dressed in things that aren't picked off counters in the basement departments. She had hair that was copper red and I would have said she was beautiful except that her eyes were too black and shiny for her white skin. Or maybe it was the other way around.



"I'll get you a drink," she said.

"Okay, sister," I said. "And put a couple of sticks in it, will you?"

She went into another room and I walked over and stood by the fireplace. It was crackling and sputtering and sending out the smell of burning oak wood and I began to feel better even before the drink came.

"It's none of your business," I told myself, "but I'll bet you two dollars and a pocketknife that if she is, she hasn't been long."

She brought me a drink, in a thin yellow glass and I took it down and right away felt it crawling around in my stomach. It had sticks in it, alright.

"Lady," I said, "when I get rich, I'm going to buy you a horse and wagon. If you aren't alright I'm going to stop looking because what's farther down the road isn't worth investigating."

"Thanks," she said.

She took the glass and looked at the light through it.

"I'm wet," she said. "If you'll pardon me, I'll change."

"And while you change," I said, "I'll have another drink, if you don't mind."

She got me another drink and went into another room.

"You're the damnedest fool ever was," I told myself. "Of course, she isn't."

I took half the drink and looked around.

"Yes, but how come she invited a fellow like me up for drinks?" I asked myself.

"Oh, shut up," I said. "Inside your head there's stuff that'd sicken a buzzard."

I drank the rest of the liquor. I felt fine.

She came out. She was dressed in something yellow that was loose but still showed she had a beautiful figure. I told her so.

"You have a beautiful figure," I said.

"Thanks," she said. "Hungry?"

"Plenty," I said.

She went into the kitchen and I followed her. She got a steak out of the icebox, some boiled potatoes and some bread. Pretty soon the steak was frying and coffee was boiling. She sliced the potatoes and fried them.

While I ate she sat across the table with her head on her hands and looked at me. I felt her looking at me quite awhile before I glanced up. When I did, I held a forkful of potatoes half way to my mouth and didn't move a muscle. Her eyes seemed larger and they weren't so shiny and when I looked into them I felt a shiver go up and down my spine.

"My God, who said her eyes spoiled her looks?" I thought. "She's beautiful!"

I tried to put the food in my mouth but I couldn't move. I just stared at her.

She smiled at me.

"I like you," she said.

I put the potatoes in my mouth and cut a piece of steak.

"Why?" I asked.

"Not because you're exactly decent," she said, "but because you have to win an argument with yourself before you're otherwise and afterward there's something in you spoils it for you."

"Lady," I said, "you can't hit 'em all over the fence. That last one's foul by yards. Me, I'm the most dissolute, unrepentant sinner ever you saw."

She smiled and when she smiled I felt something happen to me that I couldn't understand and couldn't figure out whether it was pleasant or not.

"Oh, no, you're not," she said.

"I wouldn't argue with you for the world," I said. "And if you happen to have a cigarette to top off this meal I'll admit anything you say up to and including I'm a choir boy."

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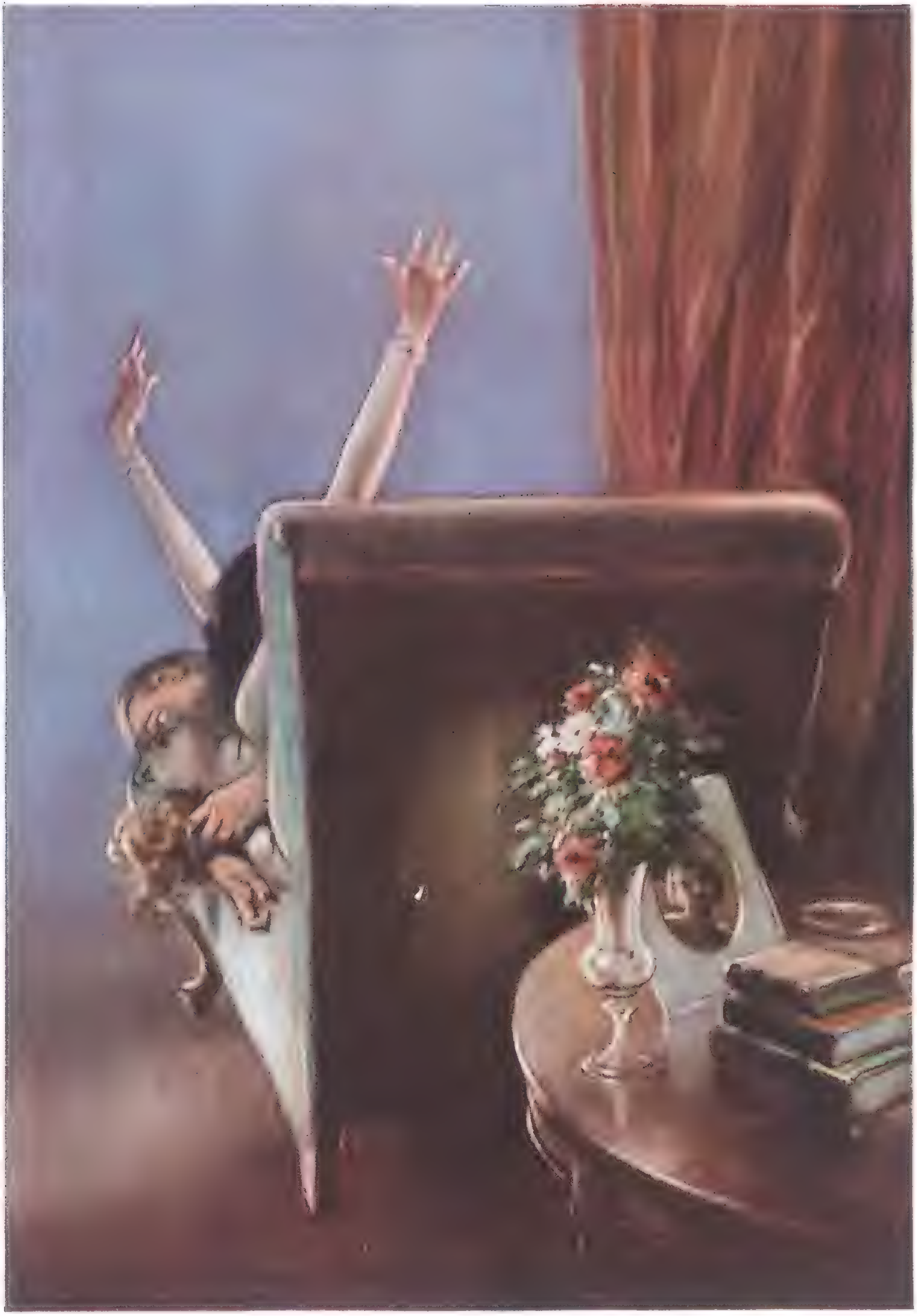
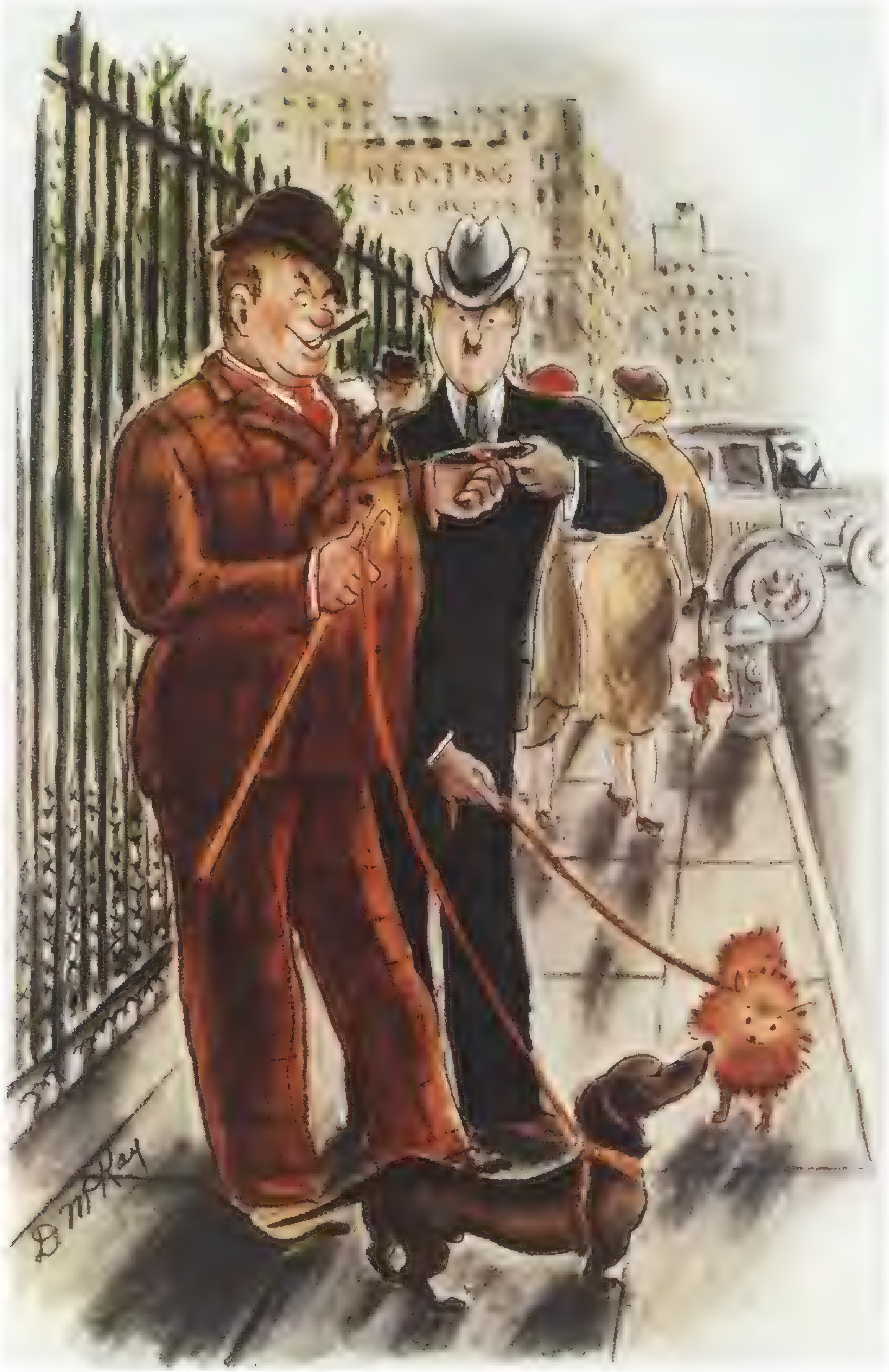


"Darling, I love you tenderly"



"Fritzie's proud—he's a father today"

Divorce in the Manger

What happens when a man fails to share his wife's sympathy—or is it affinity?—for dumb beasts

by SHELDON DICK

Home Sweet Home

It seemed entirely natural to me that I should have returned that afternoon to find a dog in the home. We had leased the house in Connecticut to get away from city life; and, to go further back, the main reason I had fallen in love with Myra was that she was so different from everyone else in the crowd. She was quiet, and she could do any amount of clear straight thinking; her remarks were never stupidly "bright" and her general opinions were not nasty; nor did she have the usual category of strange and lurid yens.

So here's the idyll: Myra; a shack in the country; and now the dog, the faithful friend of man.

"He appeared in the garden and I gave him lunch," Myra explained. "He's at least four-fifths Beagle, I'd say, wouldn't you?"

I looked at him. "Do you suppose he's a part of this hunt thing out here?" I asked, rather hoping we had the pack leader for a hostage.

"Oh, no," said Myra seriously. "This one's just a puppy, don't you see? And besides he's lame; his left fore-leg. Isn't he cute?"

We watched him stumble over a twig: and his look of amazement and hurt pride.

"Yeah, he is cute," I said. "C'mere, Bonzo."

Bonzo came, and snuffed my trousers, and was patted, and fell over my shoe. We thought it was funny.

Bonzo followed us in to supper and we fed him scraps from time to time throughout the meal. After a while I saw Myra staring at him. Her expression was of fond, fond love.

"We can't call him 'Bonzo'" she said; "it's a vulgar name. We shall call him 'Apollo.'"

I started to laugh, but it was no joke. Myra was dead serious.

"All right. Apollo. Apollo it is. But why didn't you think up a nice name like that for me?"

"Oh, you don't look like Apollo." There was scorn in her voice. "Apollo is really very good looking. Of course, if *you* can't see it—."

"Oh, I see it," I said. But I thought it was very strange.

Apollo slept at the foot of the bed. At 2 a. m. I was awakened and when I turned on the light I saw what it was. No use to wake Myra. I got the coal-scuttle and shovel, and when I came back afterward I looked for Apollo. He was sitting on the chair on top of my underwear, grinning, and it made me mad.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" I hissed. "Don't you know where the bathroom is? Why didn't you speak up?"

Still he grinned and I dragged him on his haunches out to the front door and shoved him out.

In the morning I told Myra. When I reached the end of the story, she was suddenly awake. "What! You put him *out!* Don't you know it's *cold* these nights! Why the poor baby. Poor Apollo."

She ran out in her pajamas; but before I had finished dressing she was back. Apollo was in her arms.

"It's all right," she said, "no thanks to you. He walked up the cellar door and came in through the window. He was asleep on the couch."

Well, that was the beginning, and the rest of Apollo's history is a tale of interminable cleaning-ups, sometimes by Myra, sometimes by me. It was a simple idea that he should learn to leave the house on such occasions, but he was very stupid, and he was spoiled. When I remonstrated, I was met with: "Well, he has the same right to be messy you have, hasn't he? You leave your papers around, don't you? You should have more regard for God's creatures."

It got on my nerves, but I hated to admit it. Here was I, a full-grown male (I could have eaten Apollo in five mouthfuls), letting a little pup get my goat. Or rather, it was the effect Apollo had on Myra that got my goat, but still I felt foolish about it.

When the lamb came into the family I got a doctor.

I came home and there was the lamb—known as "Marie Laurencin"—in the front hall.

"I got her from that farm on the Wilton Road," Myra told me proudly, "and I only paid fifteen dollars for her."

"*Fifteen dollars!* Good God! Why, Myra—"

"Oh, but just look at her. Watch!"

And Myra got a nursing bottle of milk with a nipple on it. "Marie" sucked and dribbled milk and sucked some more, and then there was "an accident," although from the look on "Marie's" woolly face I would have sworn it was on purpose. Apollo began running around the room in wild excitement; and I suddenly found myself jumping up and down, pointing at the accident, and yelling, "Hey! Hey! Myra! Hey!"

Myra turned to me. Her eyes were brimming with love and kindness.

"Darling, darling, please," she said quietly. "Marie will get over that. Sheep are very clean. Now do be quiet."

So I brought Phil Andrews out to spend the night with us. Phil was a classmate, and was now a well-known neurologist. I didn't say anything—just that I felt run down and I thought Myra was nervous. I thought he could see for himself.

It so happened, things couldn't have turned out better—or worse. It was a warm fall night, and Marie decided to sleep outside. She just nibbled grass and slept and looked sweet—"like a little girl-child," as Myra said.

Bonzo-Apollo was charmingly playful and misbehaved only once (behind the umbrella stand, well hidden for thirty-six hours).

We had a good time, drank a lot of Applejack, and stayed up till two. Myra was like her old self, and she put Phil in fine form. I almost forgot things, myself.

But on the train the next morning I remembered.

"Those animals, Phil. You know—", and I told him.

Phil said only what I'd said to myself. Why get excited about it? Here was a nice puppy and a nice lamb and I acted as if hell were loose.

"Why you're crazy," he said. "Get more exercise and sleep and take a drink now and then, like a normal person. Forget it!"

Clearly, I had sunk in Phil's estimation.

"I guess you're right," I pleaded. "I've been working too hard. I think that's it. We'll take a vacation."

We did. Myra got the farmer to board the animals and we came to New York for a week. No more of this country stagnation.

It was great to be living in New York again; we had a swell time, and Myra was in perfect form. The last day I had lunch with Phil and we agreed at once I'd been taking life too seriously. Three old fashions. "Jus' a coupla ole animals," I affirmed.

I got to Grand Central at one minute to four and found Myra on the train.

"Whatcha got there?" I asked.

There was a square bundle on her lap. She tore off a corner of the paper, and there, in a

Continued on page 130

FLOYD SHORT

My Cinemania

How Hollywood looks beneath the surface, to one who never had a chance to scratch it

by RAYMOND KNIGHT

RAYMOND KNIGHT
AT THE SIGN OF THE COUCHANT MERMAID
FLOTSAM-ON-HUDSON
PIER 18, NEW YORK, N. Y.

COME

(Signed) A. GARFINKLEBUSCH
PRESIDENT COLOSSUS JR.
PICTURES CORP.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

It was this telegram which turned the tide of my life! It is a simple message to a casual observer, but when you read between the lines of that message . . . you're doing pretty good.

Adolphus Garfinklebusch is a man of few words, and "come" is one of them. All the others are also of one syllable. When you think of the motion picture industry you think of Adolphus Garfinklebusch and when Adolphus Garfinklebusch thinks of the motion picture industry, *he* thinks of Adolphus Garfinklebusch. All of which explains why my heart went pit-a-patty-cake-patty-cake-baker's-man when I received this wire—or does it? For it meant, dear reader, that I had been called to Mecca for but one reason, and that was to mecca picture! I was to join the Best Minds of American Belles Lettres in their Hollywood Cubicles! I was happy—oh, so happy, and I hugged myself for Joy. Later on that evening I met Joy at the stage door and she hugged me for herself. But of that, more later. About six months later, as a matter of fact.

And then it was that the whispering campaign started. My friends told me of Fitch Abercrombie who had gone to the coast as a staff writer for Metro-Goldberg-Thalberg and had died of starvation because his cheques were too large to cash and he couldn't buy food. They told me of the brilliant author, Grant Stombe, who had been on a salary of $2500 a week for five years and in that period had written only one word. That word was written as he got on a train for New York, and it was "Nuts!" And they told me an American tragedy about an author by the name of Dreiser who became an introvert when Metro-Goldfysh-Guppy refused to let him give birth to an idea, and pushed himself off a boat, with the result that fifty-two people on shore had been drowned by the ensuing tidal wave.

The author directing his first picture for Metro-Goldylocks-Minsky. He is here seen in the process of making Little Women in Uniform.

In other words, i.e., other words than Mr. Garfinklebusch could use, I was given to understand that the Scylla and Charybdis of Hollywood devoured genius and cast back its bread upon the waters where it became a veritable Sinbad the sailor, and eventually disappeared like the House of Usher . . . if you will allow me to mix my metaphors.

Yes
Yes
Yes
Yes

Raymond Knight "on the set" with his yes men. The man in the lower left hand corner was later discharged for laziness. He would only say "Uh-huh."

But Adolphus Garfinklebusch had asked me to come and the virus was in my veins. An irresistible impulse came over me to visit America's unofficial capital. Tiny voices whispered in my ear all that night. One said—"Go, you'll clean up." Another said—"Stay you'll get cleaned up." A third said—"That's the place for you, the streets are paved with Goldwyn." Another said—"You have everything to gain and nothing to lose except weight." And finally a voice named Horace Greeley said—"Go west, young man," and more at the compliment of being called a young man than anything else, I went! So began my Strained Interlude.

The week preceding my departure for California was a hectic one. I didn't have time to catch my breath between cocktail parties, although heaven knows it was strong enough to catch. Friends and relatives dropped in to say goodbye, and, getting caught up in the whirl of these cocktail parties, they stayed for days and even weeks. Many of them became confused as to the real issue of the occasion and insisted on *my* saying farewell to *them*. I saw three people off to California who thought *they* were the ones who were going and one man named Goodspeed who came to wish me Godspeed got terribly confused, bade me Goodspeed and has been calling himself Godspeed ever since.

But finally the day came when I was to leave my old haunts, and set out for the movie colony. (There were two haunts, aged 75 and 71, and a huncle, aged 80.) I packed my toothbrush and half a pair of pajamas, folded up my typewriter, kissed my wife (at least I thought it was my wife, but later discovered it to be a neighbor who had dropped in to borrow a cup of sugar), and rushed for the train. As I reached the Pennsylvania Station the porter, catching my excitement, became confused, and picking me up, carried me on the train, leaving my bags behind. By a stroke of luck, I prevented him from getting into my berth and leaving me on the platform with the quarter.

Finally the train started and with a sigh of relief, I settled down for the long journey to the coast. The click of the wheels soon lulled me to sleep and before I knew it (or anyone else for that matter), I was sound asleep and dreaming of my adventure into the field of motion-picture writing. And I didn't wake up until I arrived in Montreal and discovered I had taken the wrong train.

It was a week later that I arrived in Hollywood and became a full fledged member of the movie colony. As I stepped off the train, I saw groups of strong, handsome men sauntering about in their turtle-necked sweaters, corduroy slacks and tennis shoes.

There were bevies of beautiful blonde girls in daring bathing suits, and endless numbers of directors and assistant directors with their dark glasses, riding boots and open-necked collars.

I recognized them all immediately from their publicity pictures in the movie magazines. Leslie Howard of the English Howards was surrounded by Jean Harlow, Dolores del Rio, Anna Sten, an assortment of Baby Wampus and several Mama and Papa Wampus.

Fredric March of the Ides of March was surrounded by Arlene Judge of the Virginia (Kelly) Judges, Joan Crawford and Rochelle Hudson.

John Barrymore was surrounded by Barrymores.

George Arliss of the House of Rothschild was chatting with Clark Gable of the House of Seven Gables. Katharine Hepburn was one of a number of little women, looking very demure in her denim overalls, rubber hip-boots, heavy khaki work shirt and football helmet. And over in a corner, masons were busily at work building a twelve foot, circular brick wall around Greta Garbo.

As soon as they sighted me, there was a concerted rush in my direction and before I knew it, I was being led away by the screen's best leading men and women. With much laughter and gaiety, I was taken to a large, official-looking building and several people raised their right hands in the air and talked swiftly. Then a gavel banged and a document was thrust into my hand. I read it and it all became clear to me. I had been initiated and I was one of them! For the document was a *divorce!* As W. W. would say, my wife and I had phhht!

It was all in good fun, however, and before we had left the courthouse, several other couples had been legally separated amid much bantering and we all went en masse to the Brown Derby to have luncheon and get married again.

There I discovered that the current method of selecting Hollywood mates was for the couples who chose the same dessert to plight their troth. Imagine my delight to find at the end of the meal that Joan Crawford and I were one! She had the same passion for Sultana Rolls that I did!

By the time luncheon was over, it was time to dress for dinner, and we all trooped off to Robert Montgomery's for cocktails. It was not until I started to help Joan out of her car that I discovered that she was now married to Phillips Holmes and I was the husband of Dorothea Wieck. It took me wiecks to recover from my surprise. I still admire Joan though, and she has all my good wishes.

At Holmes' chateau the party spread over into Paul Muni's magnificent villa. I was amazed at the lavishness displayed there, but as Marion Davies explained to me, quoting an old maxim, "Muni makes the mare go." There are several other old maxims but I can recall only two just now—Hiram and Gorki.

It was now 11:30 and time for a swim before dinner. Attired in immaculate evening clothes, the entire party of over one hundred people poised on the edge of the swimming pool and at a signal dived in, clothes and all.

By now the spirit of the place had caught me. I struck the water as Dorothea's husband and came up married to Claudette Colbert. As I climbed up the ladder behind her, I slipped and fell back into the pool, and on emerging, discovered that Claudette had divorced me on the grounds of desertion and was en route to Agua Caliente with her new spouse, Chester Morris, who had just been separated from a girl whose name he hadn't had time to catch.

Dorothea has all my good wishes, however, and I still admire her.

The author directs a passionate love scene between Phillips Holmes and Myrna Loy. The musicians fiddle while Holmes burns.

But my chagrin changed to pleasure as, a moment later, Abe Lyman's band struck up the wedding march and I discovered that Connie Bennett, Barbara Bennett and Joan Bennett all were now Mrs. Raymond Knight.

To tell the story of the rest of that dinner party would take too long. Suffice it to say that we sat down at the table at 5 A. M. and got out from under it at 3 P. M. two days later. In the meantime I had been married to and divorced from every star in Hollywood, all of whom I still admire, and they have all my good wishes.

But my thoughts kept turning back to Greta Garbo, bricked up in seclusion in her self-imposed imprisonment. "Is it fair to Greta not to marry her?" I asked myself. However, I remembered that I had come to Hollywood to work and I dismissed her from my mind. Taking Helen Hayes, my bride of thirty-two seconds on my arm, we set out for the Colossus Jr. studios—and Adolphus Garfinklebusch!

I arrived at the studios alone. It happened this way. Helen wrenched her shoulder and having been an osteopath at one time, I donated my services. She got her divorce on the grounds of cruel and abusive treatment. I still think she is a wonderful actress, however, and she has all my good wishes.

As I entered the gates of the Colossus Jr. studios, I remembered all the stories that had been told me. Would I be assigned to a room with my name on the door and sit there for months unnoticed and alone? Would I receive my weekly cheque for merely stagnating there? Would my creative genius be stifled as that of other writers had been. Was I to sell my soul for the almighty dollar and emerge wealthy without even having done a stroke of work? These thoughts raced through my mind and I resolved to meet the issue face to face!

My thoughts were interrupted rudely. "Yes, Mr. Knight," said a smiling young lady. "Mr. Garfinklebusch is waiting to see you. Right this way, please."

"What?" I replied. "No waiting on benches—no being shunted around from one executive to another?"

"No sir," she answered. "Right this way."

My mind whirled. There were no marble halls. No succession of secretaries to interview. No liveried flunkies. What could be—suddenly the door opened and there before me sat Adolphus Garfinklebusch. He rose with a welcoming hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Knight," he said. "I hope you're all ready for work."

"Ready for work?" I queried. "But I . . . you . . ."

"Yes," he said. "We want to turn out a picture for Maurice Chevalier and Mae West called 'Grin and Bare It,' another for Anna Sten to be titled, 'Nono' and a scenario for Walter Hampden called 'Scenario de Bergerac.'"

"You mean," I said, "you mean you want me actually to *write* these pictures?"

"Of course," he replied. "That's what I'm paying you for."

For a moment I was amazed, and then the effrontery of the man swept over me. He was asking *me*, an author, to *work*—and in the movies! I drew myself up, fixed him with my eyes and thundered, "Adolphus Garfinklebusch, you are a traitor! You want me to break with tradition. You would destroy all that we authors have built up over a period of years. I say—No—To Hell with Hollywood!"

Inside an hour I was on a train bound east. As I arrived at the station, I remembered Greta. Perhaps I should have married and divorced her before I left—but I decided not to, because as I approached the brick wall behind which she was in seclusion, I heard her singing the old song—"Rouben, Rouben, I've been thinking, what a queer world this would be . . ." It came over me that she was lonely. For a moment I considered stepping into the breech.

Then I said, "No, let her step into her own breeches." And I swung aboard the train.

How I arrived home to find that my wife had divorced me and how ten minutes later she married Adolphus Garfinklebusch by long distance telephone may be divulged later.

I can tell no more right now.

That's my story and ESQUIRE is stuck with it.

OUTBUCKING FRANK BUCK

The author snapped while directing his famous animal picture "That's Gnus!" The hen pictured here has just laid the cornerstone on which she is standing.

Breakfast Table Murder Mystery

Murder discussed, and even hoped for, but never solved, in breakfast conversation

by WALLACE IRWIN

Aunt Het prides herself on her hospitality; and when a guest is leaving her house, if it's in the morning, that guest doesn't get away without the full benefit of an old-fashioned breakfast. Aunt Het's breakfasts, when she spreads herself, are so like banquets that you wonder why a toastmaster doesn't come in with the toast. Only, of course, the toastmaster might introduce the late Czar of Russia and get far less attention than a leak in a radiator.

That morning I was something of a hero, because I was going away on the 9:47. I, one man against seven women, ploughed my way gallantly through a grapefruit, a cream-topped bowl of cereal, six country sausages, two helpings of duck hash; I was driven on by Aunt Het's wailing cry, "George, you're not eating a thing. Remember, you're going on a journey, and there's nothing fit to eat on a Pullman train."

My juvenile cousin, Ethel Malone, and my youngish niece, Jane Van Orden, were jabbing at each other cunningly, across the table, something about a boy named Buck Almsted . . . "I know very well, from what he said to Estelle Burke . . ." "Oh, don't be silly. Estelle never got anything straight in all her life. And, besides . . ." Aunt Isobel, a stately Washingtonian type, was explaining on, "In France there are eleven peace societies. During my visit to Paris I sat in the Chamber of Deputies and watched the operation . . ." "Trina," said Aunt Het in her remarkably clear voice, "take these cups back to the kitchen and have them warmed . . ." "But you know, darling," said Aunt Marian, a spinster who paints in water colors, "you can't put any life into a stained glass window unless you use blue. Blue is the color of light . . ." "I think cathedrals are gaudy," broke in my sister-in-law. "Marian," said Aunt Het, "do try the marmalade. This is the new kind they have at the Woman's Exchange . . ."

I had time for a brief paragraph of reflection. Women, I reflected, are not of the warrior sex. Their immunity from the sword play and fisticuff practices of he-kind has made it so that they can tear one another's conversation to tatters without the slightest fear of reprisal. Even in the wildest bar room there is a certain code of chivalry which permits a man to finish what he has to say or gently fade out of the picture. Not so in the proudest drawing room or the humblest working girls' home.

At any rate, I sat there, reaching for the waffles, and let my eye stray toward the seventh lady, who had not hitherto spoken. She was, in a mild way, a woman of mystery, this Mrs. Bogardus. No kin to us, she was one of the people whom Aunt Het gathers in casually for a week's visit. Dark-haired, pretty, with pale skin and smouldering brown eyes, she was, I guessed, a woman with a tragedy snuggled somewhere in her life. Had I been at Aunt Het's three days instead of two, I might have learned something about her. Not that I was particularly interested.

Not interested until the minute when I looked over the waffles and was aware of her deep, musical voice ringing out like a tocsin:

"I heard the shot! I can't tell you how sickening it was. Then I looked at the smoking pistol and realized who had done it . . ."

"How thrilling!" piped my juvenile cousin, Ethel Malone. "It must be perfectly wonderful to see a murder. I mean, it's like a . . ."

"If it were made illegal to manufacture firearms," interjected Aunt Isobel in her best woman's club manner, "there would be no more murders. Except war, which is . . ."

"Trina," commanded Aunt Het of the stolid waitress, "these waffles are soggy. Take them back and . . ."

"I knew a boy once who took a shot at a taxi man," said my niece, Jane Van Orden. "It was just in fun but . . ."

"Listen!" With a large masculine bellow I roared them into a momentary silence. "This lady is trying to confess a murder. Give her a chance. Mrs. Bogardus, you say you saw the smoking pistol in somebody's hand. Who was it that held the smoking pistol?"

"My husband," said Mrs. Bogardus. "He was standing there with . . ."

"I met a delightful Mrs. Bogardus in Italy," said Aunt Marian. "A Mrs. Theodore L. Bogardus . . ."

"She was not related to my husband," said Mrs. Bogardus patiently, then insistently continued, "my husband has a slow temper, but when it is aroused he can be terrible. There was a family named Macnamara who had squatted on a corner of our land. My husband let them stay there until they became a perfect nuisance, started a lawsuit and set fire to our barn. They had a horrible great Dane dog, and threatened that if anybody . . ."

"Horrors," shuddered Aunt Het. "Dogs around a house are so messy. A place for a dog is in the . . ."

"The Macnamaras of Philadelphia," boomed Aunt Isobel, "are very nice people, except . . ."

"Remember that Macnamara boy who came here last year with the horses?" giggled Ethel Malone. "Everybody thought he was haywire until . . ."

"He was crazy like a fox," said Jane Van Orden. "If you'll . . ."

"His mother was a Dubois," said Aunt Isobel. "They were very well connected in . . ."

"George," said Aunt Het, "better drink your coffee. The train . . ."

"Mrs. Bogardus," I roared, "you say the Macnamaras burned down your barn and kept a fierce dog?"

"Yes," admitted the woman of mystery. "And the morning after the fire I saw my husband take out his army pistol. He was perfectly silent. I couldn't do a thing with him. So I followed him up the hill to where the Macnamaras lived. Suddenly their door burst open . . ."

"Civilization should never forgive the Germans," said Aunt Marian, "for firing on Rheims Cathedral, especially after . . ."

"No, they shouldn't!" I bawled. "Mrs. Bogardus, who came out of the door when it burst open?"

"Four Macnamaras, mother and father and two wild-looking sons, and that terrible dog. They had pitchforks and scythes, and all seemed to come at once. Then my husband put his hand in his pocket and said . . ."

"George," warned Aunt Het, jumping up. "You've just time to make that train. I know Mrs. Bogardus is very fascinating, but . . ."

Everybody swarmed around me. I kissed everybody—except Mrs. Bogardus, who quietly escaped. They piled me with my luggage into the family flivver, operated by Orlando, who spoke no English.

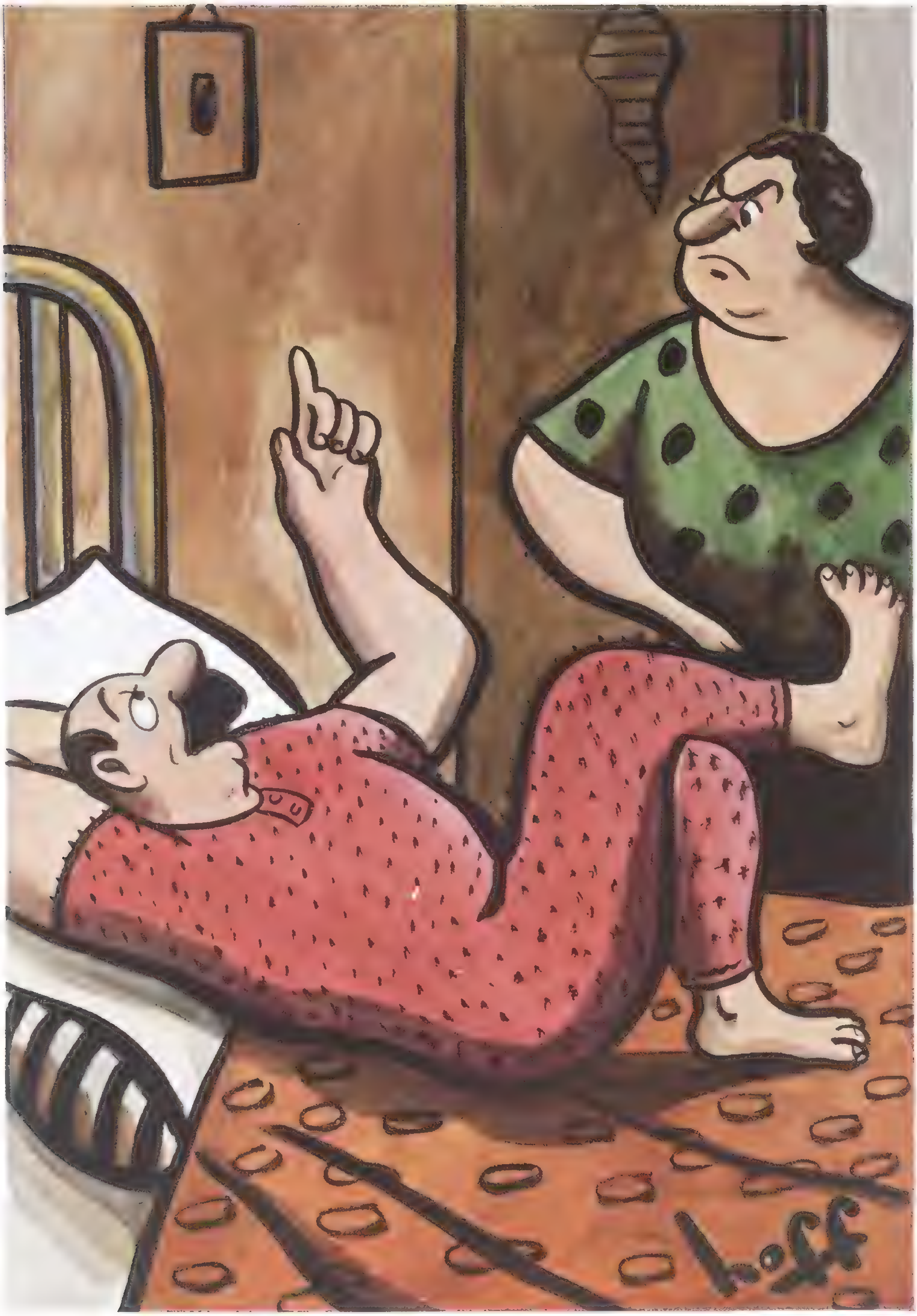
I caught the 9:47 as it was beginning to pull out. As the hills and valleys of my ancestral homeland receded from view I wrestled with my detective sense, aroused, unsatisfied. Technically a crime story should begin with the corpse and end with the real criminal. Woman-like, Mrs. Bogardus had reversed the process. I knew who fired the shot, but who was dead? Of course, to reveal a crime or tell a funny story at Aunt Het's breakfast table is practically impossible. There a black-hearted kidnapper with ransom money stuffed in both pockets would be safe with his guilty narrative, because nobody would listen to him. Nevertheless, the Bogardus mystery tormented me.

Almost the first thing I did when I reached New York was wire Mrs. Bogardus:

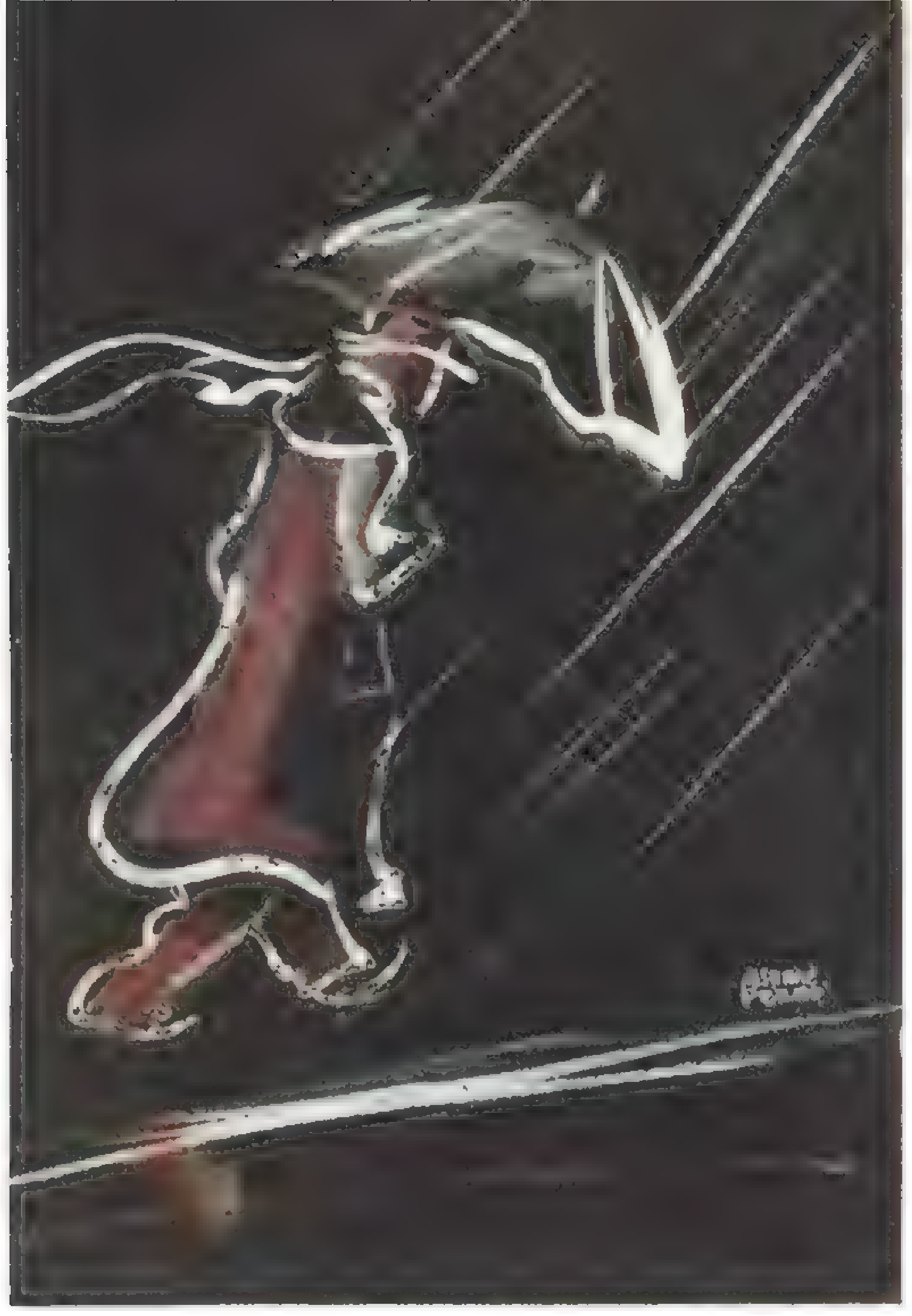
"Who was shot answer collect heartfelt thanks."

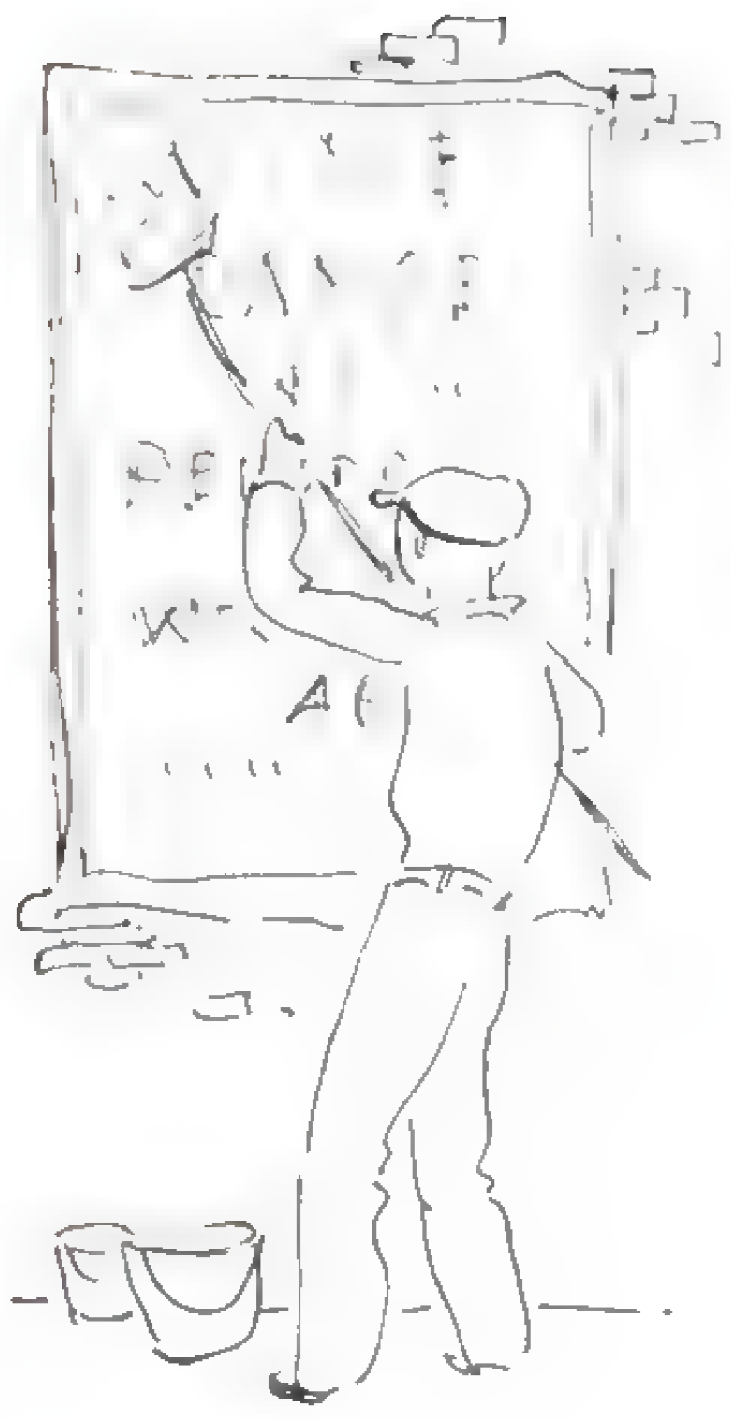
The reply came in an hour:

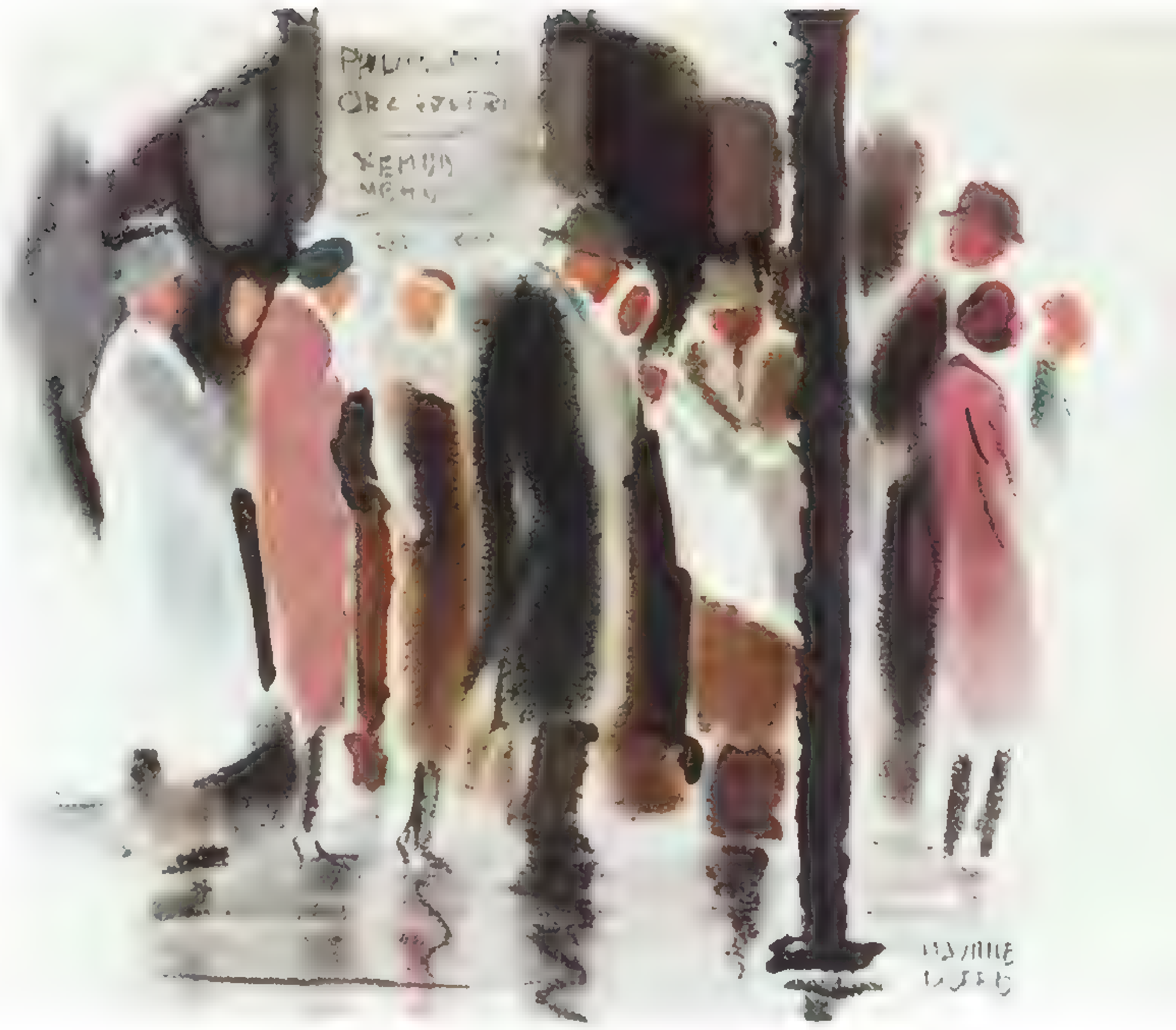
"The dog I know how you feel.
Elsie Bogardus."

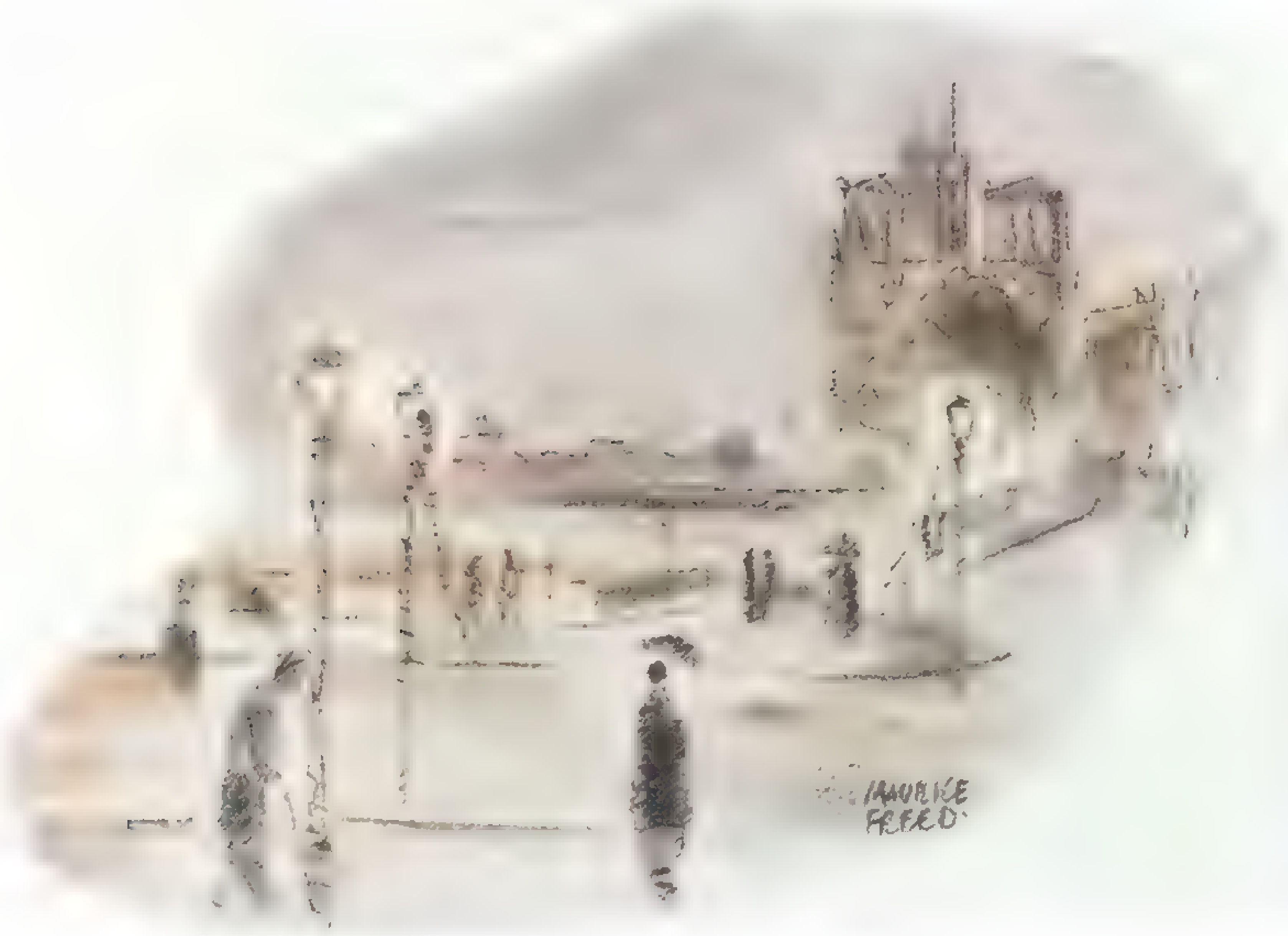


"Tell the butler he may serve breakfast"






MAURICE FREED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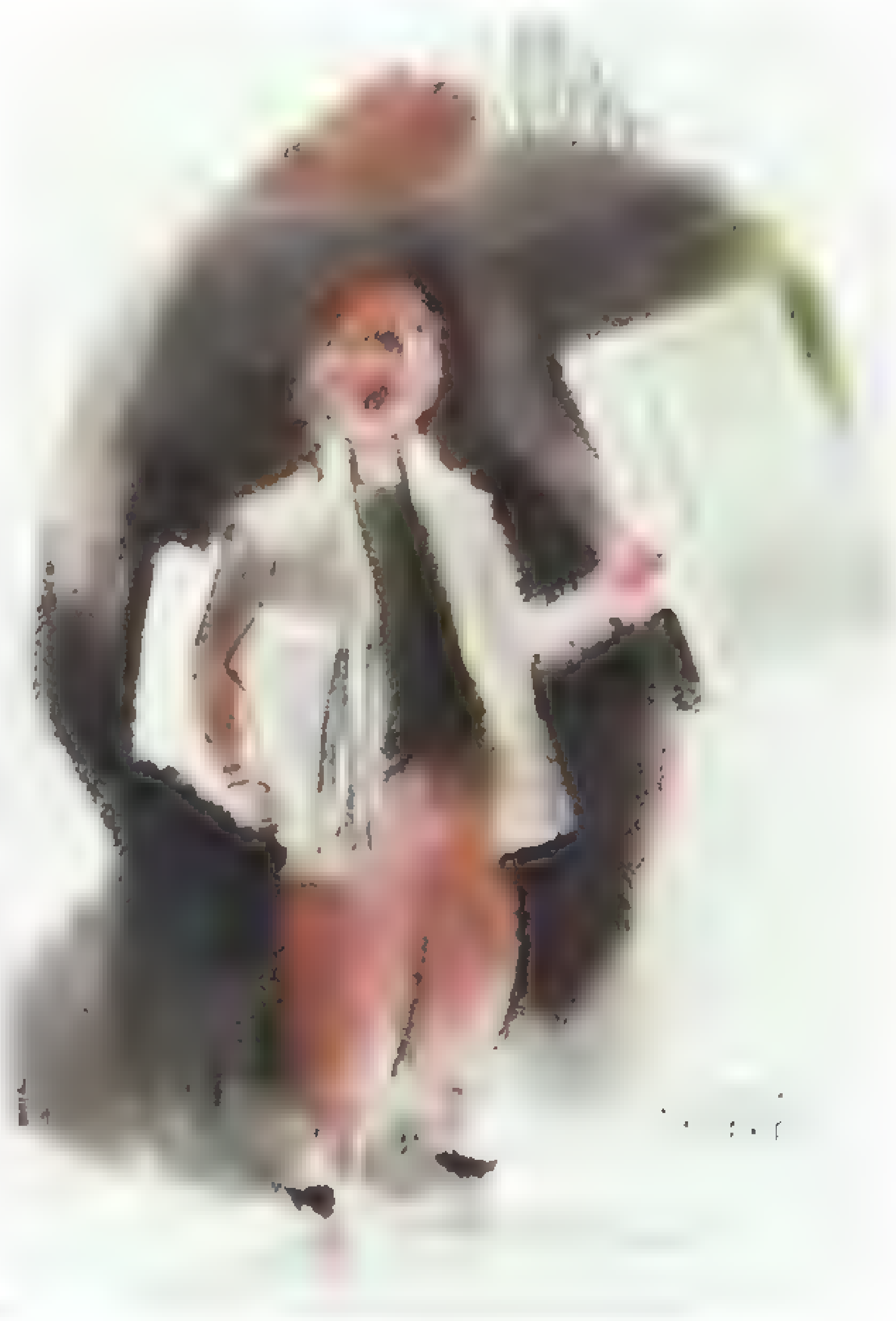

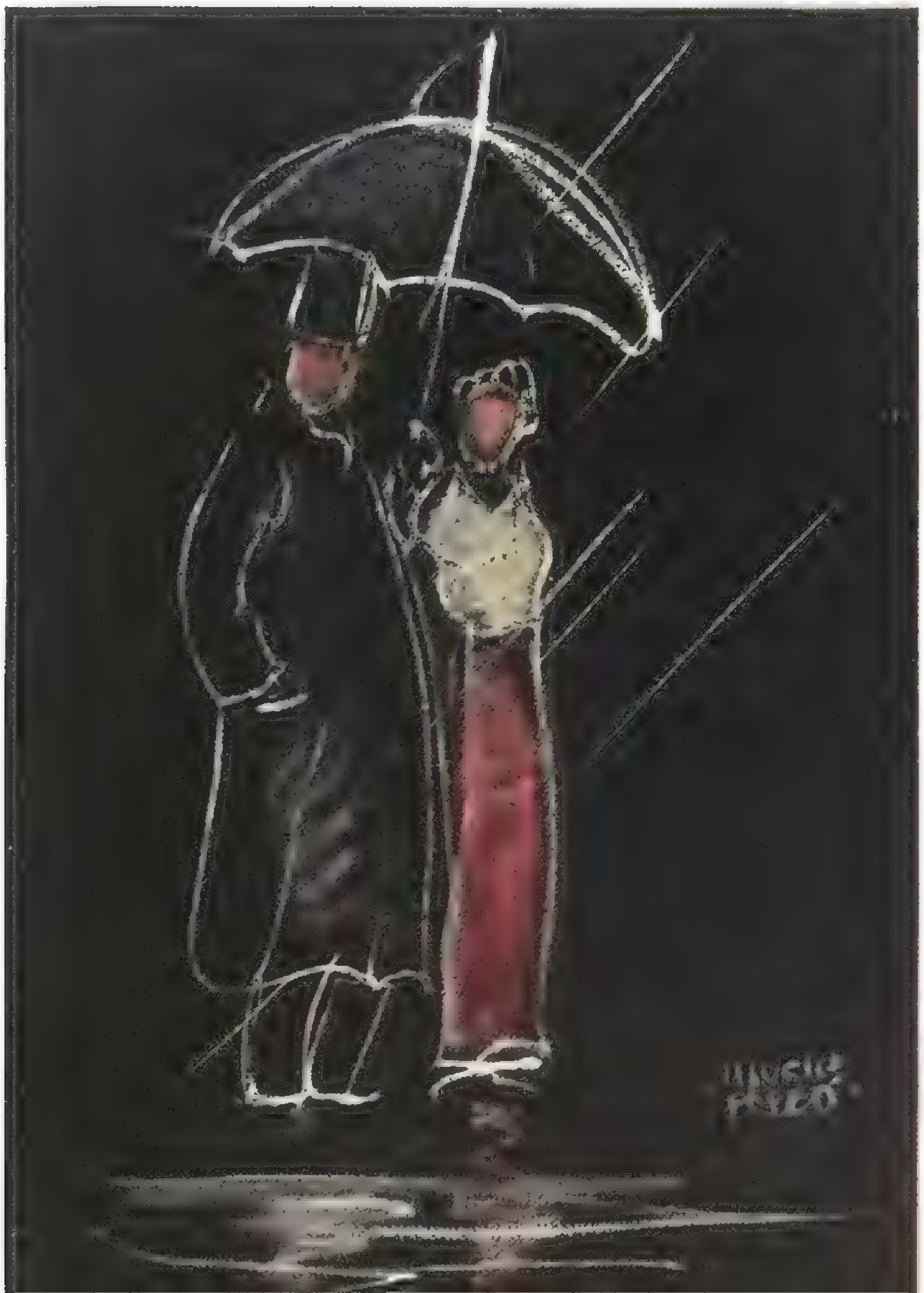
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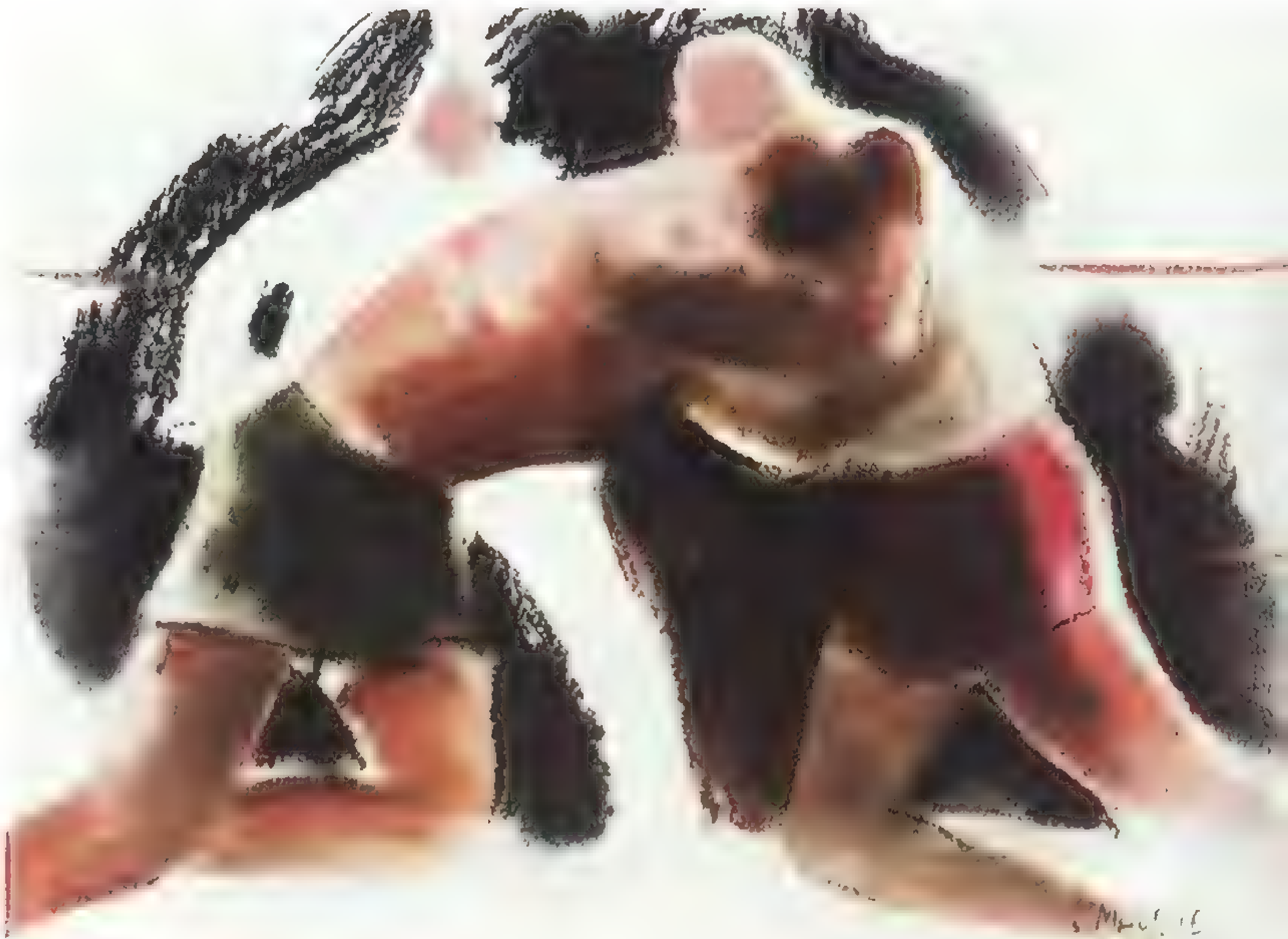
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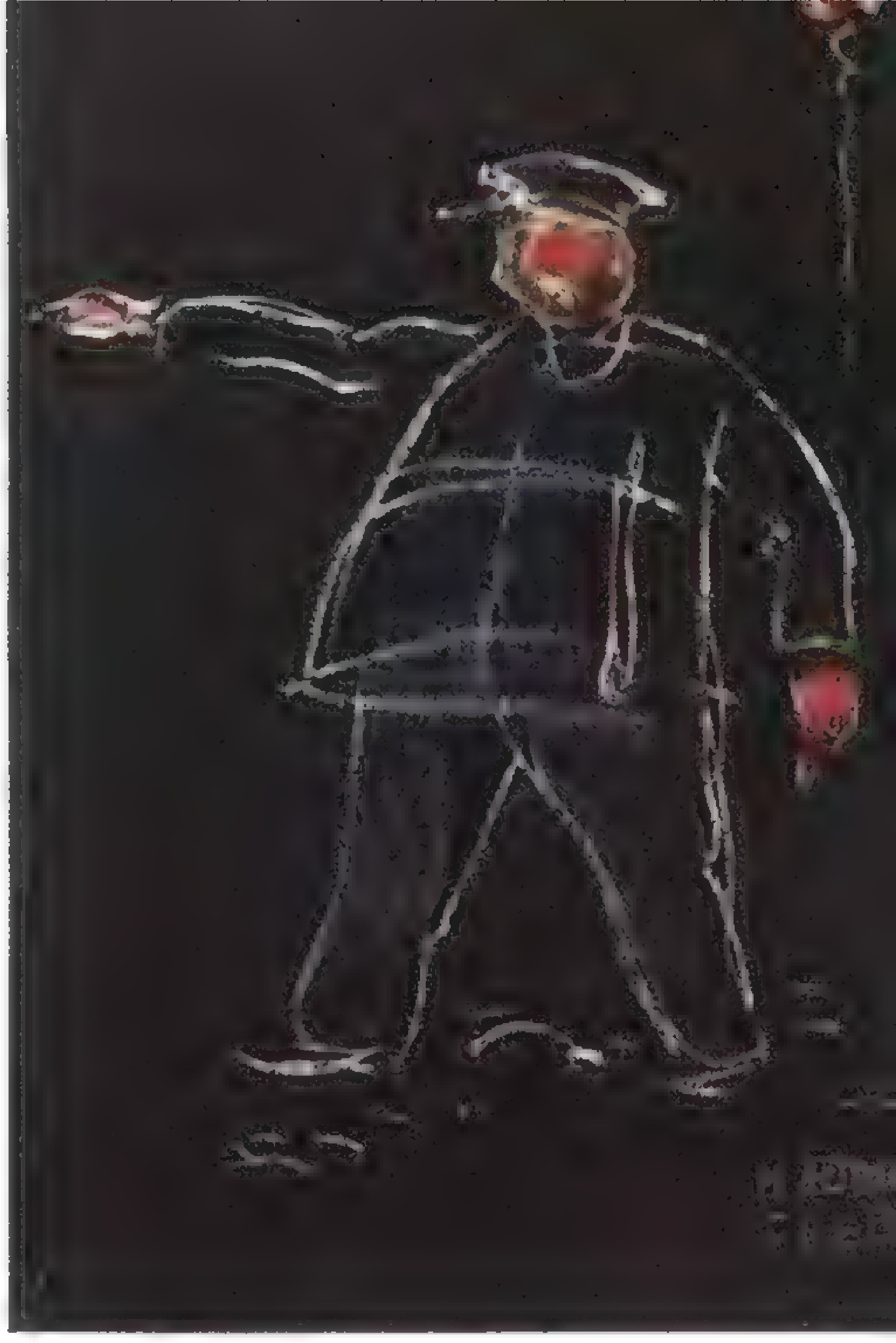


Fourteen Drawings

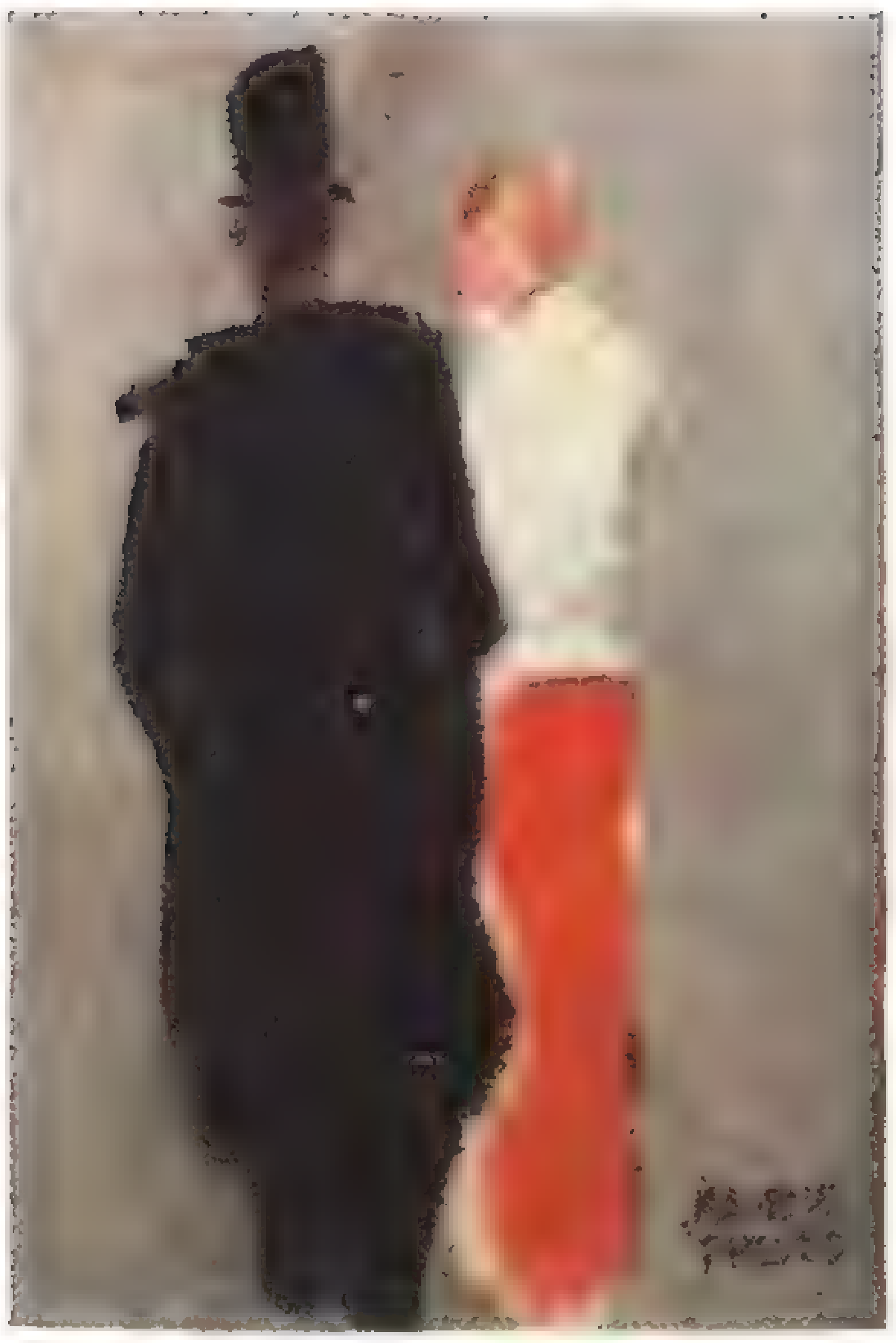
by MAURICE FREED

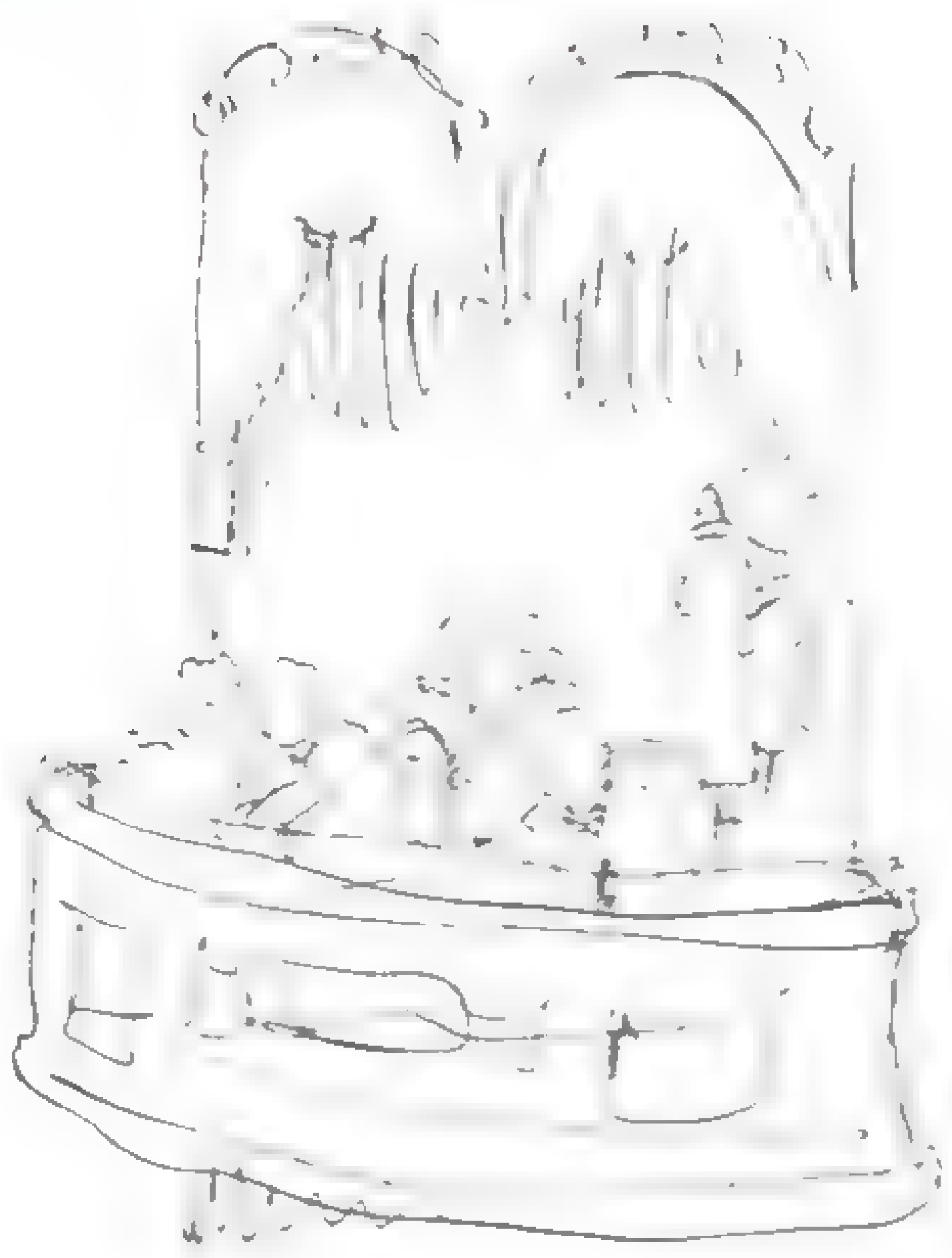
Last summer he was in Paris, nosing about the galleries. The summer before he was one of those short-order portrait manufacturers, in the sand off the boardwalk at Atlantic City, doing likenesses for tips. (To emerge as an artist from that environment is to prove yourself the millionth oyster—the one that *has* a pearl.) A few summers from now he will have arrived—he has a lot of summers to go, having just turned twenty-two—and we will brag about discovering him. But that's not the point.

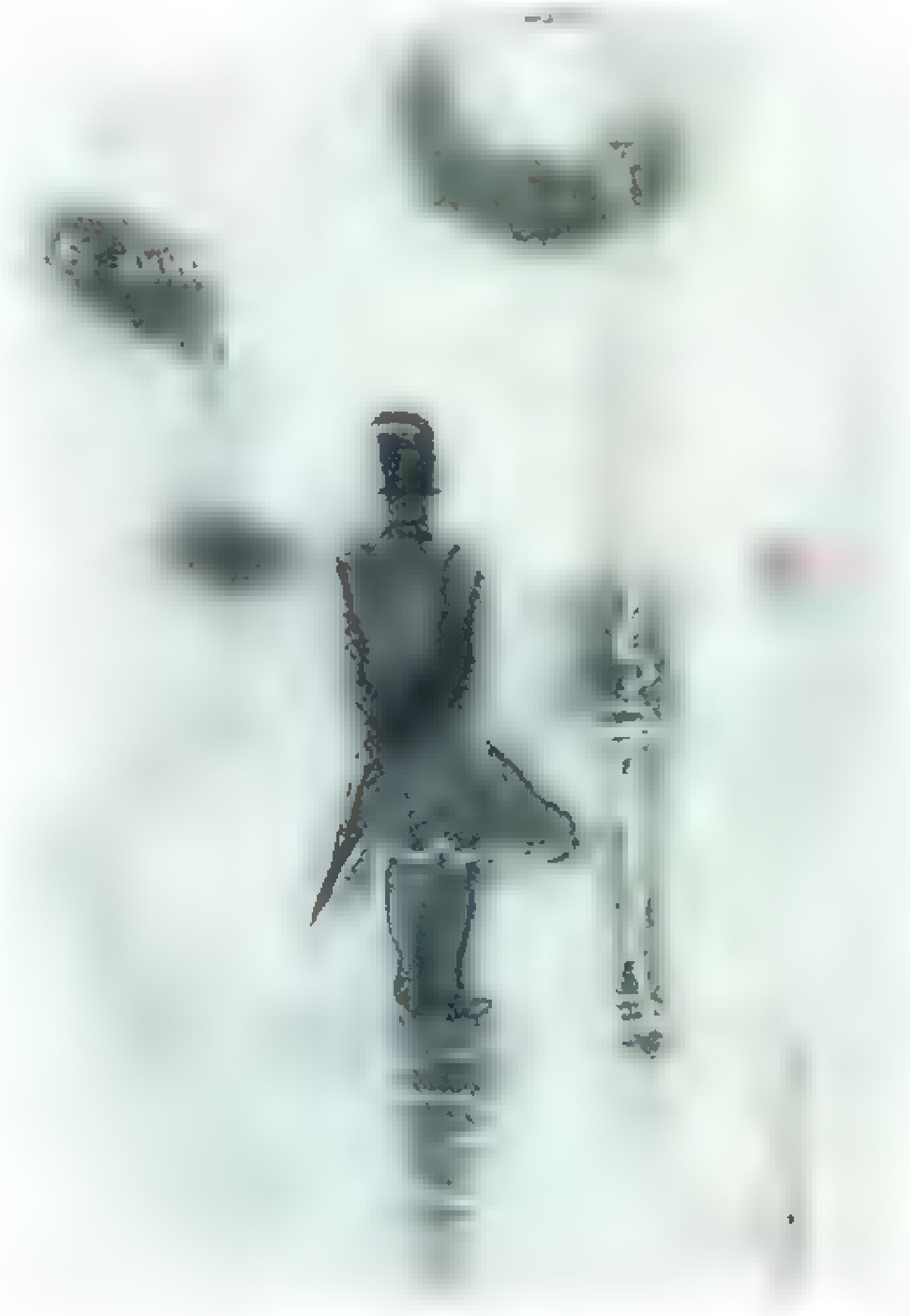
The point is to pick up the pastels and with effortless ease, and the knowledge of when to stop, evoke the fragile loveliness of a ballerina. The point is to conjure up the sight of rain—almost the sense and sound of rain—without splashing all over the place. He gets the point.

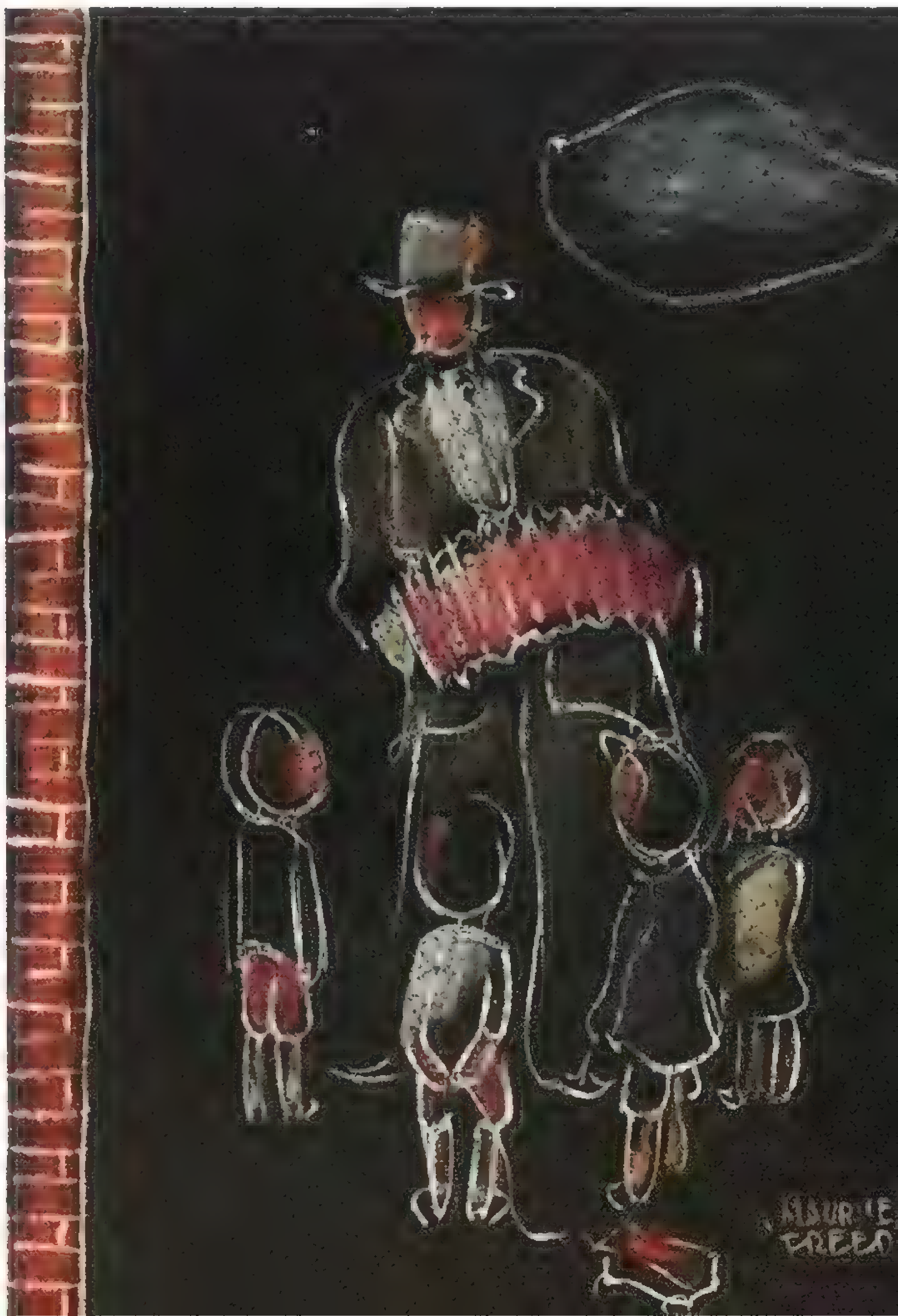
He is totally unlike Frank Boyd; introspective where Boyd is objective, reflective where Boyd is observing; which proves nothing but helps to classify him. If you're a fiend for sources, chalk up Degas, Laurencin, and Bellows—one part each. The other fourth is thankgod mongrel: the portion of unassignable originality. At twenty-two, that's a large portion.

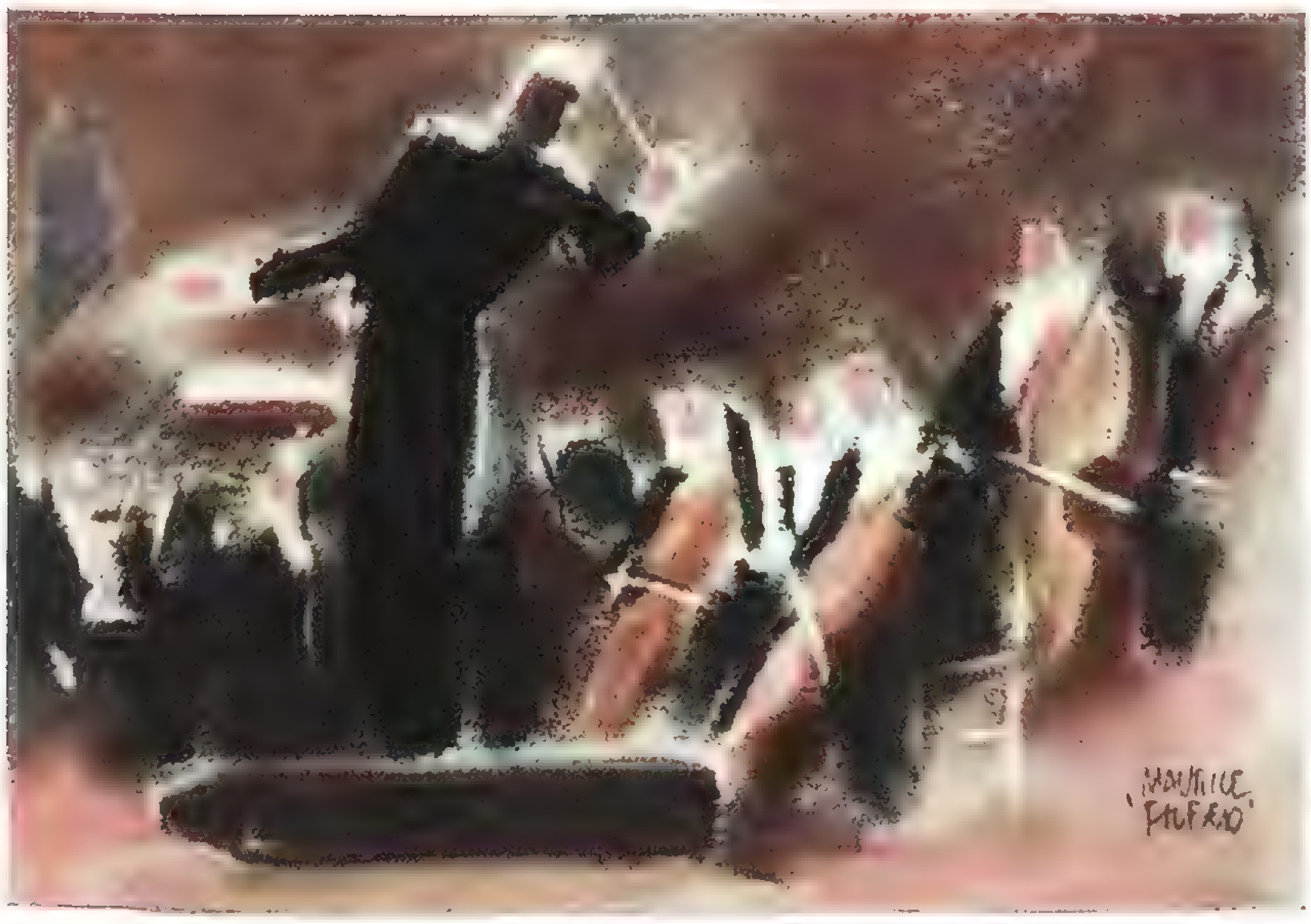
—John Groth

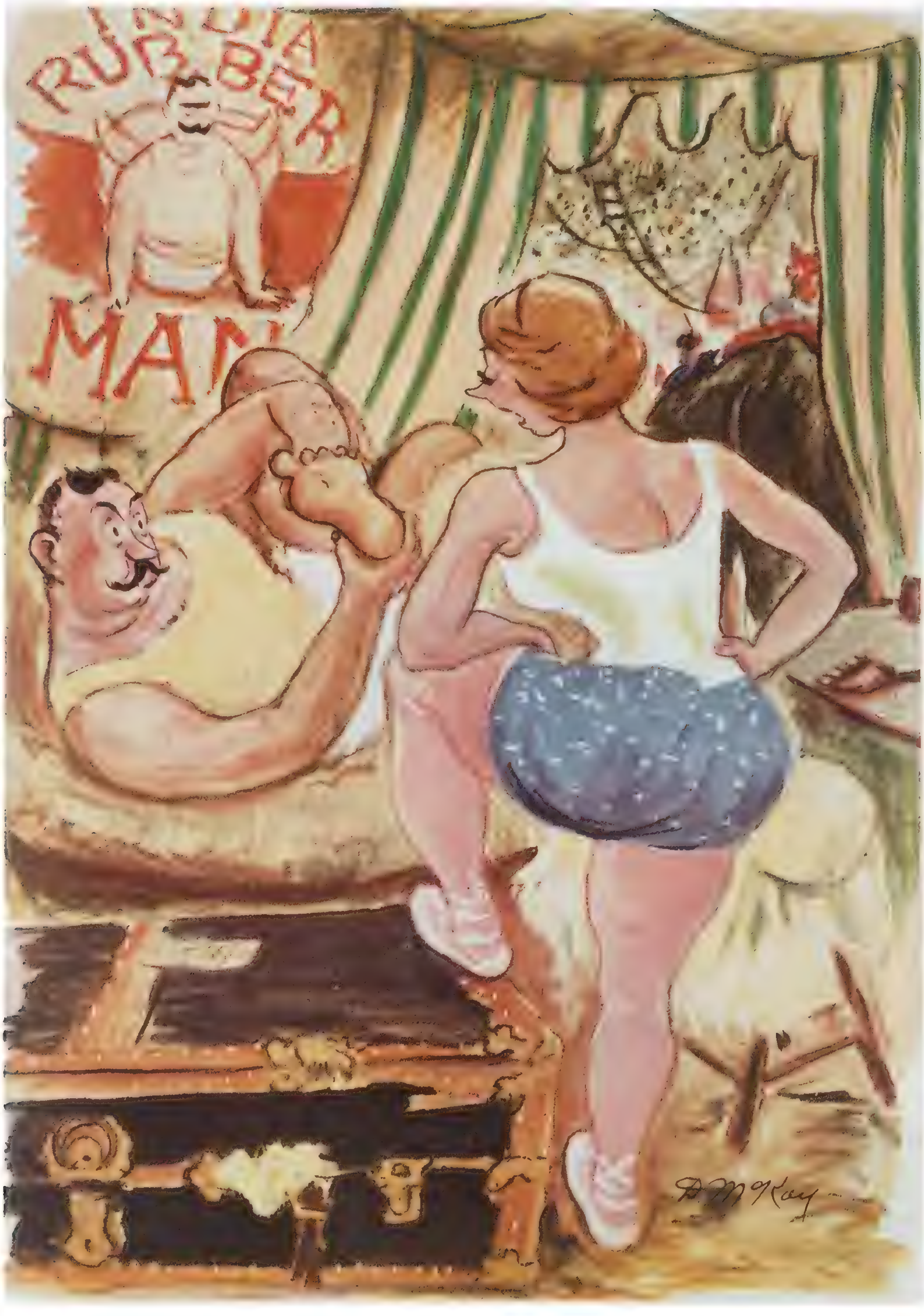











RUBBER
MAN
D. McKay

"Alfredo—I wish you'd stop biting your toenails"

The Listening Post

A year-end view of the music season, culminating in choice of the musical All-American

by SIGMUND SPAETH

According to tradition, the musical season of 1933-34 is now over. The metropolitan view is that you are permitted to listen to concerts and opera from October to May. After that you stop worrying about culture, and the imported musicians go home and have a good time too.

The two things in music that caused the most talk during the past season were "Merry Mount" and "Four Saints in Three Acts." Both were called operas, and there is no need of arguing about that.

"Merry Mount," with a libretto by Richard Stokes and music by Howard Hanson, closed the Metropolitan season, which had been opened by Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetson," proving that Mr. Gatti-Casazza loves the American composer so long as he can do a little harmonizing at the box-office.

The backstage cracks on the title of "Merry Mount" have been so numerous and obvious that I won't go into that either. It's a very good opera, if you happen to like opera—just the sort of thing Meyerbeer might have written if he had been told to do something with the Puritans and a hellfire ballet, and to be sure to write in a good part for Lawrence Tibbett.

Luckily the Puritans had their temptations of the flesh, and the creators of "Merry Mount" wisely concentrated on these rather than on their religious pursuits. There were May-pole dances in addition to the big scene in Hell, so Rosina Galli had a chance to send out her best-looking cuties, and everybody agreed that this was high art indeed.

The chorus and the ballet are really the principal characters in "Merry Mount." There is plenty of good stuff in Hanson's choral music, though he might have followed ecclesiastical models rather than the Russian Moussorgsky. The dances also smell a bit of the Bear-that-walks-like-a-Man, even when they start with determined bows to Merrie England and the Morris family.

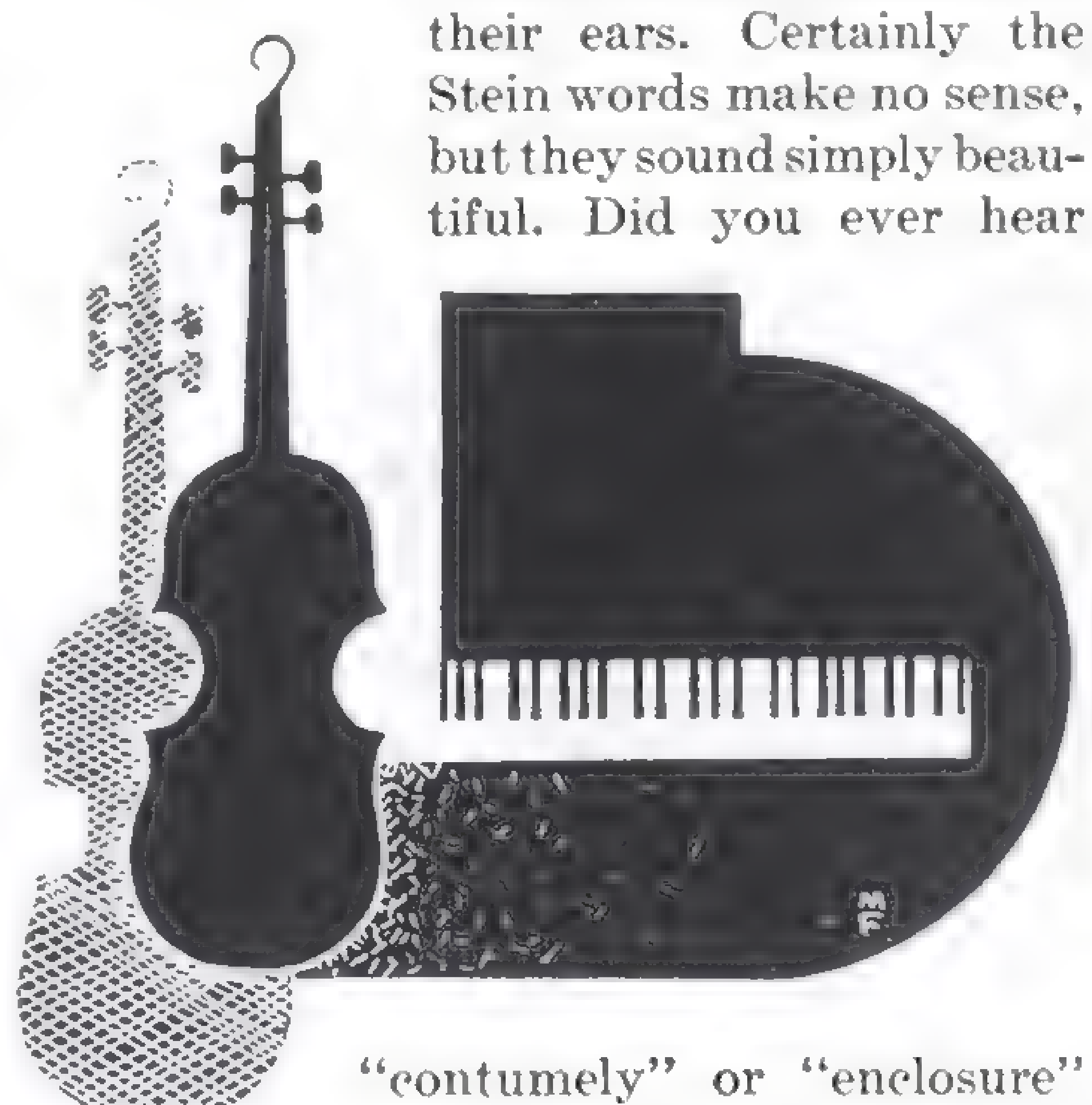
But one must feel a sincere respect for Howard Hanson as a composer. He knows how to get the effects he wants, and even the stilted language of a conventional operatic libretto couldn't stop him from achieving honest musical climaxes.

Lawrence Tibbett is a big help in the part of Wrestling Bradford, a Puritan counterpart of the monk Athanael and the "Rain" Reverend, who tells his moral tale, but wants to have it too. His blanket curse of New England, uttered under distinct pressure, explains a lot of things that might have been held against that section of the country.

Edward Johnson is wasted on a colorless role, and the ladies who have played the part of the temptress Marigold have been consistently unintelligible, as well as carnally unconvincing. The big fire at the end is very nice.

Now as to this Saint business of Gertrude Stein's, I shall resist the temptation of trying to burlesque her style (which nearly every other reviewer has embraced with fervor). There are lilies that simply can't be gilded. I refuse to believe that anybody can be as utterly silly as the words of "Four Saints" proclaim their author to be. So I prefer to think that Gertrude Stein has her tongue in that high-boned, masculine cheek, that she so loves to have photographed with other mountains in the distance. I think she is kidding grand opera, church ritual, the English language, and that large percentage of the human race in general that is a pushover for spectacular publicity.

It is logical enough to argue that if people rave over the musical utterance of the meaningless syllables of an Italian libretto, they might as well be given a simpler and less wearing satisfaction through English words that are equally senseless to their ears. Certainly the Stein words make no sense, but they sound simply beautiful. Did you ever hear "contumely" or "enclosure" sung in melting tones, without any possible connection with anything else? That, in a nutshell (to which Miss Stein has never yet retired) is the libretto of "Four Saints in Three Acts."



But Virgil Thomson, the composer, has fooled the critics even more than has the librettist. His score is a delightful study in banality. If you are going to listen to verbal absurdities, then the music shall keep pace with them. My impression at a first hearing was that there was no melodic invention whatever in this music, and certainly no originality of harmony or instrumentation, unless it be in the addition of a piano-accordion to the orchestra.

Mr. Thomson has deliberately adhered to the commonest and most elementary patterns of sound, mostly scale passages and chord combinations. The name of Saint Teresa, for instance, is sung up and down the progression of the keyboard, and conversations are carried on in a series of Star Spangled Banner openings, each a half-step higher, like a singing lesson in Steinway Hall.

From all this one reaches the startling conclusion that almost anything in music sounds good if it is well performed. White people could hardly have done justice to this naive, utterly childlike opus. To select a cast of Negroes was a stroke of genius. The quality of their singing, the complete absence of self-consciousness, the apparent unawareness of anything unusual, even in the face of roars of laughter from hysterical audiences—these alone could make such a performance a success. Add some beautiful lighting and highly imaginative scenery in cellophane, fairly obvious parodies of adagio dancing by three high-brown gals and their chocolate sailors, excellent conducting by Alexander Smallens and a grand piece of press-work by Nathan Zatkin, and you have plenty of reason for the furore caused by "Four Saints." But I wonder if some of the boys on the New York papers aren't a little ashamed of the way they fell for it, by this time.

All-American Music Team for 1933-34

This team of native American musicians (male) is selected on the basis of performances during the past season. I have seen every one of them in action, and my choice is absolutely uninfluenced by managers, coaches or press-agents. The team as a whole has a tendency to charge a bit high, but otherwise it is a remarkably steady, aggressive and versatile combination.

1. Lawrence Tibbett (Captain), baritone. This Californian, now playing for New York, has everything that goes to make the perfect musical athlete. He can sing and act (though he never kicks or makes passes), and he always seems to enjoy his work as much as his audience. Tibbett has done more than anyone else to take the curse of sissiness out of music. He is the best bet on the musical track today, and he deserves his position.

2. Albert Spalding, violinist. Another shining proof that one can be an artist and a gentleman. Spalding has recently added to his long established concert audience a vast radio following, which has shown the good sense to appreciate him. He has kept his temper admirably when compared with Rubinoff. (Did you ever see Rubinoff conducting? Well, I did.) He is remarkably free from all those mannerisms and eccentricities that pass for genius (and should get a swift kick in the pants). In spite of scorning such showmanship, Spalding consistently gives the impression of being the great performer that he is.

Continued on page 129

I Saw a Sea Monster

The straight dope by a man who has seen one and hardly expects you to believe him

by RALPH BANDINI

HAVE any of you ever seen a sea monster? No? Very well—I have!

It is an amazing story—and true in every detail. I am quite aware that it takes square issue with science. I have no illusions as to inevitable scepticism. Nevertheless, I know what I saw—and I tell it as I saw it.

Just at the moment sea monsters constitute what is known in newspaper parlance as "hot copy." Almost any week in the daily papers, in Sunday supplements, in magazines, the reader can find some yarn telling of this or that strange creature seen in the sea. It is almost as though all the hidden monsters of the depths had suddenly taken it into their heads to pop up to the surface!

Of course there is nothing new in this matter of sea monsters. For hundreds, even thousands of years, sailormen have brought to port tales of sea serpents—but their stories have been scoffed at. Scientists have gravely declared that no such creatures exist. To a layman such certainty cannot help arousing wonder. We know that strange and monstrous forms of life existed on land when the world was young—and in the sea as well. Granted that the land creatures are long ago extinct by reason of revolutionary changes in living conditions, nevertheless, those same changes have not been so pronounced in the sea. It would not seem beyond the realm of possibility that some of them may have survived. For good and sufficient reasons, as will be seen, personally I believe they have.

Be all that as it may be, however, the fact remains that recently there seems to have been a sudden revival of these intriguing tales.

We have the serpentine creature allegedly seen by some hundred-fifty more or less reliable persons in Loch Ness, Scotland. There are those two with the Louisa Alcott names said to disport themselves off Juan de Fuca Straits. In Lake Okanagan, British Columbia, there is another one, sufficiently credited by the authorities that they offer facilities to anyone who will go after the thing in a spirit of true scientific research. Then, from Acapulco, comes that amazing story of the track of a great, three-toed creature coming up out of the sea and returning, all between tides; of the deep furrow plowed by its dragging tail; of the deep, barrel-like depression in the wet sand where it rolled and wallowed!

I happen to know the man who saw those tracks. He is not a liar.

Quite probably some of the reported sea serpents—I do not mean those which I have just specifically mentioned—are inventions pure and simple. Others may have been illusions. After all, a flight of low-flying birds along the horizon, bits of floating stuff (it's queer the shapes that flotsam on the surface sometimes takes), might, in poor light, take on the semblance of an undulating sea serpent. However, one would not go far amiss to accept that queer creatures have been seen upon the face of the sea.

Now most of the above mentioned beasties, with the possible exception of the one near Acapulco, have been given rather wide publicity. However, there is still another, about which little or nothing has been told or written. This is that huge Thing sometimes called the "San Clemente Monster"—and monster it truly is if ever there was one! I have seen it—and I know whereof I speak.

San Clemente Island is a lonely, wind-swept bit of rock and sand lying some fifty miles south of Los Angeles Harbor. It is little frequented except by fishermen. Its waters are lonely, too. Days can go by when one will never see a boat. The Thing, itself, appears to like this remote bit of the ocean—that windy channel between San Clemente and Santa Catalina.

Just why so little has been said about so strange a resident of so publicity-minded a community as Southern California it is hard to say. Certainly it has been seen by enough persons—some twenty-five or thirty that I know of and many of whom bear reputations for veracity beyond reproach. Furthermore, it has been seen periodically over the last fifteen or twenty years. Perhaps this paucity of detail is mainly due to the fact that the Thing is so monstrous, so utterly incredible, so impossible, that any sane man shuns the incredulity with which his tale is inevitably received. In fact, I know this to be true. Some of my intimate friends have seen it. They know that I have seen it. Yet, despite friendship, despite this mutual knowledge of one another's experience, I find most of them reluctant to talk, even to me. One interesting phase of the matter is this. Whenever I have been able to persuade one of these friends to do so we have independently drawn sketches of what we saw. Barring differences in artistic skill these drawings show one and the same thing!

About fifteen or twenty years ago rumors began to be current around Avalon that there was something queer out in the Clemente Channel. There were guarded hints of some huge, unnameable Thing lifting up out of the sea. These rumors were shadowy, difficult to run down. No one credited with having seen the Thing would admit it. Still the rumors persisted. Perhaps the very evasiveness encountered was tantamount to admission.

I was out in the Southern California channels a lot during those days, fishing for tuna and swordfish. Naturally I heard about the Thing. Being by nature curious, I proceeded to ask questions—but learned nothing. My boatman, Percy Neale, an old timer at Avalon, was said to have seen it. I asked him. Percy looked out to sea—made some irrelevant remark—then, when pressed, muttered something about "eyes as big as dinner plates" and changed the subject.

Then came my first view of the Thing!

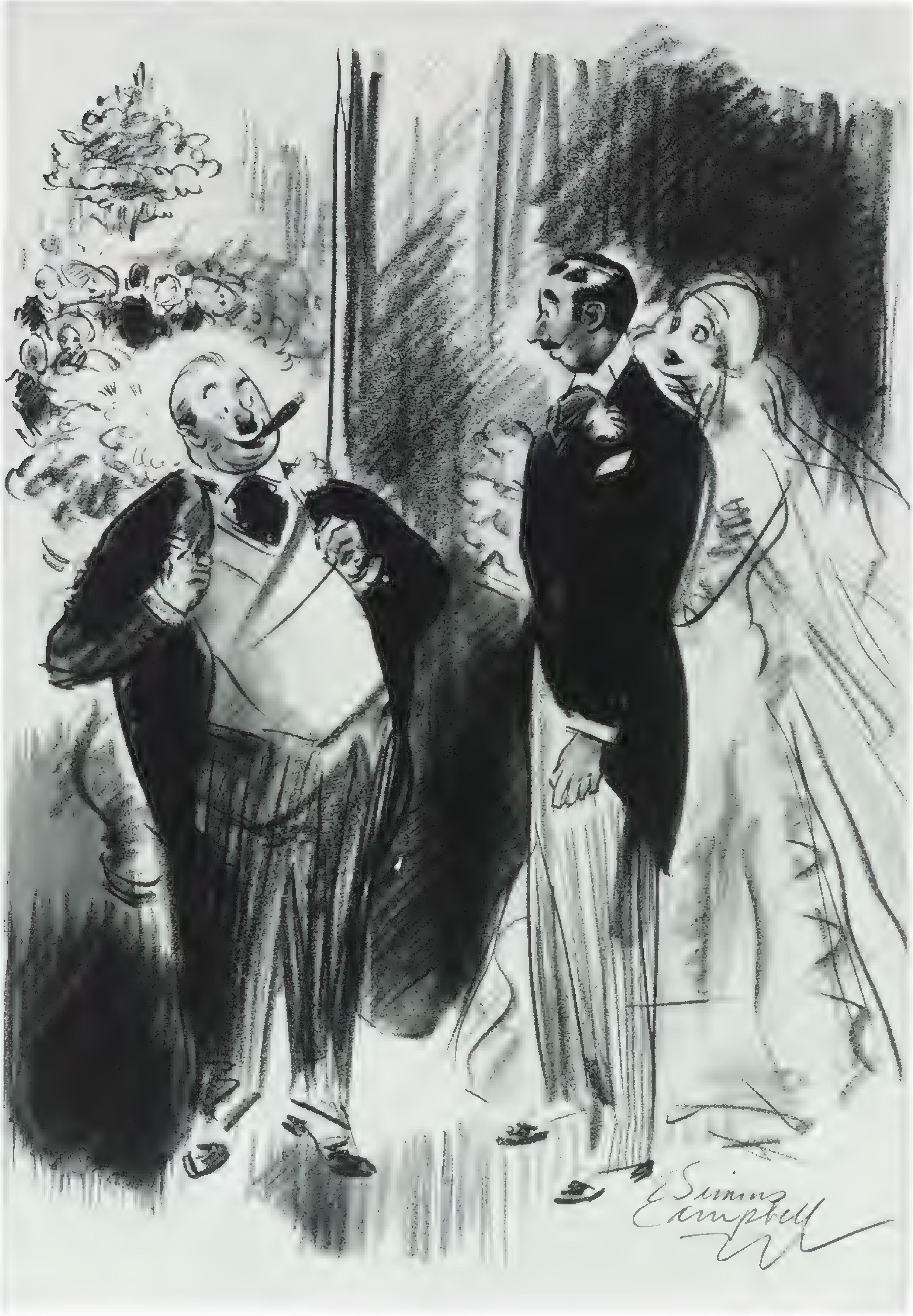
We were fishing for tuna about ten miles off Catalina in the Clemente Channel. It was a windy afternoon—the channel a welter of breaking seas. Suddenly Percy let out a yell.

"Look! Look! Over there!"

He pointed to seaward. I saw it! About a mile away something huge, wet and glistening, was lifting up out of sea! Higher and higher it raised until I felt my skin crawl. To this very day I vividly remember that queer, empty feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Why shouldn't I be scared! Just picture it for yourselves. A tumbled, broken sea, flecked with white, and stretching away to the horizon's edge. Catalina looming through the golden haze of afternoon. San Clemente a vague shadow far to southward. Sea birds wheeling, hovering, darting. That

Continued on page 92


Simms Campbell

"Well, Prince, since you've made the little girl a Princess, that sort of makes me some sort of something, eh?"

I Saw a Sea Monster

Continued from page 90

monstrous Thing rising up out of the sea!

I don't know how long he stayed up. Perhaps a minute—perhaps less. Fascinated, spellbound, we watched him. Then, before our very eyes, majestically, slowly, he sank back into the depths from whence he had come.

There was a scarcity of small talk aboard that ship from then on. Tuna fishing seemed to have lost a lot of its charm. Swiftly developed a multitude of perfectly good and sufficient reasons why we should forget further fishing for that day and go home early—leaving that particular bit of the world to whatever might care to claim it.

As we slipped up the coast toward Avalon through the quiet waters of the lee side—as we began to encounter other boats—to meet again man and his handiworks, the horror of what we had seen seemed to lessen and our tongues were loosed. We talked grandly about how we would go ashore and spread the wonder of what we had seen to the world at large—possibly make our everlasting fortunes out of it. But we did no such thing! Somehow or another, face to face with the orderliness of Avalon town, with the smug scepticism of the Tuna Club, we found our lips sealed. Words would not come. Instead we slunk furtively to the nearest bar and tossed down two stiff drinks.

Two or three years passed. Others saw the Thing. Some, braver than their fellows, talked. Little by little the earlier discoverers came out of their shells and talked, too. All accounts from those who had been really close to the Thing agreed upon three fundamentals; that it was enormous; that it possessed huge and horrible eyes; that it was something absolutely unknown to man. A composite description of the Thing was forwarded to the late Dr. David Starr Jordan of Stanford University. He replied by suggesting that it probably was a sea elephant! Our descriptive powers must have been woefully weak. It was no more like a sea elephant than I am. I have seen them, many of them—roaming around the sea—in their native rookery at Guadalupe Island. Sea elephants look like seals except that they are larger and have a prolonged, hooked upper nostril. This Thing was not a sea elephant nor did it remotely resemble one.

Then came my second and only close-up view of the Thing!

It was in September, 1920. I was fishing for marlin swordfish at San Clemente with the late Smith Warren. We were staying at Mosquito Harbor where the fish camp used to be. It was early in the morning—about 8:00 o'clock. We had worked close in shore the three miles from the camp down to the East End. We had then turned back up the coast and worked along about a mile and a half to two miles off shore. The sea was glassy with just a little roll coming down the island. Overhead it was overcast—one of California's summer fogs. Objects on the surface showed black in that light. The brown slopes swept up abruptly to almost meet the gray mist. We passed Mosquito and the white tents of the camp and were nearly abreast of White Rock. Smithy was down in the cockpit doing something or another. I was perched on top of the cabin looking for fish. My bait trolled along astern, the rod tied to the fishing chair.

Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of the bulk of something huge lifting up out of the sea. Turning swiftly I was face to face with something I had never seen before—will probably never see again!

Here it is—just as I saw it. Take it or leave it.

A great barrel shaped Thing, tapering toward the top and surmounted by a reptilian head strangely resembling those of the huge, prehistoric creatures whose reproductions stand in various museums. It lifted what must have been a good twenty feet. Widely spaced in the head were two eyes—eyes such as were never conceived of even in the wildest nightmare! Immense, at least a full foot in diameter, round, slightly bulging, and as dead looking as though they had seen all the death the world has suffered since its birth! No wonder those who had seen it close by could speak of little else but the eyes!

This was the picture that came into the lenses of my seven power binoculars the moment I clapped them on to the Thing—knowing what I was looking at. At the same time I yelled to Smithy to head for it.

Through the glasses the head, those awful eyes, that portion of the body showing—and it must have been at least six feet thick, perhaps more, appeared scarcely a hundred feet away. It was covered with what looked like stiff, coarse hair, almost bristles. Strangely enough, considering the light, I gained a distinct impression of a reddish tinge. Remember that.

The bulk of the Thing simply cannot be told. To this day I don't believe that I saw anything but the head and a section of the neck—if it had a neck. What was below the surface only God knows. But listen to this. You will recollect that I mentioned a little roll coming down the island? The Thing did not rise and fall in that roll as even a whale would. The waves beat against it and broke.

As we drew nearer, the great head which had been slowly turning, stopped. The huge, dead eyes fixed themselves upon us! Even today, after fourteen years, I can still see—yes—feel them. For seconds—it seemed hours—they stared at us incuriously, dull and lifeless. Then, without convulsion of any sort, it started to sink, slowly, majestically—and disappeared beneath the surface. There was no swirl, no whirlpool, no fuss, no nothing. The waters closed over it and it was gone.

With its disappearance I think we breathed for the first time. I looked at Smithy—Smithy looked at me

"Jesus!" I croaked.

He threw out the clutch and we lay to—staring at the empty sea. I was wringing wet and my knees shook. Smithy, normally a voluble man, was speechless. Mechanically he stooped down and picked up a little piece of wire leader from the cockpit floor, tossing it overboard. Around us was the same gray sea, the same sea birds, the same lonely, brown-sloped island. Overhead was the same gray fog. But everything was different. All the friendliness had gone. We, two frail humans, had looked into the eyes of the Past—and looking was not good.

Only a week ago I was talking to N. B. Schofield, head of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the California Division of Fish and Game. Schofield is an icthyologist of considerable reputation and a pupil of the late Dr. David Starr Jordan. He suggested that I was said to have seen a strange monster and asked me about it. After I had described the Thing he was silent for a minute or two then went on to say that fishermen out of Monterey, California, swore that they had been seeing a similar creature only recently.

So frightened were some of them at what they had seen that they refused for days to go to sea. I drew a sketch of the Thing which Schofield pocketed to show to them. I haven't heard whether or not they identified it as one and the same thing. Mind you, Schofield in no wise accepted my story or theirs.

From my own experience and from those of others I will say unequivocally that the Thing is very shy.

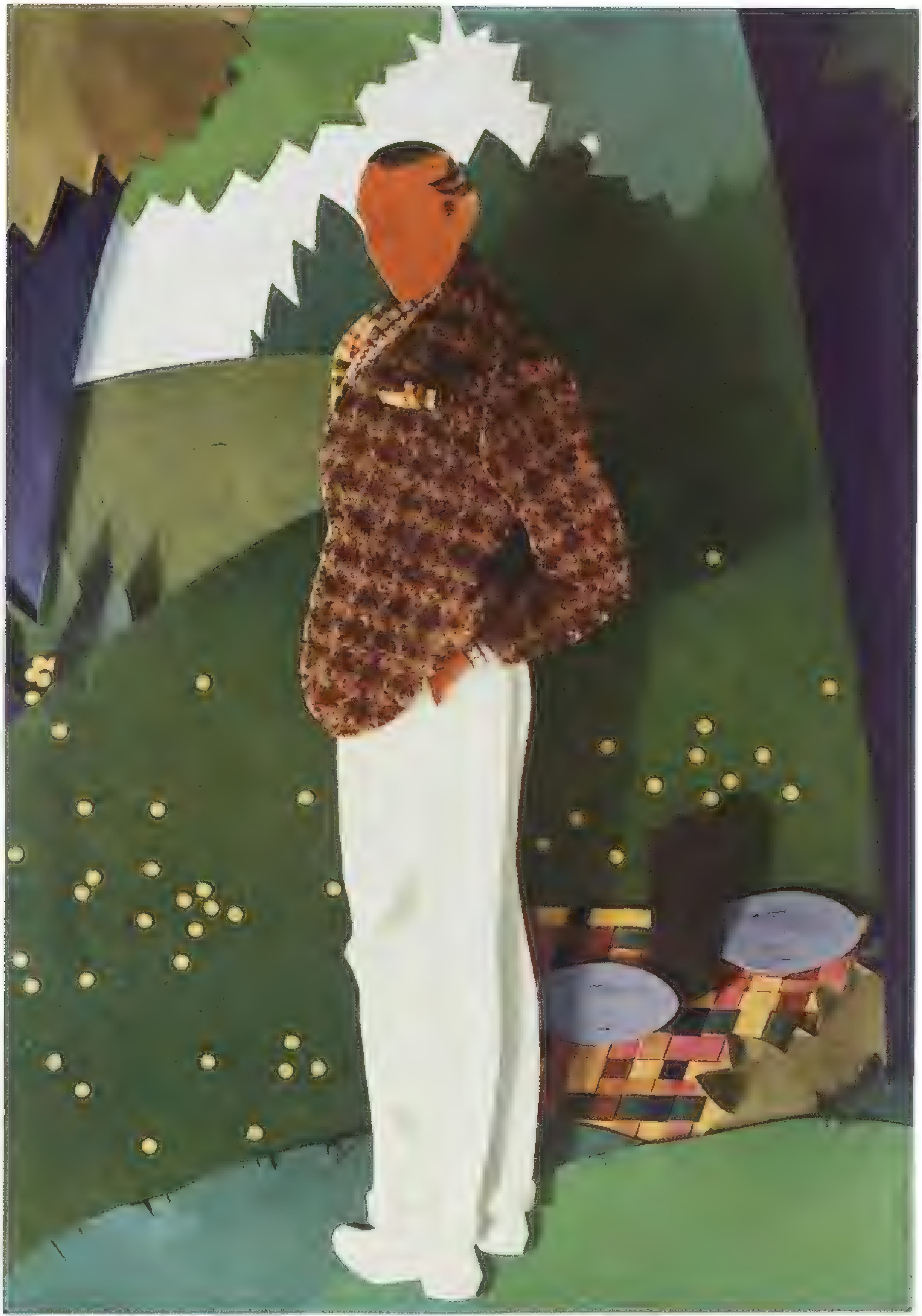
I was never closer to the Thing than three hundred yards—perhaps more. I know two men who have been closer than that but there is no material variance in their stories and mine other than that one of them thinks he saw a mouth with teeth. I am quite sure that I did not.

As to how large the Thing is—your guess is as good as mine. I have a feeling, probably a sort of sixth sense, which tells me that I saw only a small portion of the beast—that beneath the surface was a body greater than that of any known creature, a whale included. However, that is nothing more than an unprovable hunch. I do not know whether it was serpentine in form or not. I again have a feeling that it was not. If it was—then we had better revise our views on serpents!

I have told all I know about the Thing. Now, I will lay all my cards face up upon the table. Smith Warren is dead; his lips are sealed. Neale is still living but was never as close to the creature as were we. True, there are a number from out the ranks of those twenty-five or thirty who have seen the Thing who are still alive. Some of them might come forward in defense of my story—but I shall not ask them to.

I shall never ask any man to put his neck into the noose of ridicule on my behalf. There is one man who has been closer to the Thing than any of us—but he refuses point blank to talk, even to me.

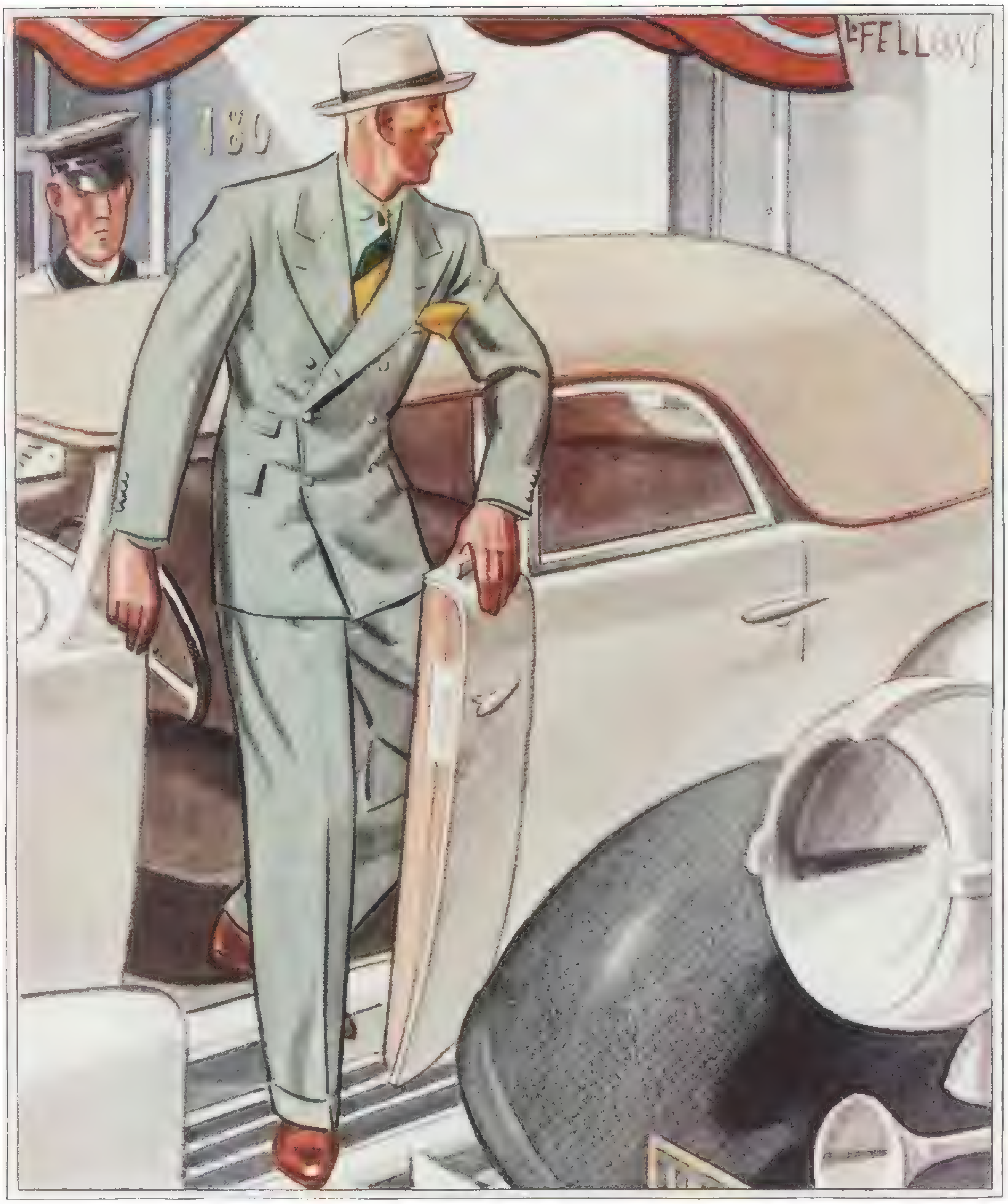
So—there you have it. Just as I wrote earlier—take it or leave it. It is all one to me. Smile if you want to—laugh if you want to. I have taken it before—I can take it again. But, when you laugh, if you do—just remember those old, immortal lines—"There are stranger things," etc. Also, remember one other thing. You have not been out alone upon the sea and seen a monstrous Thing lift up out of the depths and close beside you—you have not felt the baleful stare of those awful eyes—you have not sensed the cold breath of ages past upon you. I have—and that's that. Adios.



EXECUTED IN FABRICS BY COUTRÉ ERMAN

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

THE FABRIC PICTURE FOR COUNTRY WEAR



RECOMMENDED AS A SUMMER OUTFIT FOR GENERAL WEAR

A GABARDINE suit is a good item to select as the foundation on which to build a general summer oufit, as both the jacket and the trousers may be worn in combination with lighter color contrasts. For example this double breasted suit of grey green gabardine, of which the jacket goes very well with either white or fawn colored slacks, while the trousers may be worn effectively in combination with a sport jacket of natural colored linen or silk or of brown checked shetland. In contrast to your winter weight double breasteds, which are almost always made to be worn with only two of the three buttons fastened, this gabardine jacket may be worn with the top button either left open, as shown, or closed, the added adaptability being contributed by the soft handling of the light weight material. Another point worthy of notice is the welt seams on collar, lapels, jacket front and pocket flaps. Note, also, that this coat carries an outside change or ticket pocket, a useful feature for that time of year when you go about minus a topcoat. The back of the coat is perfectly plain, except for a single center vent. As for the accessories, the shirt is of pale green madras, made in the collar-attached style that carries rounded corners which pin up snugly beneath the knot of the tie. This is a shirt model that continues to increase in popularity each summer. This outfit calls for a colorful striped tie—either racing or club colors. A yellow foulard breast pocket handkerchief makes a very good bit against the grey green gabardine suiting. The hat is a natural Optimo crown Panama with a brim sufficiently flat set that it may be worn turned up all around without giving that sappy Lord Fauntleroy look.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N.Y.)

The Richest Man in Spain

Continued from page 56

the chief location of his trade, are mostly made up of rugged mountains with small bays in them, and are so constituted that it is physically impossible to fully police them without, virtually, an army.

Spain's dictator found that March was too smart for him, and so he did what he thought was a clever thing. He believed that the only way to stop March was to get him to work for the government. So he offered him part of the Moroccan tobacco monopoly to supply government factories with tobacco. March accepted—and proceeded to make the most of it. He fixed dictatorship officials so that he obtained an even larger concession that he was supposed to have. At the same time he continued to carry on his smuggling activities, cashing in at both ends. On top of this he was supposed to have sold rifles to Arab tribesmen at a time when Spain was trying to put down an Arab uprising.

This, when it was reported, enraged King Alfonso and Dictator Rivera so much that an order for March's arrest was issued. But Juan heard of it before the *carabineros* could descend upon him. Donning a monk's costume, he jumped into one of his automobiles and told the chauffeur to drive fast to the border of Andorra, the tiny republic resting in the Pyrenees between Spain and France. His departure became known and word flashed to the border to detain him.

Juan March's car stopped at the border with a shriek of brakes before the crossed sabers of police. The police looked into the car and were surprised to see a monk sitting there. They were even more surprised when the monk drew out a packet of one thousand peseta notes, at that time worth over a hundred dollars, and handed one to each of them. They were so stupefied at receiving nearly a year's extra pay in one lump sum that they could merely stand, fascinated, while March's car drove over the border.

Later, from his exile, March made overtures to Alfonso and Primo de Rivera. By dint of promises to be good, protestations of patriotism, and lavish gifts to charity, he made his peace with them and was allowed to return to Spain. Back again, he fortified his interests by establishing the Banco March, a string of banks located all over the Balearics and in several places on the mainland. He purchased several steamship lines, including the profitable company carrying the tourist trade between Barcelona and Majorca. He appeared as the owner of a number of newspapers, and went into several other lines, including real estate.

Meanwhile he kept up his considerable contributions to Alfonso's pet charities, and by so doing nearly won himself a title. It was only Alfonso's downfall that prevented him from getting it. The story is told that during the twenty-four hours which Alfonso spent in deciding to leave Spain and let his country have a bloodless revolution, Juan March offered the King a million dollars to stay and fight it out. March's offer was motivated both by patriotic and financial enthusiasms, for part of his proposition included furnishing arms to those loyal to the King. The offer, no matter how much it may have tempted Alfonso, was rejected.

The Republic came into power in 1931 and began with greater effort to shut down on March's smuggling activities, which he now resumed with gusto. The Socialist political head, Premier Manuel Azaña, meant business, and was out for March's blood. March had to find a way to prevent his arrest, which daily became more imminent as the charges of illicit business methods were thoroughly investigated.

A member of the National Cortes, Spain's congress, is immune to arrest, so March had himself elected to the Cortes as a representative from the Balearics. This protected him for nearly a year, but it didn't stop Azaña. The Premier was cleaning house with a vengeance, and in the early part of 1932 he managed to get March banished from the Cortes. He was then clapped into jail.

For eighteen months Juan March remained in jail without trial, an old Spanish custom. He pulled every wire he could, but for a time, because enthusiasm for the new republic was running high, they did him no good. Undoubtedly he could have bribed himself out, but it didn't suit him at the time to do this; he wanted to get out vindicated, with no charges hanging over his head. He carried on his extensive business interests from his cell, purchased more powerful newspapers which published continuous eulogies of himself, and waited.

In the middle of 1933 his wires began to reach what he wanted. He had himself elected to the Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees, a commission which judges the acts of government officials. March was then officially investigating the politics of the man who put him in jail!

In retaliation, and from fear that he might escape, he was transferred from an ordinary federal jail to the impregnable Alcalá de Hinares, just outside Madrid, known as the strongest jail in Spain.

His power, however, now was sufficient to make itself felt in the changing political circles of Spain. He directed from his new jail cell a campaign against Azaña's revolutionary tactics and gained control of the entire Madrid press for a barrage against the Premier's policies. March aligned himself with Lerroux, who loomed as the conservative premier. One paper printed, "The nation looks for salvation to Senor Lerroux and Juan March." March himself said, "Either this republic swings conservative or there will be no republic."

Azaña's cabinet fell and Lerroux came into power. In the elections which brought him there, March again, because votes are particularly cheap in Majorca, had himself elected to the Cortes. His henchmen, in making election speeches for him in his absence, used as an argument that he had been a great friend of King Alfonso. Majorcans were ready to vote for him, anyway, for to them Juan March is something of a hero, a romantic figure, one of themselves who has become a great man. When asked what they think of him a gleam, which expresses their admiration, comes to their eyes, they shrug their shoulders, and say, "Oh, yes, he is a bad man, but he has been prosecuted enough."

Last November March's status had reached the stage where he had become Spain's richest man, a high government official with two important positions, yet at the same time he remained in jail with serious charges to be pressed against him at some vague, future time. The Lerroux government, sympathetic to him, did not last, and a new cabinet could not afford to overlook these charges. They had to be brought, however indefinitely. March very probably could have waited for his trial and beaten it, but he was tired of jail, his health was failing due to the confinement, and he wanted to get out.

On the night of November third, his cell was unlocked and, in company with one of the minor wardens, he walked out the front door of the strongest jail in Spain where a car, with a friend and a physician, was waiting. Taking the warden with them, they started the long drive to the southern border leading across to Gibraltar.

Again his escape was discovered and word flashed ahead to stop him. The border became infested with customs officials and police, but many of them may have been eager for the assignment in view of the chances for a fat March tip. At all events March's car passed over into Gibraltar, still carrying the jail warden, and March, weak and indisposed after the gruelling trip, put up at a comfortable hotel. He was not so ill that he could not receive friends who called, some of whom were monarchists who had fled Spain when the Republic came in.

The reaction to this second escape was of a double nature. The individual Spaniard, reading about it as he sat at his cafe, exclaimed with delight, "Olé! Juanito has pulled it off again!" March's character as a successful rapscallion on a large scale appeals to the Spaniard's sharp sense of the adventurous. The official inquiry began with Martinez Hernaiz, Chief Night Jailer at the Acalá de Hinares, who explained, "I let him go because he wasn't feeling well and I was sorry for him." He didn't mention any other reasons.

The investigation and outcry did not stop there. Because of March's easy escape, Juan Botella Asensi, the Minister of Justice, was forced to resign, and Premier Martinez Barrios, who had replaced Lerroux in the fast-changing Spanish government, called also for the resignation of others responsible. Within a few months March had created a crisis in two Spanish cabinets, causing the downfall of one and a shake-up in another.

For several more months he rested abroad, going by ship from Gibraltar to France, where he issued the statement that he would return to Spain "when it is again a liveable country." By this he meant that he would consider his next step when the Cortes voted upon the standing of his second election as a deputy, which wasn't legal until approved by the congressional body. Late in January the vote was put, and the minority of his opposition was shown by 181 votes in his favor and 53 against. The more important question of whether or not the chamber would permit him to take his seat was decided by a vote of 186 for him and 54 against.

Spain's beloved, but greatest, public enemy has returned to his homeland, secure in one office that exempts him from every judicial tribunal in the country and immune from arrest in a second office that safeguards his liberty of speech and action.

Golf Goes Simple-Minded

Continued from page 77

hit-and-run instruction the basis of the book he intended to write. Kirkwood's idea is that what ruins golf shots is the inability to relax. He maintains that the notion of golf being the science of a lifetime has terrified into hopeless futility the player who desires to enjoy a pastime instead of a humiliating and losing struggle with a mysterious subject.

After writing pages and pages of notes with the intention of making golf so natural that the tendency to stiffen and be scared was minimized, Kirkwood tried out his findings on himself. That is, he tested his theory by arguing himself into a temperamental resistance to the frightening and freezing thoughts that come to a man or woman whose mind is active and susceptible to the impression that it requires superhuman ability to stroke a golf ball precisely.

The result was that Kirkwood became in 1933 one of the leading tournament players. He tied for ninth place in the United States National Open, tied for fourteenth place in the British National Open, was winner of the Canadian and North and South Opens and high in the money in every other event in which he competed.

But what happened to Mr. Kirkwood's book which was to teach the secret of satisfactory golf to the aspirants? He made the mistake of simplifying it down to the point where it did an astonishingly successful job of reducing the scores of the readers on whom he tried the manuscript. When he got through with this simplification, there weren't enough pages of manuscript to make a book of sufficient size to sell for a couple of dollars or more. So, with no prospect of the book bringing in enough money to justify the time he already had spent on it, Kirkwood laid the book idea aside and flew off with Sarazen to South America.

I am inclined to believe that Kirkwood's conclusion that people hesitate to pay for simple and effective golf lessons but want their instruction as frightful as a voodoo rite has been accurate enough to have figured in misleading many of the professionals into pseudo-scientific complications.

For several years past women have taken almost 70% of the golf instruction given by professionals. The women want results. Men amateurs have been content to pick up enough from professional instruction to qualify them to sit around locker-rooms complaining about the failure of professional instruction and guessing up new mistakes.

Estimates credit women with being responsible for almost 40% of the number of rounds of golf played last year. The new leisure is no novelty to the women. They took time for bridge to give them garden-hose bulges above and below their girdles, and then had to take time for golf to break down the tallow acquired by their sedentary living.

But women do not appear to have any time to waste buying something that doesn't exhibit value to them. That feminine trait probably has been more responsible than any other factor for the crystallization of professional interest in instruction.

Currently, the professionals who have outstanding reputations as instructors are those who have devoted considerable attention to teaching women. Of the widely known playing professionals Tommy Armour, Olin Dutra, Horton Smith and Willie Macfarlane have by far the greater part of their instruction time commanded by female pupils. Ernest Jones, professional at the Women's National club, is rated by most professionals one of the most competent of instructors and naturally all of his lessons during the summer are given to women. In the winter, his indoor school services are in brisk demand by men who want to get value rather than speculative theory for their money. Possibly the influence of women's interest in golf instruction is best summed up in a remark made to me by an unchivalrous professional who said, "Dames are so damn dumb it takes a smart guy to teach them."

The progress of women's golf instruction has not been speedy or smooth but it has been far more effective than the instruction given to men. One needs only to compare the consistent excellence of golf at the Women's national championships with the astonishing spottiness of the males at their national amateur championships to note the superior soundness of the pro-trained women as contrasted with the male amateurs who are to a fairly extensive degree, self-taught.

But in learning how to teach women many a professional lost his job. In attempting to correct the swing of some young lady, at the chest section of whose garment were a couple of honey-dew bulges, the professionals' hands were liable to give indications of being non-professionally familiar, in which case the pro either was rebuked or invited to share a drink. In either case, the ultimate result was the loss of his contract. It was not long, however, before the women pupils began coming to the lesson tee in such numbers that the professionals were able to master the fine art of discretion.

The professionals have taught the women a lot of golf, but the women have taught the professionals a lot about the fine points of establishing reputations as instructors and selling professional service.

Golf professionals suffer from a lack of the scientific esprit de corps whereby one scientist becomes a valuable apologist for the mistakes of other scientists. When a pupil took golf lessons and did not show a prompt and positive improvement in the game, other professionals have been in the habit of cheering the unhappy patient with the explanation that failure was not due to the pupil's physical or temperamental shortcomings but to the ignorance of the instructor. With the pros generally following that practice, it was to be expected that their golf instruction decreased. They had some excuse for this as hundreds of orderlies in golf call themselves doctors and operate ignorantly on any patient. How much more beneficial to the common cause is the method of an accredited doctor consoling the relatives of some corpse that had been under a colleague's care. The doctor always will keep alive faith in doctors by saying to the kin of the late lamented that the deceased was given the best of medical or surgical care by "a very good man on compound post-prandial gastrectomy."

It was the women talking about their golf instruction in the same manner as they talked about their operations that finally tipped off the golf professionals. It dawned on the pros that if they were going to be scientists in a science of a lifetime, it was high time they began to get qualified and identified on a scientific basis instead of permitting the traditional empirical method of instruction to be practiced by unlicensed practitioners.

This licensing of approved instructors is an essential phase of the Professional Golfers' Association recently announced plan of "inquiring into the fundamental principles and mechanical laws of the golf swing." The quoted phrase George Jacobus, president of the pro organization, has set forth as defining the object of the professionals' present collective enterprise rather than "standardized instruction" as the newspaper reports have had it.

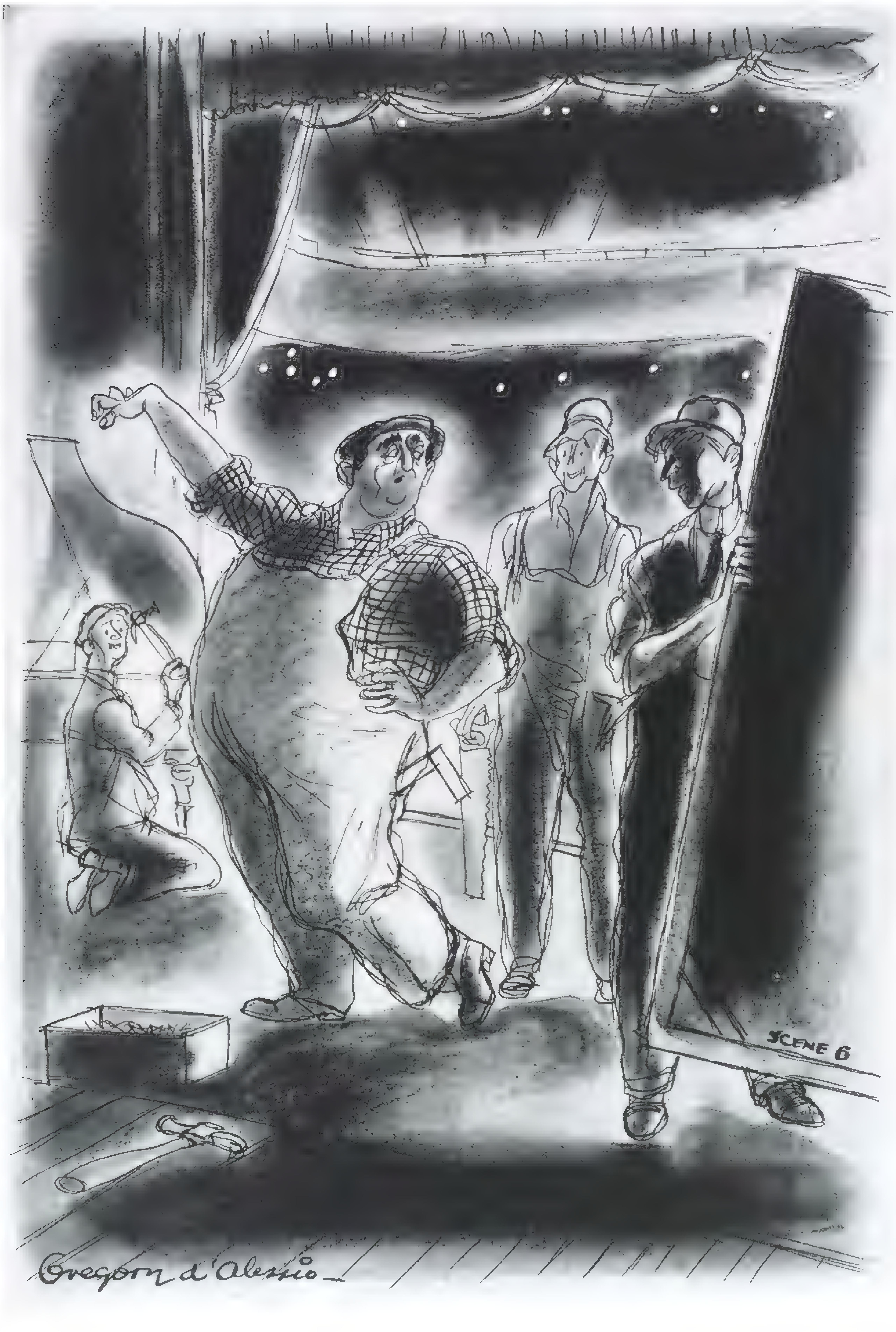
Jacobus, the first American-born fellow to head the professionals' governing body, stresses in outlining this instruction research plan to his colleagues, that "the professional must continue to carefully analyze the distinctive qualifications of each pupil and develop in each an individual style," and "continue to use his own individual methods in developing his pupils and guiding them into a proper style."

The United States Golf Association has endorsed the idea. Its president, the professional organization's president, about 150 professionals who are considered by their professional colleagues to be superior instructors, doctors, engineers and even the golf writers who ghost the instruction books are to labor in an effort to find out how the brilliantly intellectual men or women, the captains of finance, the leaders of society, Londos, Tunney and others, can hit a golf ball so it will go like it does when it is hit by some swarthy urchin who doesn't know that hitting the golf ball is the science of a lifetime.

It is a very noble experiment in unscrambling and of interest to those who are of a disposition to take their golf as fun, not as a perpetual problem to add to the many problems of making a living which drive people to golf in hope of tranquility.

The promotion of simplified, resultful instruction of course will not have easy going. There are professionals who would rather lose money each year and preserve a high opinion of themselves as superior and scientific guys than to make money by broadcasting the popularizing notion that golf is so simple that even a pro can learn it.

The majority of the golf pros, however are engaging in this effort to simplify the game, the complexities of which they have been preaching for the last 25 years. It probably will take them a couple of years until they get in accord enough to put down "Let God equal X," but anyway, they are trying to make golf fun for the folks who would like to go around the course in some figure less than the government's annual budget.


SCENE 6
Gregory d'Alessio

" . . . and when he does this, I could sock him"

Lady in the Rain

Continued from page 78

"Come in the other room and sit by the fire," she said. "Your clothes still are wet."

I sat in an easy chair and she gave me a cigarette and lighted it for me. Then she got me a cognac. She sat on a hassock and put her chin on her knees and looked up at me. I looked at the end of my cigarette and into my glass and around the room but I had to give up. I looked into her eyes and that same feeling hit me.

"What do you plan to do with your life?" she asked.

I sipped the cognac and inhaled some smoke and felt the fire warming my back.

"Hang onto it," I said.

"And then?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"What would you like to do?" she asked.

"Keep on traveling," I said. "There's places will stand another tourist. Berlin, Vienna, Norway and Portugal. I have a feeling if I went to Norway people'd say hello to me and be glad to see me. I don't want to ever go to France again because people there still have a notion the A. E. F. was on the Germans' side."

She smiled and wrapped her arms around her knees and nodded her head.

"And Holland," she said, "and Spain and the country in the Pyrenees where they're neither French nor Spanish but more charming and hospitable than either."

"And Liechtenstein," I said. "I don't know why, but I want to see that place."

"You'd love it," she said. "I've been there."

Her face wasn't so white anymore. Her cheeks were flushed and she was smiling, not only with her lips but with her eyes.

"She's the most beautiful thing you ever saw," I told myself. "Keep on looking at her because pretty soon this will all be over and you'll be walking around in the rain talking to yourself and won't believe she happened."

She didn't say anything. I looked at her until my cigarette burned down to my finger and I threw it in the fireplace and started looking at her again.

"Let's go there," she said.

"Where?" I asked.

She had her hands on the hassock and it seemed she was ready to jump up. Her eyes were full of excitement.

"Anywheres," she said. "Norway. I know the people will say hello and be nice to us."

"Hold on, now, lady," I said. "You're talking phone numbers."

"No, I'm not," she said. "I mean it."

"What you mean doesn't make sense," I said.

"Yes, it does," she said. "I have money. I have lots of money."

"And me," I said, "I haven't."

She put her hands together and bounced on the hassock.

"We'll be married," she said.

I got out of the chair.

"Will we?" I asked.

The smile left her face and she looked startled. It was as if she'd awakened from a dream.

"Why not marry me?" she asked. "We'll have fun. I've so wanted to have fun."

"Listen, sister," I said, "I don't know what your game is, but deal me out."

Her face was anxious and her voice was almost pleading.

"It isn't a game," she said.

"I don't care if it's a racket," I said, "I'm still just a kibitzer."

"Why won't you do it?" she asked.

"Well," I said to myself, "why won't you?"

I didn't know the answer; not exactly anyway. The main thing was I'd just met her and I was broke and she had money and why in hell should she make a proposition like that unless there was something fishy about it? And if there wasn't anything fishy about it, why should I get myself married to a woman I didn't know anything about? I'm not the kind of a fellow that, when the big chance comes, says, "Okay, count me in." No, I'm the kind that starts looking around for the piece of string.

"Don't be silly, sister," I said. "I wasn't born yesterday."

Her hands dropped to her lap and the color went out of her face. Her eyes were shiny and hard again. She looked into the fire for awhile, then got up. She went into another room and when she came out she was dressed for the street.

"I said you might have a bed," she said, "and you may. In there."

She pointed.

There were a lot of things I wanted to say but all I could say was to ask her where she was going.

"I'm going where I was going when I met you," she said.

She walked to the door and put her hand on the knob and hesitated a minute. Then she opened it and I could hear the rain and wind outside. She went out and the door slammed behind her.

I met her a week later standing in front of a department store.

"Hello," I said.

She turned her eyes toward me, but she didn't seem to see me.

"Hello," she said.

"I've been trying to find you," I said.

"Yes?" she said. "Why?"

I got confused.

"Well," I said, "a minute after you left that night I changed my mind. I wanted to find you and tell you so."

She started pulling on a long black glove.

"I haven't the slightest idea of what you're talking about," she said.

A man came out of the store carrying two packages.

"Come on," he said to her.

He was a big man with a fat face and greasy black eyes. On his hands and knees he would have looked like a toad.

She followed him to a large car and a chauffeur drove them away.

I watched the car until it turned a corner and I felt like I do when I get indigestion, only the feeling was in my heart.

"Even if you go to Norway," I said to myself, "and the people say hello to you and act as if they're glad to see you, you still wouldn't enjoy it."

The Last Carnival

Continued from page 27

> "We cannot withhold our admiration of this industry, which week after week, year after year, provides the world's picture houses with a never failing supply of entertainment. By what men do with their leisure we must judge to what extent civilization has been a success. . . . There are four main uses of leisure, the first is idleness: the second is entertainment; the third, physical recreation, and the fourth, intellectual improvement."

The vanguard of civilization applauded without reserve.

There is a Breakfast Club near Hollywood, at which the members and their invited guests arrive at what Senator James Reed called "an unearthly hour." Between seven and eight in the morning, the numerous members and guests put their arms about each other and sway from side to side at the table, singing a ditty called, "O, You Ham and Eggs!"

When Vice President Curtis visited California, he was entertained lavishly. The climax of his visit was a speech which he delivered at a banquet at which the temporary film immortals were given yearly medals. The speech, longer than the depression, was said to have been written by a member of a studio publicity department.

Like most writers, I am often invited to dinners which I do not wish to attend. Knowing as I do that most people only wish to meet an ex-hobo who has become a writer, I indulge in poses which keep alive the legend that a rather bored and melancholy author is quite a hell of a fellow.

The telephone rang on a recent day. A well known motion picture star explained that there was to be a gathering of film notables at her house. Would I attend?

I instructed the girl to ask the famous cinema lady for a guest list.

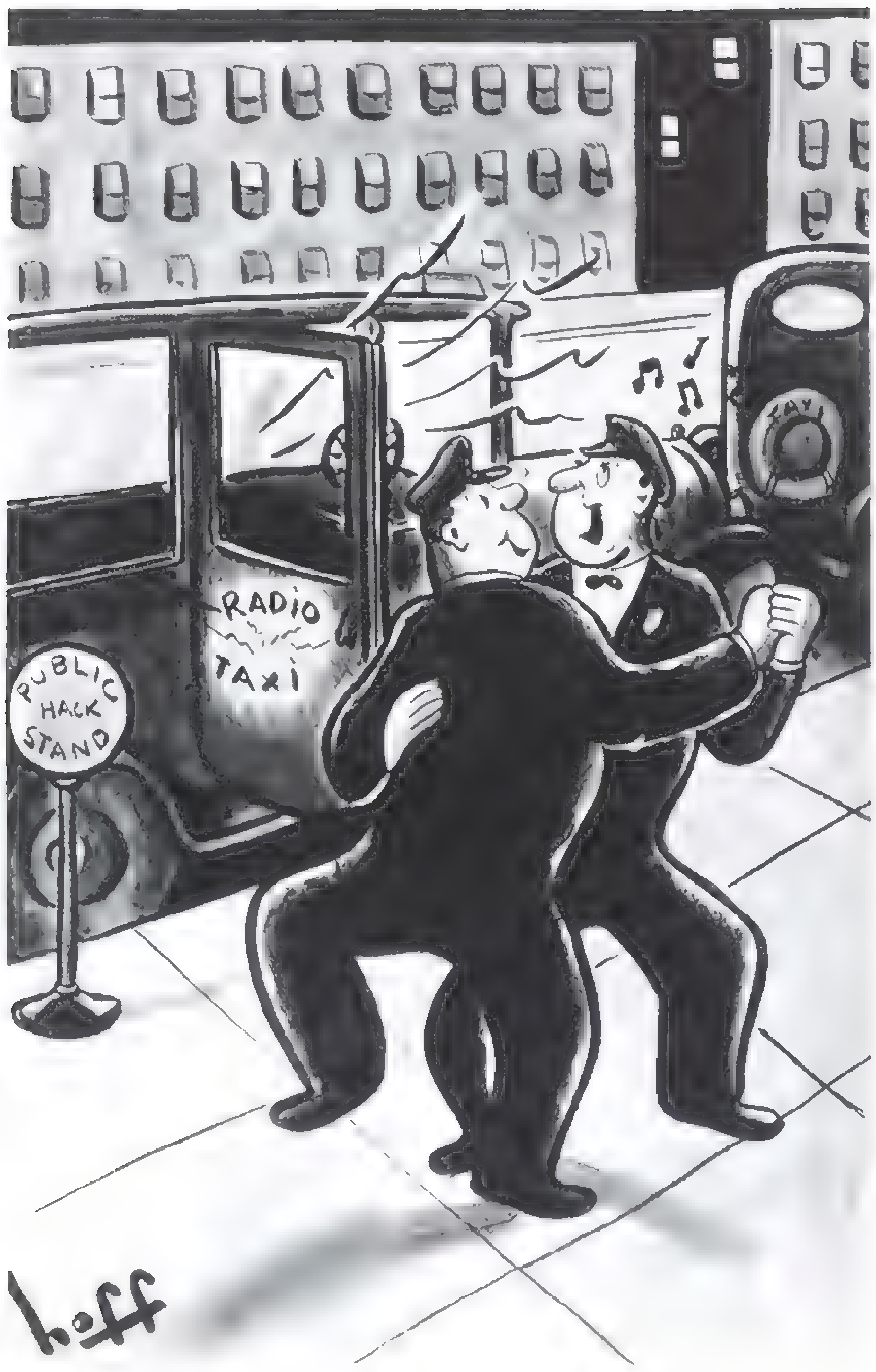
There came a quick gasp, and then silence. The story soon spread that an ex-hobo was actually demanding a guest list.

Having long been called "the most hated man in Hollywood," my innate pity for even the most shallow of mortals, leaves no room for hatred in my soul. The phrase originated with my friend, James Quirk, who during his little day was the self-chosen guardian of the films. I had called him "the Mencken of the morons" in an eastern journal. A kindly man, he stood with his pen coiled, ready to spring at me until the day he died.

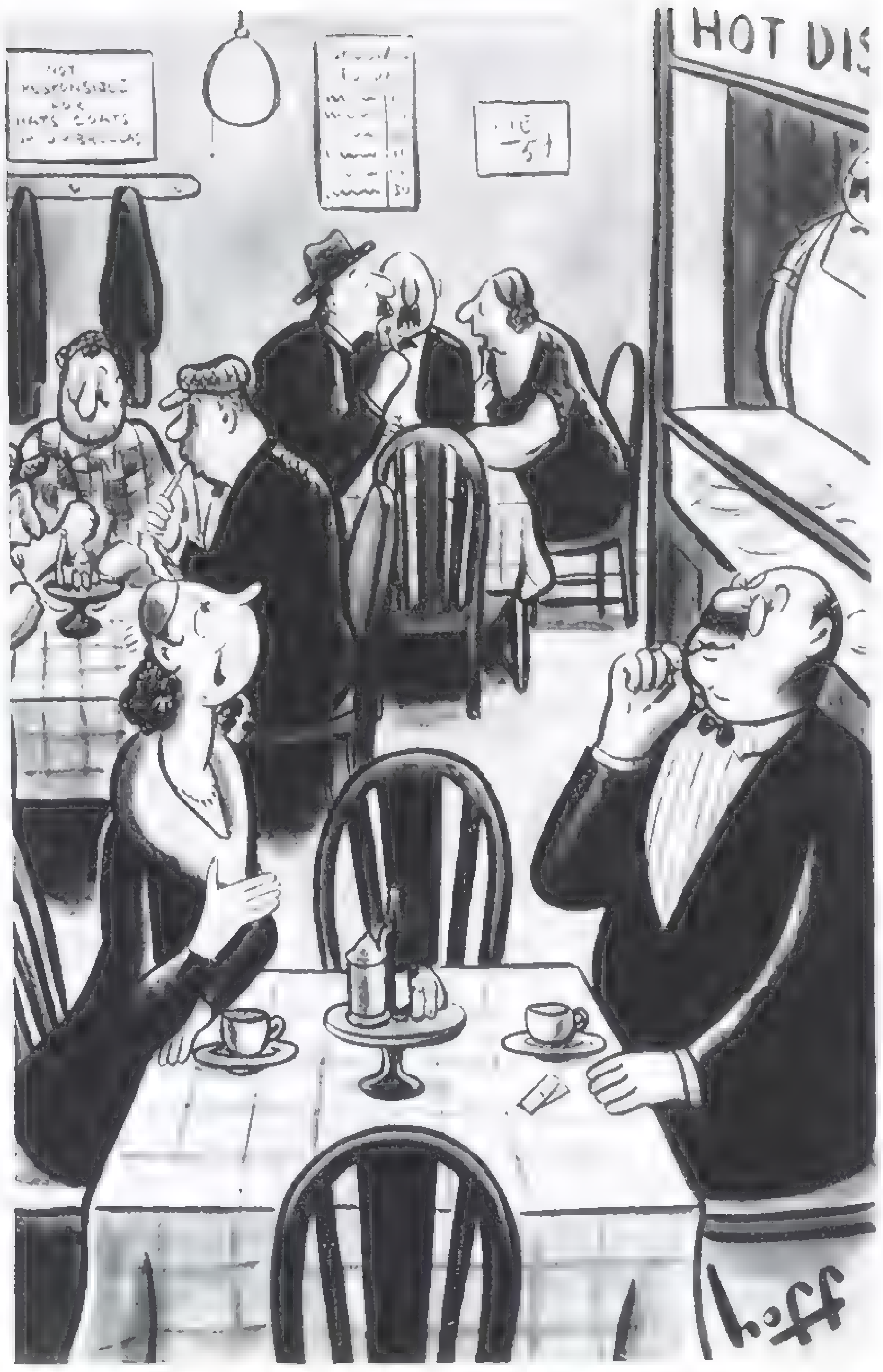
There was no personal animus between us. We often spilled liquor together. May his volatile shade in its tomb rejoice.

The leading citizen of Hollywood has long been Charles Spencer Chaplin. Without question, one of the world's great panto-

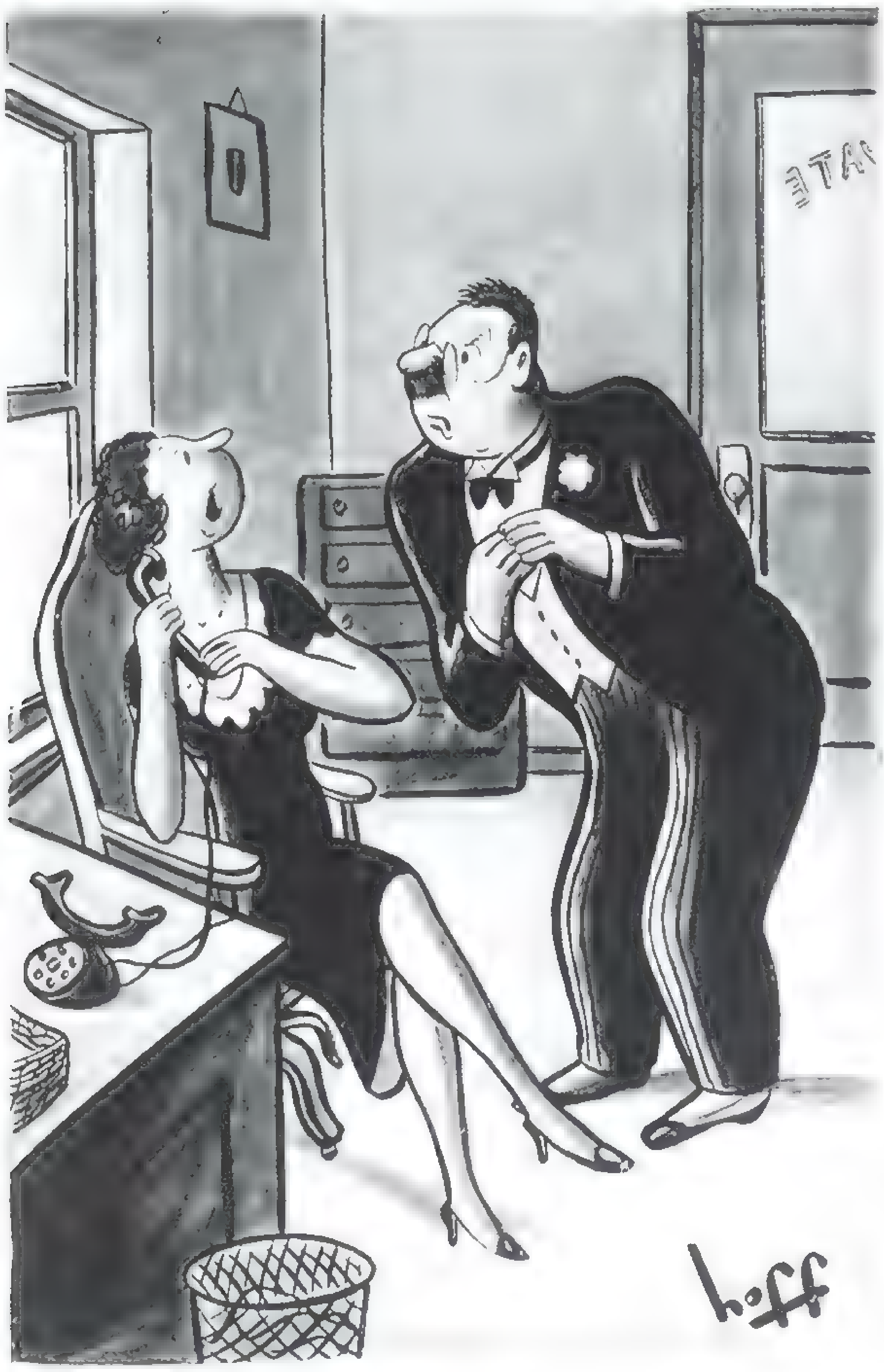
Continued on page 102


RADIO
TAXI
PUBLIC HACK STAND
TAXI

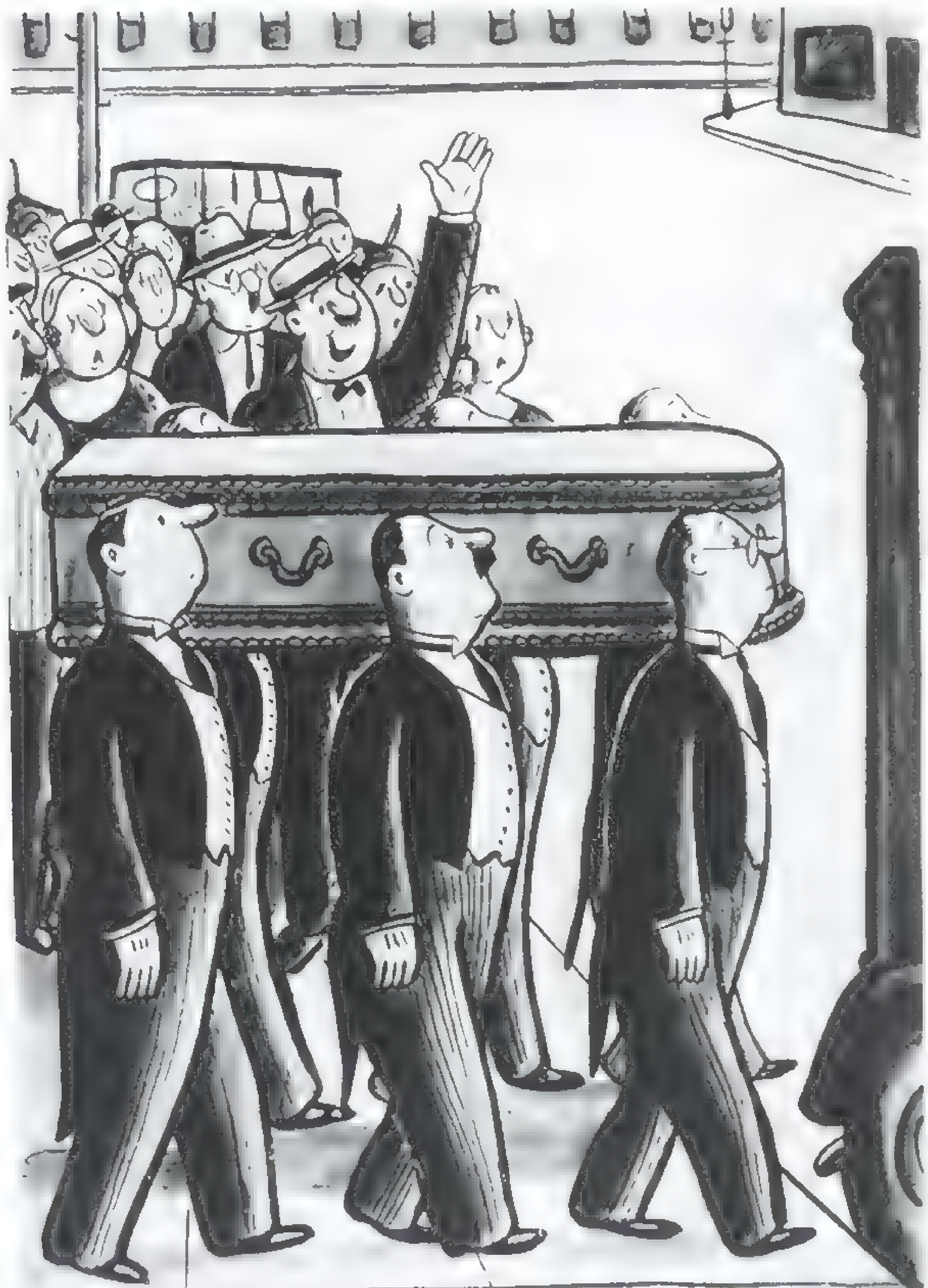
"——hi, dee, di——ho, dee, ho——!"



"This is all so beautiful, Mr. Kabat"



"Well, your wife's on the phone—now do I get my raise?"



"So long, punk!"

Strike-Pay

Continued from page 55

its neck nearly pulled from the socket.

Ephraim went home vaguely impressed with the sense of death, and loss, and strife. Death was loss greater than his own, the strike was a battle greater than that he would presently have to fight.

He arrived home at seven o'clock, just when it had fallen dark. He lived in Queen Street with his young wife, to whom he had been married two months, and with his mother-in-law, a widow of sixty-four. Maud was the last child remaining unmarried, the last of eleven.

Ephraim went up the entry. The light was burning in the kitchen. His mother-in-law was a big, erect woman, with wrinkled loose face, and cold blue eyes. His wife was also large, with very vigorous fair hair, frizzy like unravelled rope. She had a quiet way of stepping, a certain cat-like stealth, in spite of her large build. She was five months pregnant.

"Might we ask wheer you've been to?" inquired Mrs. Marriott, very erect, very dangerous. She was only polite when she was very angry.

"I'n bin ter th' match."

"Oh, indeed!" said the mother-in-law. "And why couldn't we be told as you thought of jaunting off?"

"I didna know mysen," he answered, sticking to his broad Derbyshire.

"I suppose it popped into your mind, an' so you darted off," said the mother-in-law dangerously.

"I didna. It wor Chris Smitheringale who exed me."

"An' did you take much invitin'?"

"I didna want ter go."

"But wasn't there enough man beside your jacket to say no?"

He did not answer. Down at the bottom he hated her. But he was, to use his own words, all messed up with having lost his strike-pay and with knowing the man was dead. So he was more helpless before his mother-in-law, whom he feared. His wife neither looked at him, nor spoke, but kept her head bowed. He knew she was with her mother.

"Our Maud's been waitin' for some money, to get a few things," said the mother-in-law.

In silence, he put five-and-sixpence on the table.

"Take that up, Maud," said the mother.

Maud did so.

"You'll want it for us board, shan't you?" she asked, furtively, of her mother.

"Might I ask if there's nothing you want to buy yourself, first?"

"No, there's nothink I want," answered the daughter.

Mrs. Marriott took the silver and counted it.

"And do you," she said, towering upon the shrinking son, but speaking slowly and statelily, "think I'm going to keep you and your wife for five-and-sixpence a week?"

"It's a' I've got," he answered, sulkily.

"You've had a good jaunt, my sirs, if it's cost four-and-sixpence. You've started your game early, haven't you?"

He did not answer.

"It's a nice thing! Here's our Maud an' me been sitting since eleven o'clock this morning! Dinner waiting and cleared away, tea waiting and washed up; then in he comes crawling with five-and-sixpence. Five-and-sixpence for a man an' wife's board for a week, if you please!"

Still he did not say anything.

"You must think something of yourself, Ephraim Wharmby!" said his mother-in-law. "You must think something of yourself. You suppose, do you, *I'm* going to keep you an' your wife, while you make a holiday, off on the nines to Nottingham, drink an' women."

"I've neither had drink nor women, as you know right well," he said.

"I'm glad we know summat about you. For you're that close, anybody'd think we was foreigners to you. You're a pretty little jockey, aren't you? Oh, it's a gala time for you, the strike is. That's all men strike for, indeed. They enjoy themselves, they do that. Ripping and racing and drinking, from morn till night, my sirs!"

"Is there ony tea for me?" he asked, in a temper.

"Hark at him! Hark-ye! Should I ask you whose house you think you're in? Kindly order me about, do. Oh, it makes him bug, the strike does. See him land home after being out on the spree for hours, and give his orders, my sirs! Oh, Strike sets the men up, it does. Nothing have they to do but guzzle and gallivant to Nottingham. Their wives'll keep them, oh yes. So long as they get something to eat at home, what more do they want! What more *should* they want, prithee? Nothing! Let the women and children starve and scrape, but fill the man's belly, and let him have his fling. My sirs, indeed, I think so! Let tradesmen go—what do they matter! Let rent go. Let children get what they can catch. Only the man will see *he's* all right. But not here, though!"

"Are you goin' ter gi'e me ony bloody tea?"

His mother-in-law started up.

"If tha dares ter swear at me, I'll lay thee flat."

"Are yer—goin' ter—gi'e me—any blasted rotten, cossed, bloody tea?" he bawled, in a fury, accenting every other word deliberately.

"Maud!" said the mother-in-law, cold and stately, "if you gi'e him any tea after that, you're a trollops." Whereupon she sailed out to her other daughter's.

Maud quietly got the tea ready.

"Shall y'ave your dinner warmed up?" she asked.

"Ay."

She attended to him. Not that she was really meek. But—he was *her* man, not her mother's.

Sailor to Squire

Continued from page 61

these days, and no artist worthy of the name will deign to work on a leg, arm or bosom that is hairless.

Tattoo is not for the aged, colored or weak. A man's hide toughens as he gets older, until at fifty he is positively a pachyderm with skin that will break needles by the dozen. Tattooers don't like 'em old. The best age is from 18 to 35, for it is then that skin is smooth, thin and fairly tender.

Negroes cannot be successfully tattooed because their flesh welts easily. This pellicle peculiarity accounts for the apparently horrible scars blacks sometimes bear. Actually, even the slightest scratch will leave a weal.

Weaklings cannot stand tattoo because of the mental torment involved. Modern electric tattoo equipment has removed much physical pain from the experience, but the anticipatory and post-operative anguish of mind is harrowing. Sex-psychologists have unpleasant theories to explain this, but tattooers call it simply lack of guts.

Regret, by the way, will not remove ink from beneath your skin. Removal requires surgery or an extremely long and painful session with the tattoo needles again. With either method you'll wear a weird scar forever afterward. Yet, oddly enough, most men who have once been tattooed return for further decoration. Some, of course, conquer this appetite in time . . . others go on and on and finally secure lucrative positions as side-show attractions.

Surcharging is used extensively as a means of obliterating tattoo. It consists simply of placing a new design over an old one. If, as and when you weary of the can-can dancer on your tummy, or are jilted by the girl whose initials decorate your wrist, you can have pants put on the dancer and slap the word "Void" over the initials, providing both pictorial variety and a sort of vicarious revenge.

You may be pleased to learn that tattoo is not expensive. Simple figures, such as wristbands, crests, names and single heads cost but two or three dollars. Nudes and full-length portraits are five dollars each, and prices for combination designs are in proportion. A masterpiece like the aforementioned fox-hunt, or the Last Supper, runs into money, of course, but it is possible to have fully one-third of your buff made educational and entrancing for an expenditure of less than a hundred dollars . . . little enough to pay for the privilege of being a perapatetic art gallery.

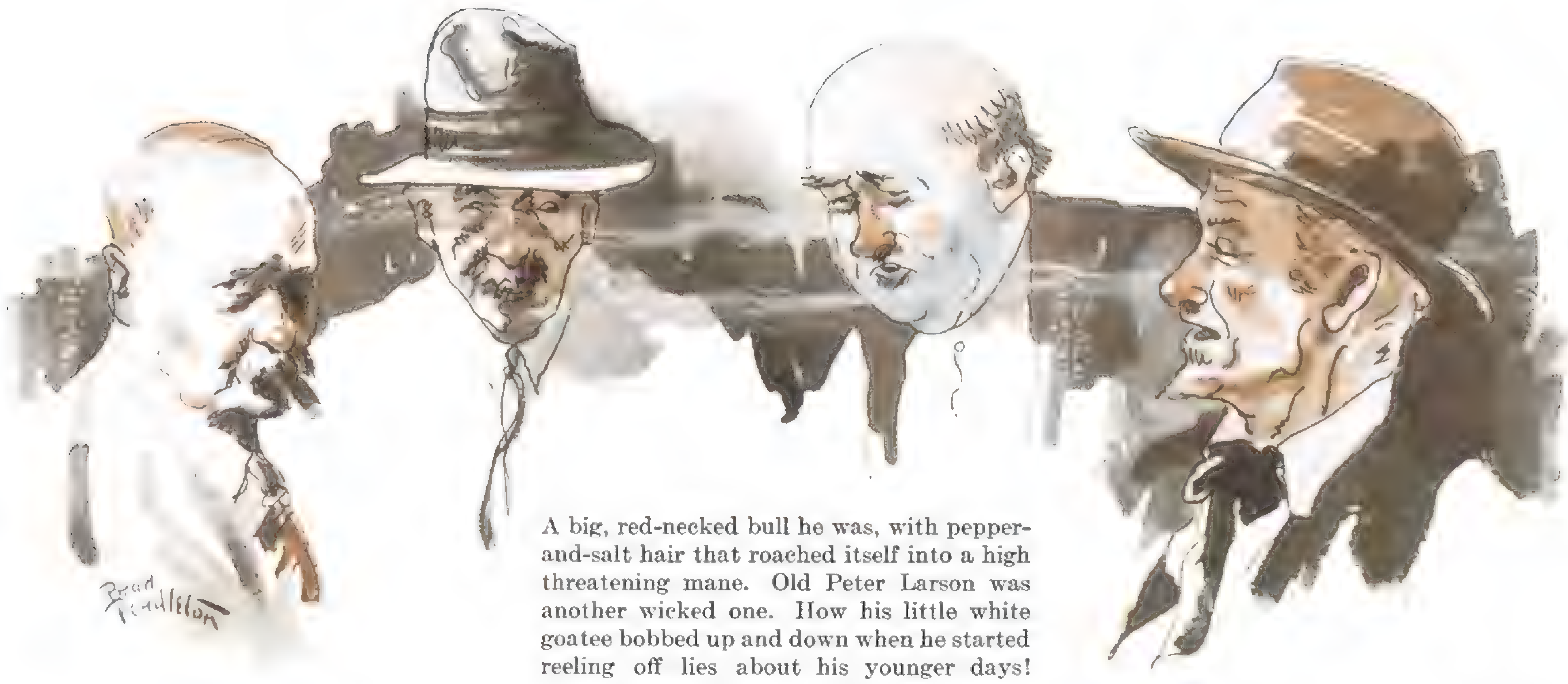
For that matter, you can do your own tattooing if you wish. Most designs are traced upon the skin through celluloid stencils, little free-hand skill is required of the operator. Prof. Waters and other supply distributors will sell you an entire tattoo studio for as little as $14 . . . and teach you technique gratis. When tired of tattooing yourself, your wife, your children and the neighbors, you can use the same equipment for animal marking and jewelry engraving. In this, it has been suggested, may lie the solution to our national unemployment.

Tattoo will have really arrived when you, sir, are as proud of the Blue Eagle on your chest as Joe McGurk, AB - USN., now is of the nautch girl on his left ham.

The Silver Drinking Set

Story of a pathetic attempt to rub the tarnish of marriage off a bright friendship of bachelors

by DON WRIGHT



THE trade called Amos Wynn a good chicken man. He knew his birds from beak to tail-tip. His hens took prizes in the State Egg-Laying Contests. His cockerels were vigorous. "The result," said Amos, smacking his thin lips together with a sound very much like a brood hen's cluck, "the result is a lively chick—a chick that I can guarantee. No White Diarrhea—no *sir!* Every hen is state-tested and leg-banded, by the Holy Black Minorca."

Amos clucked again, and his smile betrayed a broad expanse of gums as red as a healthy cock's comb. Then he held up the squat black bottle for a second and brought it down upon the tippy table with a bang. "Come on, you two-bottle men. Hold your glasses high, and don't say 'when' till they overflow." The quick little eyes sparkled. The short gray bristles seemed to stand out from the red wrinkled brow at a sharper angle. Amos poured the proffered glasses full. He was never so happy as when he was entertaining "the boys" in his big bare boarding-house room. Yes, it was good to be in town of a night. The fellows at the breeding farms were a solemn sort—but that was good business. A jolly boss should have steady hands and riotous friends. Amos scanned the faces gathered around the table. There weren't four more precious rascals in the chicken business.

Mr. Hal Graham was a quiet-spoken little fellow, it was true, but one shouldn't be fooled by a black suit and a high white collar. George Nelson—there was the boy for stories. Where he got them and how he could remember them there was no telling. A big, red-necked bull he was, with pepper-and-salt hair that roached itself into a high threatening mane. Old Peter Larson was another wicked one. How his little white goatee bobbed up and down when he started reeling off lies about his younger days! Con Donaughey was the fourth. He *was* a first-class drinking man. He could put a pousse-café right down on top of a horse's neck, top it off with three straights of bourbon, and down a quart of beer for a chaser. He could do all this, mind you, and sit there and drive a deal with you that would skin you out of your eye teeth. A gay old boy—fat, greasy Con Donaughey, with boil scars all over his neck and blackheads all over his face. Good as gold, though, Con—you could draw on him for any amount in a pinch, though you'd better not try to trade with him.

A talented crowd—no doubt about it. If the roof should fall in, the chicken business would go to pot in *that* town the next day. Here they all were, getting drunk as lords, gassing and gabbling their heads off. Amos reflected. Well, I'll get them just so drunk, and then I'll spring the big surprise. Won't they squawk and cackle? The old master mated at last. The Widow Ross—nothing less! They've all met her off and on these five years, and not one of them has suspected.

"Now, you fellows, listen to me—I got something more important to talk about than chickens. Shut up, Donaughey. You can sing afterwards—if you feel like it then. Different guys take things different." There was a hush. The flushed faces all turned inquiringly. They floated in a level sea of smoke. Amos felt suddenly giddy. He went to the window unsteadily and opened it. The four men seated at the table followed him with their eyes. Amos turned abruptly, determined to have it over with as soon as might be. Standing, he faced them, trying to make his bulky little body as tall as he could. He knew that his trousers and vest were parting company, and he buttoned his coat in front of his paunch.

"Listen, you guys," he cried loudly, as if he were angry, "I'm going to get married!"

Silence for a moment—then, snorts, groans, curses, cat-calls. The four men got to their feet somehow and crowded around Amos, badgering him. "It's a lie, and I can prove it!" shouted Con Donaughey. "Who would have you?" inquired Hal Graham, in his rasping, high voice. Big Nelson howled with mirth, making obscene gestures and calling on the heavenly powers to witness. Old Man Larson laughed continuously in a quavering treble, "He-he, he-he, he-he-hee." Amos finally made them understand that he was serious. Widow Ross had accepted him and he was going to leave his big bare room. He would live at the old Ross house out on Columbus Street. The men were suddenly sobered. Sheepish apologies followed. Half-hearted congratulations — congratulations that sounded like condolences. Cigar stubs lay unheeded; whiskey stood untouched in the glasses.

Amos began slowly to realize the enormity of his crime. Were the good times over indeed? Was this to be the end? Why should it be the end? Lydia was a jolly sort—a hail-fellow-well-met, you might say. Yes, you might say it. No other woman like her—not a doubt of that. Took her toddy with the best of them. Was as skittish as you could wish her to be—not too skittish, of course. A good, sensible sort. Why, she

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The Last Carnival

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mimists, he often delves into subjects too deep for his capacity. Early given mental indigestion by such fellows as Frank Harris and Max Eastman, he took all they had to say as seriously as Doctor Johnson did the justice of Almighty God.

His baptism of bitterness in boyhood left him thwarted and confused. Unemotional and without sentiment, he is one of the greatest masters of pathos on the screen. With self-interest and self-pity the predominating forces in his life, there is a blending of the eagle and the deer, and a wide streak of ham in his make-up.

A man worth millions, he bewails the wrongs of the poor in the parlors of the rich. A socialist in the abstract, human misery only serves to recall the agonies of his boyhood, and leaves him otherwise unmoved.

With an actor's conception of economics, he is quite unaware of the vast forces that make it possible for a child to obtain twenty-five cents with which to be regaled by him. Being a great mimic, he would be able to explain Einstein's Fourth Dimension in such a manner that people less astute than himself would consider him a mathematical genius. It is possible that the explanation might befuddle Einstein, who convinced me during his sojourn in Hollywood that he had a lesser knowledge of earthly things than Charlie has of relativity.

An astronomical babe lost in a realistic woods, he was photographed one week with a lady who read the future. Naturally, as Mr. Einstein was good copy, his picture with the lady, appeared in a widely circulated Los Angeles newspaper. The following week the lady who read the future headlined a Hollywood theatre.

The great Mr. Einstein had unconsciously helped the naive and struggling owners of a leading Hollywood theatre.

Something more than a clown, Chaplin conceals the disdain of Dean Swift beneath the manners of a duke. A social, rather than an intellectual snob, and a victim of melancholia which verges upon hypochondria, he still retains the essence of a first class man in his feeling that all things human and divine are eventually buried in the grave of futility.

Able to travel and gratify every want, the master of mockery remains in his muddy cinema pool, listening to the dismal croaking of lesser theatrical frogs around him.

Alas, poor Charlie!

No visitor to Hollywood ever caused more comment than H. L. Mencken. It was my good fortune to attend a reception given him, at the home of James Cruze. Wearing the uniform of a Royal Northwest Mounted policeman, Cruze said to him after the introduction, "I've never read one of your damned books."

Mencken replied quickly, "And I've never seen one of your damned films. That makes us both Elks."

Later in the day, Mencken was surrounded by Betty Compson and a group of other beautiful cinema women. In an effort to tease the women, he said nonchalantly, "When I was a boy in Baltimore, the girls in the sporting houses used to call me *Professor*."

Quick silence followed. Betty Compson looked at the great iconoclast attentively, and then said, *"I thought your face was familiar."*

The party lasted until long after midnight, when Aileen Pringle summoned her chauffeur to take Joseph Hergesheimer, H. L. Mencken and herself to the hotel in her town car.

There had been considerable wild talk during the festivities. It was heard by the servants in their quarters. Miss Pringle's chauffeur had imbibed freely while listening. He took the wheel unsteadily and first drove over the wide lawn, and then nearly spilled his distinguished guests in a canyon.

Becoming worried, Mr. Hergesheimer had Miss Pringle stop the car. "Your driver is drunk," he volunteered.

The chauffeur jumped from his seat, remembering all the swearing he had heard. "Listen, you big Dutch — —You can't talk that way about me." Another oath rolled down the canyon. There was no escape from the drunken vituperation.

Finally Hergesheimer and Mencken coaxed the driver to sit between them, while Miss Pringle, conspicuous as Elsie Janis at a screen premiere, drove the car with her three precious revelers ten miles to the hotel.

Hollywood is sometimes a pathetic place, where the weed of envy too often grows in every garden.

To one who knows the nation, however, it is America in sharp focus. If money is the one criterion, it is still the capital of spiritual America . . . the last carnival on the midway in the land of the theoretically free.

For in it wheedle the money-changers of the spirit, the sellers of synthetic emotion to grouping millions, to whom even banality is a release from the tedium of their lives.

The next film will be another epic!

What Is This Fancy Diving?

Continued from page 64

The front dive has been done. The back dive is just what the name implies. The diver must start, as you can see, without a running approach. As in the front dive, the arms may be either stretched out to the side until they are put together for entering the water or held in the entry position throughout the dive.

Compulsory number three, the half gainer, is the most difficult of the required dives. It is literally a forward spring with a backward dive; the diver springs up from the board as if for a front dive, then casts his hips and legs up in front of him, pulls back toward the board with his shoulders and head, and drops, arched, head-first into the water.

The gainer is a dive with an amazing lot of aliases. The half gainer, the one we just watched, was first performed, legend tells, by a Swedish university student named Isander. We therefore used to call it Isander's dive, as they still do in Sweden. Then there's a circus trapeze stunt called the Flying Dutchman; that name too used to be used for the gainer in diving.

Finally, there's a question of spelling. The rule book used to list the "gaynor"; it now lists the "gainor." These spellings are possibly more interesting, because less simple, than mine. I've spelled it "gainer" because of the derivation of the word. It's a word from the vocabulary of gymnastics. In tumbling they do back somersaults; if they're expert enough they do them without leaping backward. They jump straight up, somersault, and land on the same spot they started from; that stunt they call a "back spotter somersault." If they're still more expert, they not only don't jump backward, they actually jump forward—gain ground. And they call that a "back gainer somersault." Which is just like the dive, a backward-turning dive on which distance forward is gained.

Compulsory number four, the back jack-knife, is the reverse of the half gainer: a backward spring with a forward dive. The diver stands, back toward the water, on the end of the board, springs back and up, bends sharply forward from the hips and touches his feet with his hands, then straightens sharply for his head-first entry into the water.

The final compulsory, the front dive with half twist, is a swan dive in which at the top of the arc the diver rolls over onto his back and enters the water with his back toward the board, as in the back dive and the back jack-knife.

Now, our aquatic acrobat has come to his five optional dives, the dives he selects out of the twenty-eight listed possibilities. Now, your guess as to what dive he will do is almost as good as mine. Almost. Not quite, for I know this: that each dive has to be selected from a certain small group. Our man's first optional has to be a forward dive. Look at the rule book and you'll see that he now has his choice of the front jack-knife, front single, 1¼, double, 2½, and triple somersault; six possibilities.

Watch: he runs, hurdles, springs, bends at the hips as for a jack-knife, makes one complete revolution forward, three-quarters of the second revolution, opens into arched entry form with his arms pressed to his sides, and drops feet-first into the water. That was a running forward double somersault pike, pike being the term for the bent form of the jack-knife. The term "pike," by the way, is doubtless derived from the adjective "piked," having a point, and refers to the point made by the legs and arms when hands touch ankles. Lately it has become permissible for a diver to carry his arms to the side as in a swan dive; but the term "pike" is retained.

When he's finished practicing his front double, he'll do some backward dive. Why? Because his second optional dive must be one from the same group as the second compulsory, which you remember was a back

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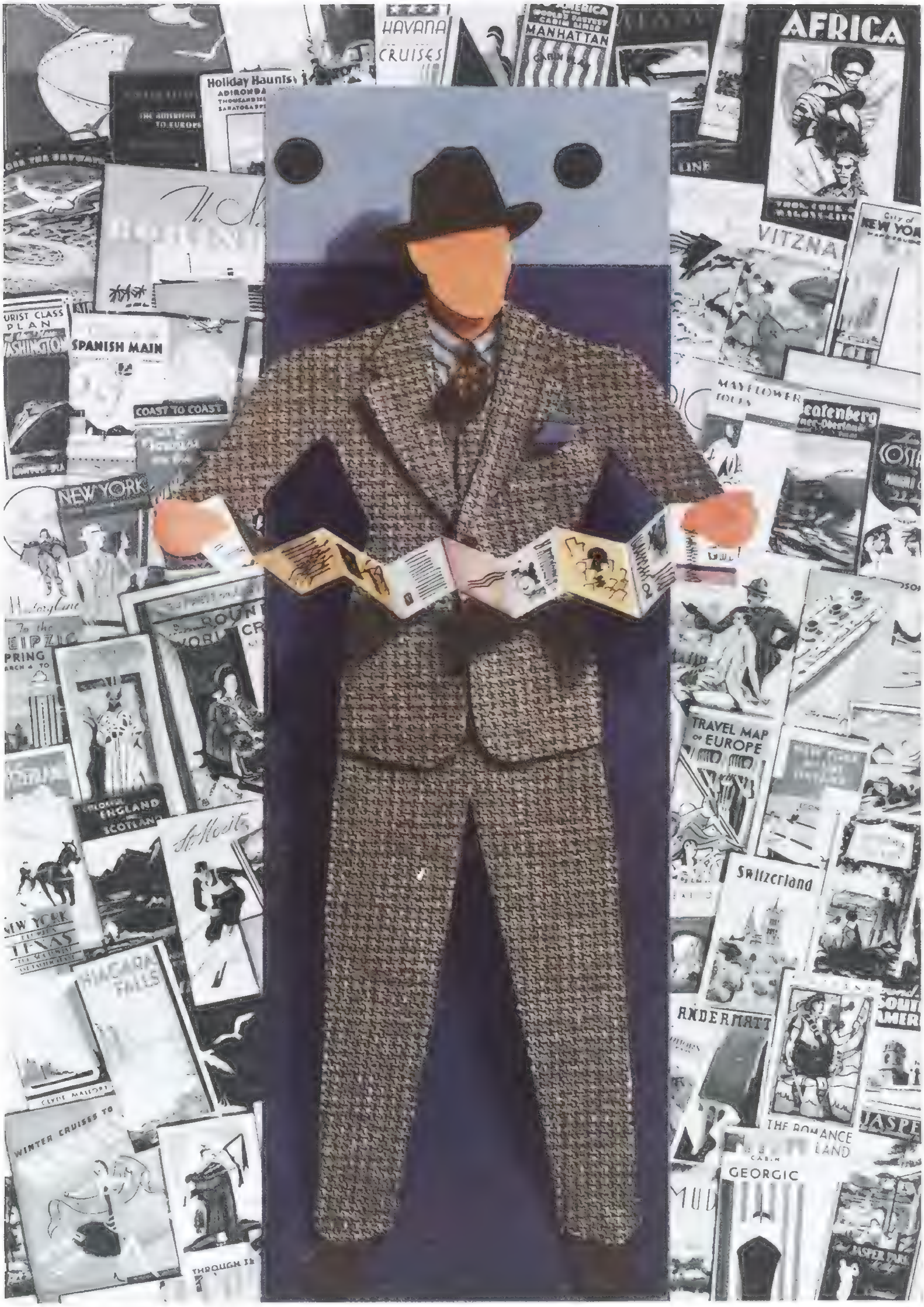
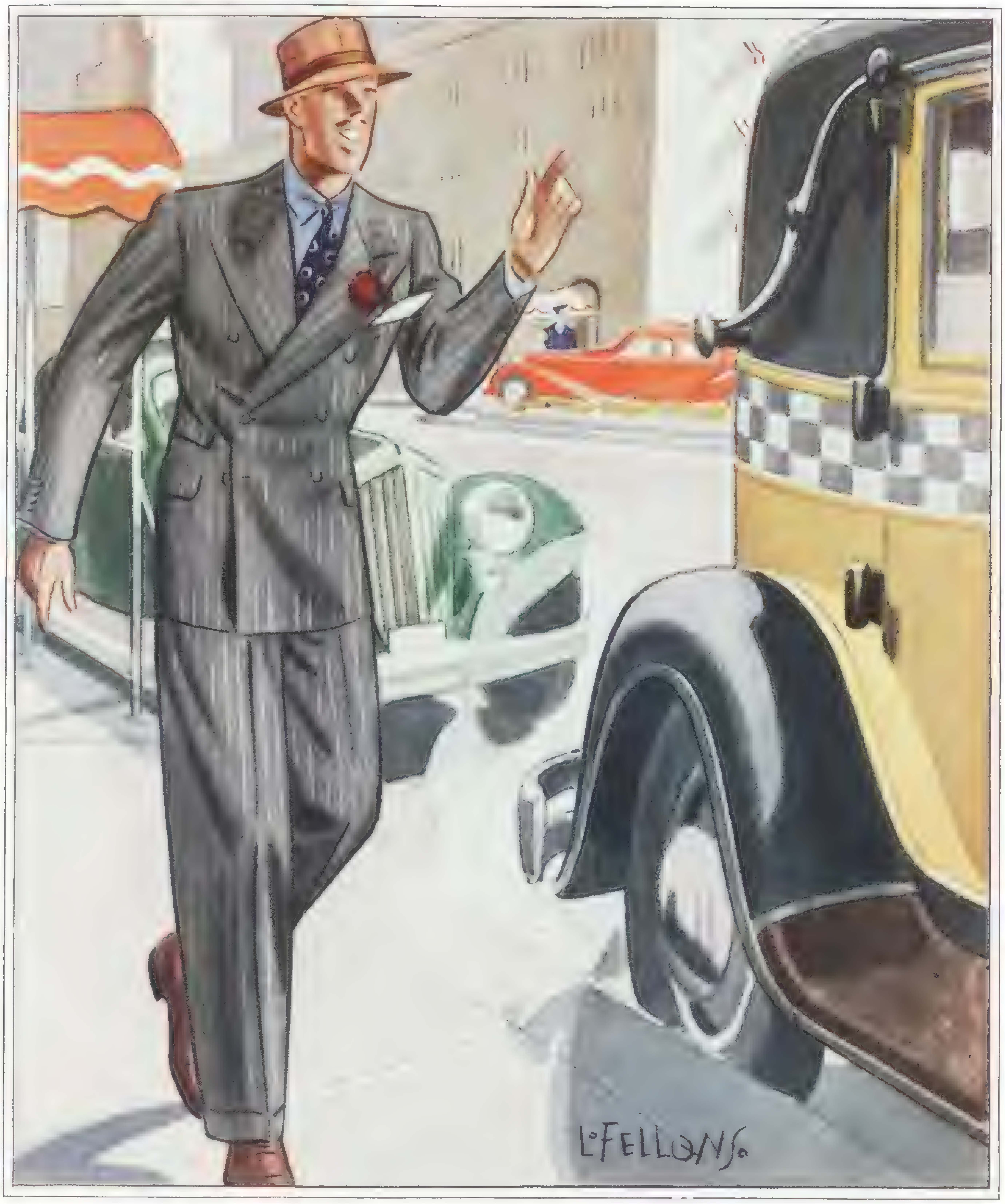

HAVANA
CRUISES
MANHATTAN
AFRICA
Holiday Haunts
SPANISH MAIN
COAST TO COAST
NEW YORK
VITZNA
MAYFLOWER TOURS
TRAVEL MAP of EUROPE
Switzerland
ANDERMATT
ENGLAND
SCOTLAND
St. Moritz
NEW YORK
TEXAS
NIAGARA FALLS
WINTER CRUISES TO
THROUGH
THE ROMANCE
LAND
GEORGIC

EXECUTED IN FABRICS BY COUTRÉ ERMAN

DIRECT COLOR PROCESS BY ROSENOW

THE FABRIC PICTURE FOR TRAVEL WEAR



FEATURING A NEW LIGHT FELT HAT FOR SUMMER WEAR

PROBABLY nothing will ever replace the straw or the Panama, but every so often there is a weak, abortive threat in that direction. The source is almost always England. Because of peculiarities both of the climatic and social calendar, Englishmen have never gone in for straw hats for anything like the general usage that Americans give them. The boater straw is, of course, a familiar English fixture connected with crew races, but in town the Englishman is loath to give up the feeling of felt against his crown. Anglophiles at Palm Beach this past season gave a considerable play to this English idea, with the result that light weight felts like the telescope crowned hat with side ventilations shown here, may be expected to find a fairly important place in the summer fashion picture this year. The rest of this outfit is pretty English, too, the suit being that standby of the Prince of Wales, a gray flannel with white chalk stripes about three quarters of an inch apart. If it makes any difference to you, this double breasted model is the one in which the Prince has this favorite suiting made up for him. Notice the cash pocket, the wide lapels, the full chested and slim hipped lines, the tapered sleeves and the full width of the trousers which also taper slightly at the cuff. It is made, usually, as a three piece suit, with the waistcoat parked in some dark closet for the duration of the summer. The ever popular blue shirt is seen here in broadcloth with a medium pointed collar attached. About two and three quarter inches is the best length for these collar points. The tie is a blue crepe with white circles. The shoes are brown buckskin, on a town last, with black varnish leather soles and heels.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 49 E. 34th, N. Y.)

What Is This Fancy Diving?

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dive. Now he's taking the back dive starting position. He swings his arms, springs up and slightly back, whips his knees up to his chest and grabs his shins, starts spinning backward. Once; twice; another quarter turn. He snaps open into the arched entry position and slips head-first into the water. Well done, well done! A good performance of a very hard dive, the backward 2½ somersault. The form in which that dive was done is called tuck form, by the way; any dive in which the body is rolled into a ball is called tuck or tucked.

Now we—the diver and you and I—are ready for voluntary dive number three. It must come from the same group as the third compulsory. Watch it: the three-step approach, the hurdle, the spring, this time with the hips thrown very strongly forward; the diver pulls back with his head and shoulders and arms, bringing his arms into the swan-dive position. He somersaults in this swan-dive form once, three-eighths of a second time, and hits the water head-first but somewhat on his back. He throws considerable splash over the pool. He comes up, looks at the ruffled water, grins at us, and utters his first word.

"Short," he says. The dive was a running gainer 1½ somersault, layout. It was a somersault and a half of the forward-spring back-dive class, done in layout form—neither tuck nor pike, but with the body arched throughout the dive.

We have some aliases for "gainer." There's one more: the "Mollberg." Mollberg too was a Swedish student; he is said to have been the first to do a full gainer somersault. Isander's dive was a Flying Dutchman or half gainer; the Mollberg was a Flying Dutchman somersault or full gainer. What jolly fun!

Our diver repeats his gainer-and-a-half. This time he pulls yet harder with his shoulders, head and arms, and continues to pull longer. He spins a little farther this time, landing head-first but slightly on his stomach. He climbs out of the pool, squeegees the water from his eyes with the side of his hand, and makes a second statement.

"Over," he says. The first trial was "short"—he didn't turn far enough, struck the water before he had quite completed the dive. This second time he over-compensated for his previous shortness, and as a result completed his dive while he was still some distance up in the air. Unable to check his turning motion, he went "over" on the dive. It's rather peculiar that he should muff his gainer after doing such a nice back 2½, for as a rule a diver who does good back dives is good on the other type of backward-revolving dives, the gainers; and a good forward diver is a good cutaway man. It's a relief to see him hit the next one on the button.

What was that word I used there—"cutaway?" That's the class name of the fourth group of dives, the group of which the back jack-knife is the simplest and compulsory dive. This name comes from the action of the dive, which is to spring up and back and then bend forward and strike your legs with your hands, cutting away your feet from under you.

Let's see which cutaway it's going to be. He's in back takeoff position on the end of the board. A spring up and back; a vigorous jack-knife toward the board; a somersault and a quarter with knees and elbows straight and hands gripping ankles; a quick straightening of the body; a head-first drop into the water. The dive called the pike cutaway 1¼.

That's the ninth dive he's practiced; one left. But hold! What are those interrogative furrows in your brow? Perhaps I can guess what's eating you. You want to know why the diver has chosen the voluntary dives he has. For the first optional, for instance, why did he select the double somersault when there is listed the infinitely easier front jack-knife? Of the back dives, why is he using the hardest, the 2½, instead of something simple? He appears to be intentionally handicapping himself.

He's not handicapping himself. He is, to the best of his ability, choosing the dives on which, considering his diving skill and the Degree of Difficulty Factors, he will make the highest score. Degree of Difficulty Factor: what's that? That is the rating for hardness which is set forth in the diving rules for each permissible dive. For example, our diving companion uses from the gainer group the running layout 1½. Let's put him in imaginary competition with two other divers named, as it happens, Herman and Arthur. Arthur uses the same dive our friend does; Herman uses the easier running gainer tuck single somersault.

Our friend dives; the judges, making awards as they do on the basis of ten points for perfection, give him 7½ points. In their eyes, the dive was three-quarters perfect. Arthur does the dive; not quite so well. About fifty-five percent perfect, say the judges: 5½ points. Now comes Herman, with his easier tuck single, and is by coincidence exactly as good in it as our friend was in his dive, being awarded 7½ points too.

Now we multiply the judges' awards by the listed factors for difficulty, and we find that whereas Herman dived just as well as our friend, he gets, because he used an easier dive, a final score of only 13.5 points as compared to our friend's 18.75 points. Arthur, meanwhile, who did the hard dive but didn't do it very well, still beats out Herman; Arthur's score is 13.75 points. Let's put that in tabular form so we can see it.

	Our Pal	*Arthur*	*Herman*
Dive	Layout 1½	Layout 1½	Tuck Single
Degree of Difficulty	2.5	2.5	1.8
Judges' Award	7½	5½	7½
Dive's Final Score	18.75	13.75	13.50

There is, by the way, a moral lesson here; Arthur vindicated his own judgment by the skin of his teeth. If Herman had scored higher than Arthur, the moral would be that Arthur might have done better to confine himself to an easier dive. As it is, he seems to have chosen the right one with which to outscore at least Herman.

Well, one more dive to watch. This one has to come from the last group, the twisting dives. This is the largest group of all; eleven listed dives. It will be interesting to see what our friend selects. Here he goes. Run, hurdle, spring, pike, straighten and twist half a revolution, enter the water as in a back dive. A running forward jack-knife half twist. And my observation is that our diver is wise to select it. It's the simplest of the voluntary twists, and its difficulty multiplier is only 1.8. But our diver is of stocky build, closely knit; he's really more agile than he is graceful. He's the type of diver, that is, who shines on difficult somersaults but sometimes fades out on twists. He'll do better to present a nicely done jack half twist than a sloppy, perhaps even a completely unsuccessful, full-twisting forward 1½ or half-twisting back 1½, in spite of the high multipliers of the latter dives.

Three or four jack half twists and the day's workout is over. Counting the half-hour our diver put in on the sand pit practice board before we arrived, he's been at it steadily for about three hours.

What's it all for? What's he aiming at? He's aiming, of course, at perfect fancy diving. If he could achieve a total score on ten dives of 195 points it would mean that the judges were either blind or crooked, for that would be the perfect score—the ten hardest dives listed, each winning an award of ten points. No diver will ever be quite that good, obviously.

We watched a diver perform for over two hours. There wasn't a single bad spill, was there? Any accident by which the diver could possibly have injured himself? No.

Unless a diver wants to waste his time on stunts like those described at the start of this article, he can't more than spank himself. He can do all the listed dives without risk of serious harm. We've seen that our swimmer with his brains knocked out must have intellect. But so did Steve Brodie, probably. Now it appears that our diver isn't usually even reckless. The definition seems to be going by the board.

Maybe we can save it. Fanatics are usually classed as crazy; is a diver a fanatic? Well, we saw one work three hours today. Tomorrow he'll practice another three or four hours; next day, and every day, the same. Ha! Fanaticism!

But no—the facts are on the side of those who contend that brains from a swimmer is blood from a turnip, only more so; also those who flatly refuse to classify as any sort of swimmer, brains or none, a man who wangles his way through the water as sloppily as do many divers.

A diver isn't necessarily either dumb or reckless. He's not even decently fanatical. He practices as hard as any athlete, much harder and more perseverantly than most of them. Yet if we know divers we must sorrowfully admit that whereas another man eats, drinks and sleeps golf or tennis or pole-vaulting, Ed Throndson with his ankle-stretching evenings was an exception, and the usual diver dives when he's diving and the rest of the time thinks of other things, probably women.

Under His Hat

More laughs than you'd believe could be grown from the old gag about the dumb cop and the bird

by NORMAN MATSON

Lonergan, having stopped in on his way uptown to go on duty in the Park, is leaning against the bar when Petrarch Shay comes in to our jernt that foist time. Shay was a long-legged yellow-headed kid who looked tired out, and like he wished he was a foot shorter'n he was. He has a flat box under his arm.

"Nice day," he says, in a voice that don't fool nobody.

"Yeh?" the Boss says, not committing himself.

The Boss has white hair and dark coicles under his eyes, and no eyebrows. He's neat and skinny and to look at him you'd think he don't know how to smile. He don't.

Shay takes the cover off his box. "I have here," he says, "an attachment for a bathroom faucet that with a simple toin of the most inexpoit wrisk provides you with a poifect shower-bath." So he takes out a nickle-plated ring and puts his doiby hat on the bar and slips the ring over his head so it rests on his shoulders, the ring being attached to a long rubber tube.

"Now he looks," the Boss says to Lonergan, "like sump'm they smoke in Toikey."

"'At's a fack."

"It adjusts," Shay says like as if he didn't hear this crack, "around the neck as I have it now, and it ejects a forceful invigorating spray over the chest and back. But it does not wet the hair."

"What's that?" Lonergan ast.

"He says it don't wet the hair," the Boss says, not changing his face. I can see they're giving the kid a ride and I'm sorry for him, sort of, he seems like such a kid and such a lousy salesman, though I know you could spend your life feeling sorry for lousy salesmen as far's that goes, they's so many of 'em.

"Now the price of this shower bath is oney a dolla, one buck, and—"

Lonergan interrupts: "Excuse me, but why wouldn't a guy want to wet his hair taking a shower bath; on account maybe because he's just had it coiled? I'm asking jus' whatsa pernt to it, see?"

Shay hesitated and lost his way. He saw he wasn't getting nowheres, and as I know now he was discouraged anyway because he hadn't closed once in twen'y tries.

"Go on," Lonergan says, "tell us some more." Lonergan was enjoying hisself. He slips the end of the rubber tube onto the bar and gives the Boss the office, winking.

The Boss starts a little speech, very quiet. "I opened this jernt," he says, "to sell beer and allied beverages. This morning the foist guy comes doesn't want a drink. He wants to sell me a motto, 'Trust is bust,' with sparkling stuff on, and the next guy ain't a customer either. He's selling a barometer which shows Roosevelt's face when the weather's sunny and a farmer's when it ain't. After that guys come with different kinds of punch-boards; then there's big shots with pretzels, glassware, and doity postcards. One guy has a stuffed bear, genuwine, too, and a young alligator, likewise stuffed. I coulda bought a big pitcher of a lady lying down with boidies bringing something to cover her, and did she need it! for only a hunnert dollars!"

Lonergan wags his head. "Tsk, tsk, tsk!"

"They was an old musket," the Boss continues, "to put above the mirror, a Goiman trench helmet, cheap for cash. In other woids I've had a busy morning but the cash register's had it easy, and now to add the last strawr you bring me a shower bath. Watsa gag? Ain't I neat?"

"Sure," Shay says. "Sure. I'm sorry to take up your time, gentlemen," he says. I've seen some little guy what's stayed one round with a big one and who gets up to start the second knowing he's going to be knocked cold, look like he did then; but he was game. "I can recommend this here novelty, gentlemen: the company which manufactures it has authorized me—"

"Tell me," Lonergan butts in, "does that there hose fit onto any kind of faucet?"

Shay says why, yes, it does that.

"Number four," Lonergan says.

Shay looks funny. "What?"

"You ain't explained," Lonergan says, "why I shouldn't get me hair wet," and while he's saying that the Boss hooks the tube onto Number Four, Shay not seeing this because his back's toined. We got six spigots, ale on two of them, the rest beer, and Number Four's a new barrel a beer with lotsa pressure.

"Because, according to Science, the essential erls of the—"

Here the beer gets through. It don't spurt much on account of the way it foams. White foam makes cotton epaulets on Shay's blue serge. It soaks his colla', his coat, and all down his shoit. Did we laugh! They's foam on his chin: he grabs holda the ring to get it off. I didn't think it was too funny, seeing the look on his face, but what the hell, a job's a job, and I laughed along with Lonergan and the Boss, who feel they've done a big day's woik. Not to waste too much the Boss toins the beer off. I get a clean bar towel so Shay can mop hisself up with that. "Neva mind, Buddy," I tells him. "'Sall in a day's woik, what?" He gives me a look. "Thanks, fella."

The Boss draws a glass. "It's on the house," he says, wiping his eyes.

Shay took it, still looking as if he didn't know was he coming or going or what, but pulling a sideways smile, and he drank a coupla swallows, as if ice-cold beer wasn't running down his unna shoit. Then he puts a dime down on the mahogany.

"I said it was on me," the Boss told him.

"Yeh, but it ain't," Shay said: and while he didn't say this loud or as if he was sore or anything, still you knew he meant it. The boss rang it up. It wasn't Shay's last dime; but he knew how many dimes he had left in the woild. He carefully puts the shower-bath dingus away in tissue paper in the box, fits the cover on, touches the brim of his doiby and says, "Be seeing you."

After walking Uptown along Seventh, saying at the beginning of every block, "I'll try again in this one" but not screwing up his noive to the point quite, so that he came to the corner planning to do it in the next, like a lot a guys go through all their days, the blocks being days, if you get me; and the truth was he hadn't any noive left, so he knocked off; and the next day he couldn't get started either. He was really discouraged he told me later; funny, because nothing ever got him down before in his life; he was used to being a big shot back in Whiffle Falls, New York State where he came from. He had been the best debater in high school on account of the sweet way his jawr worked and when he graduated he went into selling and sold soap and assorted terlet articles, brushes, up-lift brazeers, electric ice boxes, even moichandise old fashioned as town-lots and pianos, and he was so successful he exhausted the possibilities of that town; he exhausted the town; anyway it's bankrupt, even the movie is closed. So he came to New York. He knew our town had been woiked by fast talkers before—but not, says he to himself, by no Petrarch Shays. And a week—a very tough week—after he gets here he finds at general delivery a letter from Thelma saying she's come on too, and is at the Y. W. C. A.

He's been lonely and she's the most important inhabitant of the U. S. A. according to him, but all the same he knows more about New York now that he did, and when she explains she's going to get a typewriting job he wonders what typewriting job? After a week of hunting she finds out; it's taking care of a baby for a couple which lives on Central Park West and it pays six bucks a week, but she gets two meals, and she likes the brat though she'd always thought of herself as a business goil. So when she takes the brat for a airing of course she goes across to the Park and wheels it around there and when he kin make it Petrarch drops by. The thoid day after Lonergan and the Boss played that lousy trick on him he comes into the Park. He hasn't sold a thing, and as the shower bath dingus was the thoid novelty he's set out to distribute to the population of New York at a hunnerd per cent profit to hisself Shay's concoined about his future, and Thelma's.

His money was gone; the last cent of it. He figured that Thelma musta been paid this day and so then he could borrow a dollar offen her, which he hated to do naturally, but there was no other way. The people in the Park didn' look like prospects; they looked as if they'd resigned theirselves to never buying anything again; and massin' through the animal houses as he usually did the elephants made shower-bath motions at Pete with their trunks and a zebra passed a horse's remark, as you might say, and the lions yawned.

You can't figger human noive; you've got it or you haven't got it and when it begins to go, sometimes it just goes and it don't come back, like a tough lightweight I knew once who always could take it until in one fight just after his goil had give him plenty air, somebody at the ringside yells, "Gowan, you big palooka, you're losing your pants." He wasn't, but everybody laughed at him, and all at once he didn't think he was the best damned lightweight in the woild. After the thoid round he sat there and busted out crying. He licked himself, see? With Petrarch here he'd been having his doubts about hisself and then that lousy trick with the beer spigot and for the rest of the day he sorta avoids things when what he shoulda done was to take off again right away like a aviator who's crashed, but he didn't, so the uncoitainty grows and he's licked. He walked like he was licked, and his eyes see different.

It isn't only the people and the animals which look different; even the trees have a sour-ball look, like they wanted to get outa New York. It was a pretty day really, according to me; but it ain't what it is it's what it seems to be outta your own eyes.

Anyway, Thelma would be waiting. She was. She saw him way down the path and toined pale, then she blushed. She couldn't run towards him because she had the baby carriage with her, so she ran by staring her eyes and leaning his way, all for him and not ashamed of it. She didn't love him for his talk, or any sensible reason. She loved him because she loved him. Because he was too tall; because he hadn't anything but tough luck to share with her. She was a little, at lease a medium-sized goil with American-color hair; I mean it wasn't blonde and it wasn't brunette. When I was a boy she woulda just been another goil—thin and plain; but nowadays she has a coil in her hair, and her lips are all bright red, and she ain't too thin. She was really a honey and she had a sweet voice, but maybe a little husky.

She had gray eyes and before she smiled she always thought about it and then you saw the smile coming. Some goils plan out how the woild oughta treat 'em, and others like Thelma take it as it comes and like it.

Pete's doiby hat was on one eye and he swung his shoulders, making believe he was still a big-shot like he was back home in Whiffle Falls. Maybe it don't fool her, I don't know. They kiss, just a quick one because it's out in public, and she puts her hands on his coat as if by doing that she got something—like a bromide maybe; no, that isn't what I mean; something soothing anyway, so now she could breath again and live, not be empty and waiting.

They sat down on a bench side by side with the baby carriage with the rich kid in it in front of them. They's six million people in New York, not Greater New York, just New York, and they were sitting about in the middle of them, Pete and Thelma were, but all the rest were outta focus; nobody was real except just the two of them.

"Pete," she pressed his arm with two hands like I seen her do often later, "how's it going?"

"Swell."

"Make a lotta sales?"

"Well, I—it doesn't go that way straight off in New York. I made contacks this morning, get it? Made lotsa contacks."

"That's good."

"We'll be all right in a couple days, Thelma honey, times are better."

She hunched her shoulders and shivered because he called her honey and she liked the sound of it so. "I was afraid," she said after a while. "You look sorta tired." After a while she said, "Times are tough even if they're better, but it don't matter, we got each other."

She had a blue dress on with a little jacket and her hat was blue, like ribbons sewed together, with a bow on top—six-bits in Sixth avenue—and it was shoved back so Pete looked down and saw her forehead and below that the top of her nose which had a freckle on it, but mostly he noticed that at the corner of her eye, next to her nose, was a light blue color, natural, and pretty. She shoved the carriage back and forth.

"What are you thinking about?" he ast her.

"About a hot dog," she said. "With mustard on it."

He swallowed. He took off his doiby hat and pretended to be interested looking inside it.

"What a thing to think about," she said. "I oughta said I was thinking about something pretty, about poetry. I'm just human," she said, "after all." And that's fair enough, every dame's gotta make that crack at least once.

He put his hat back on his head.

"I'm gonna be paid day after tomorrow, the lady says."

Pete didn't move. But the bottom floor of his stomach fell down into the cellar. Then she hadn't a cent, and of course he hadn't; and she sat there next to him thinking about a hot dog. The worse sorta heel, even a small-time gorilla who maybe beats his dame up every Saturday night, still feels lousy not to feed her enough; it's natural; it's in our blood; and if Police Commissioner O'Ryan, which was a general in the army before, shoulda just then brung up a firing squad and told Petrarch he was going to be stood up against a stone wall and shot plenty Petrarch woulda said "Okay!" feeling he desoived that much at lease, for having a goil like Thelma and leaving her be hungry.

"What's 'at?" he asked after a while, like he was the absent-minded Perfessor. "Hot dog? Well you don't need to sit there thinking about a hot dog; le's go eat some!" And him without a cent in his pants!

The dog wagon was over near the animal cages, and Pete says to Nicholas, "Two, with lots mustard."

Fact is he meant to steal 'em, and the crime didn't worry him on account of there being a bigger crime loose—the crime of his goil being hungry. He watched her eat, his brain woiking. He said:

"Now you better beat it, huh?"

She looked surprised and taken down.

"See you tomorrow, and I'll have good news."

He didn't know where from, he just said that. "But now I gotta business date, another contack, see? You go that way: I go this way."

She didn't kiss him good bye because Nicholas was watching; she touched him with the palm of the hand that didn't have any mustard on it, smiled her slow smile up at him, said "I love you" because she was worried about the way he was sending her off, and she went—shoving the rich brat ahead of her. When she was outta sight Petrarch picks up the other hot dog—he was plenty hungry himself having et nothing since a cupa coffee and a doughnut oily that morning—and he pushed off, just got going easy, not saying a woid.

"Hey you forgot to pay for those."

Pete keeps going, one big foot after another, taking it easy.

"Hey. HEY! That skinny guy. Stop him. That hatrack in a doiby, stop him. Stop THIEF! Po-lice. Police!"

Petrarch got holt of his hat, pointed his nose at his knees, gravel scattered backwards. He ran like a rabbit, like a whippet dog, hearing running feet after him, but coming up at last in a kind of valley where a path went under a stone footbridge, and he sat down on the grass to catch his breath.

They wasn't a sound of anybody chasing him still; you could hear the buses in Fifth Avenue, but far away, not so loud as your own breathing. Jeez, Pete thought, that was easy. And he thought: If a guy has noive

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A Factor in Europe's Future

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the traditional armed militia of Italy, consisting of 50,000 men. There is, further, the Ovra, a secret espionage organization directly controlled by Mussolini. This organization comprises all sorts of people: fashionable men and women who watch the hotels, persons wholly unsuspected by the public, who go everywhere and attend all social gatherings, who are found in trains, buses, and street cars. No such army of police has been seen in our time, for Mussolini suspects everyone, but particularly his friends and co-workers. He will not allow any other outstanding personality to exist in the party. I possess a great quantity of secret orders issued by Mussolini to the Italian press: what to say and how to say it. Everything is controlled, even the kind of type is selected which will be most effective with the public and redound to the glory of Il Duce. Nobody else can enjoy the limelight of Fascism. He and his glory are the sole topics of comment. If one of his aids gets more attention, he unceremoniously gets rid of him. Some of his best aids have been sacrificed in this way. Recently Balbo, his Minister of Aviation, was deprived of his useful function and appointed Governor of Lybia, because his flight across the Atlantic was too spectacularly successful. The press is forbidden to mention him. His best known collaborators, like Farinacci, after being highly important, have been sent into exile, or locked up, like Turati, merely because they dared to criticize. The only writer of any standing in the Fascist Party, Curzio Malaparte, was deported to one of the islands because he made some criticism. With his police, secret agents, and spies, Mussolini insists particularly on terrorizing his collaborators. With him they can achieve much, but they can also lose much, once their goal is reached. From a military point of view Mussolini and the Fascist government of Italy have undoubtedly made remarkable progress. In a speech to the Chamber of Deputies on May 23, 1927, Mussolini announced that 1935 would be the crucial war year in Europe, and that Italy must be in a position to have five million men in arms, a powerful navy, and so formidable an air fleet that the roar of the motors would drown every other sound in Italy and the wings of the planes would darken the sky. Mussolini likes rhetoric and hyperbole. All that is comic, but to his credit it must be said that, by dint of great sacrifices, Italy has developed all her military strength.

In matters of foreign politics Mussolini has been the most disturbing factor in the whole of Europe. His first action, on achieving office, was to adhere to the occupation of the Ruhr, following France in this blunder. But immediately afterwards he favored everything contrary to French policy, winding up as a devoted admirer of Hitler and German nationalism. In his desire for personal action he has merely succeeded in disorderly action, beginning with the occupation of Corfu, which was both wrong and unprofitable, and ending with his recent adventures in Central Europe. Today he insults what he lauded yesterday. Since he has been in power he has always declared that power was his ideal: the creation of an empire. But he has no programme save that which he borrowed from the Italian Nationalists, who wish to dominate the Mediterranean and a number of territories which belong to France. He lets them announce this programme, but he himself sticks to vague generalities.

Italy cannot have an empire, except at the cost of England and France, which would be very dangerous. Alternately for and against Bolshevism, against the League of Nations, sometimes for, sometimes against Japan, etc., Mussolini has caused uneasiness everywhere, but especially in Hungary, Austria, and the Balkans. As there is no parliament to which he is responsible, and no press that dares to criticize, he can embark on any kind of adventure. His spirit craves adventure; he has even said that one should live dangerously. The trouble is that the whole of Italy is compelled to live dangerously, and this policy of ill-concealed adventure is largely responsible for the insecurity of the world.

In the profoundly troubled Europe of today, he has taken advantage of every dissension, of every other nation's difficulties, in order to establish his own position. Since Mussolini is afraid, for purely personal reasons, to risk his safety by going abroad, where there are no police organizations like those in Italy, he is the only political leader who never travels, but receives everyone in Rome. Other countries are obliged to send their premiers or foreign ministers to Rome, if they wish to speak to the head of the Italian government. This continuous coming and going of statesmen is something new in Italy, these pilgrimages to Rome have been very useful to Mussolini's prestige. He is also in the good graces of the Vatican, ever since the Lateran agreements, which were the greatest political humiliation and the worst bargain imposed upon Italy during the last century. But they were very useful to the Vatican at the time and also consolidated the position of Fascism.

It must therefore be admitted that, so far as the police, the army, and his personal actions are concerned, apart from the real interests of the state and of Italy, Mussolini has often scored considerable successes in international affairs, although they contribute a grave danger for the future.

In other fields of national activity, in spite of the absurdities spread by Fascist propagandists, which are even more exaggerated than Bolshevist statistics, Fascism shows a complete loss. In economic, financial, social, and intellectual life, in the education of the rising generation, the balance of Fascism not only shows a deficit, but a definite loss. Because of Fascism the future of Italy is obscure.

A country in which there is no liberty, where every kind of criticism is punished, where everybody is compelled to think alike, to make the same speeches, inevitably touches a low intellectual and moral level. Children and young people are simultaneously taught to be servile towards the government and arrogant and threatening to others. Mussolini himself has consistently advocated the use of physical violence towards his adversaries. I have collected a great number of Fascist songs attacking democracy, attacking France, attacking all opponents, songs which the children are taught. One of the most widely sung songs amongst the children says: "On our poniard we have written that Italy is small, but we want her to have universal domination." This is simply stupidity and plain folly, but it accustoms children to megalomania, hypocrisy, and pride.

Constant threats and constant talk of violence. This verbal violence is accompanied by meanness of feeling. Everybody in Italy must admire the same things, which involves a lowering of all moral standards. In the universities, the schools, in intellectual life—there is no limit to servility. Mussolini is the son of a poor, revolutionary workman, and belongs to an obscure family, but scholars have been found to assert that he is descended from a princely family. He writes badly and his Italian style is extremely vulgar, but men of letters and even university professors write essays on his style. In school, themes are set on episodes from the life of Mussolini, episodes which it would be better to ignore. The absence of discussion, of all critical sense, the continual apology for violence, not only lead to political decadence now, but to the decadence of all that is best in the youth of the country. Scientific, artistic, and literary production have considerably fallen off during the Fascist régime.

The Italians have critical minds and some of them escape this general decadence. In private almost everybody speaks ill of Mussolini and of Fascism, but everyone bows down in public. Spying has become a State service. Not only students, but schoolteachers, and even professors are voluntary spies. The only effect of this is to lower the moral character and diminish the force of the best citizens.

One of the most absurd and foolish of all propagandas was that encouraging larger families. Italy is over-populated. There are at least one hundred and thirty inhabitants to the square kilometer, but the available agrarian territory which can really be worked is scarcely more than twenty million hectares. That is to say, there are two inhabitants for every hectare under cultivation. Such density of population is enormous. Italy is very poor in raw materials. It is madness to increase the population. But Mussolini constantly repeats that the Italians must soon number sixty millions and cause an explosion in the world. In his historical ignorance he believes that conquering nations have the largest population, and he does not know that, since antiquity, the conquering nations, from the Romans to Genghis Khan, and from the Normans to the Scandinavians, have always had small populations. Fortunately, even in this, the advice of the government is valueless. Fascist propaganda and prizes for large families have produced the exact opposite result. The Italian birthrate is constantly declining.

In the social order Fascism has tried to introduce a system of compulsory corporations, a corporative order to take the place of free economy. Everybody is grouped in corporations and everything is regulated by the State. Under this corporative system everything comes from the State and no

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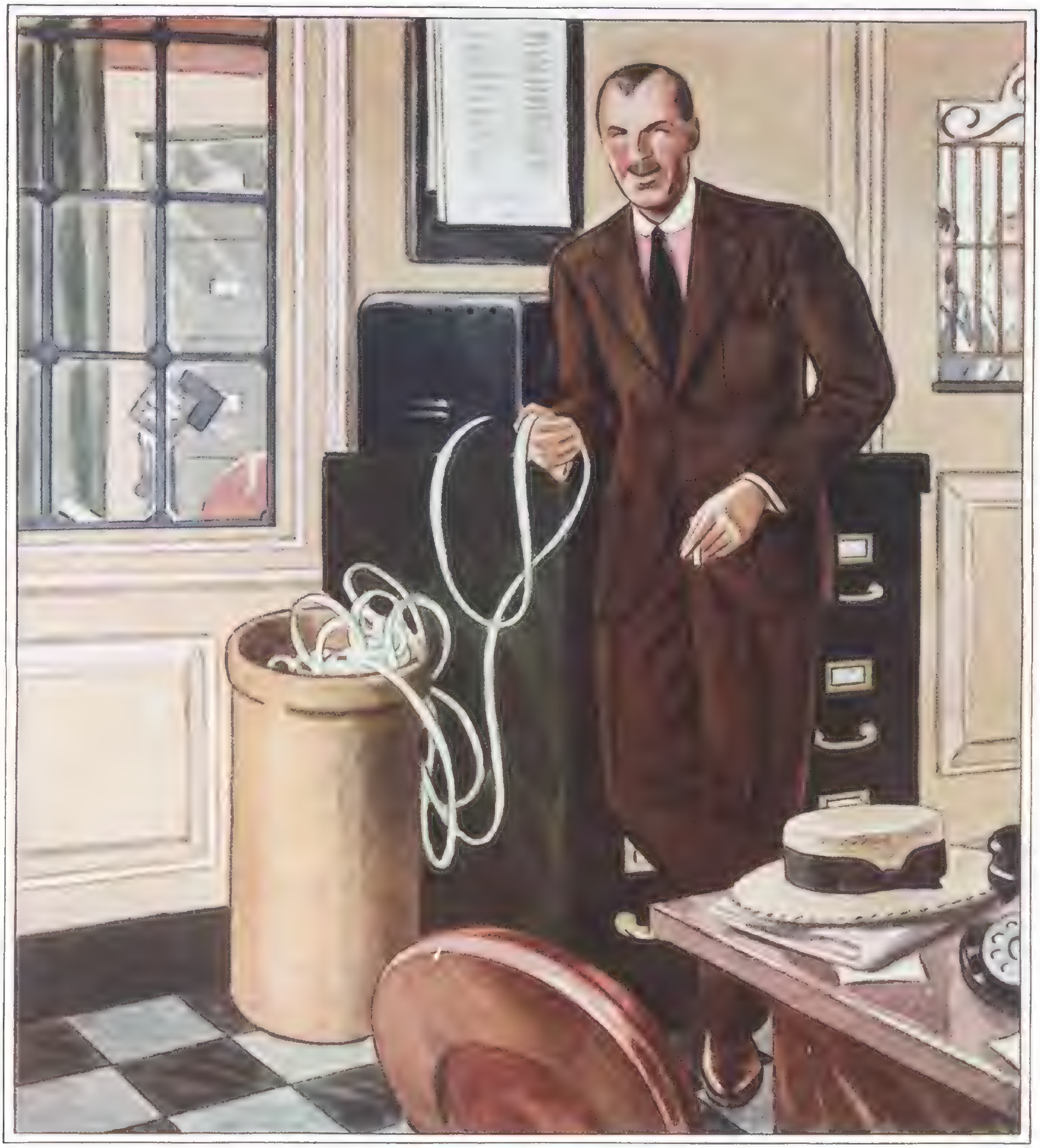
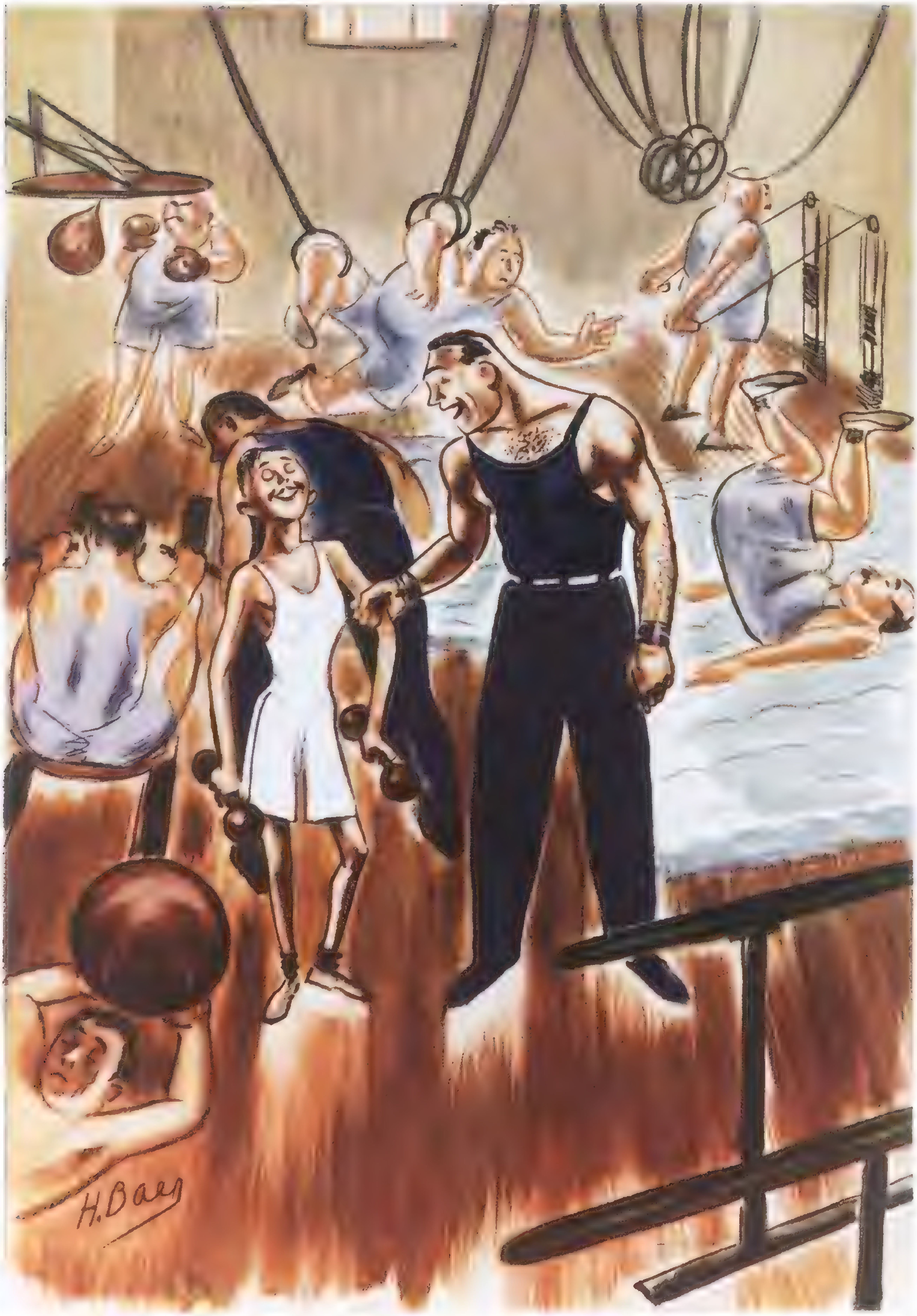


TRYING TO BREAK DOWN YOUR IDEAS ON PINK SHIRTS

EVER since the war the average American male has harbored one of two ideas about every man he's seen wearing a pink shirt. He has either thought (A) that the guy was a recent alumnus of a section gang, or (B) that he was not quite sure of his sex. To prove that both these ideas were more than slightly askew has been the frequent and thankless endeavor of many a stylist in the years between. The movement may have better luck this time because, with a white round starched collar and a bottle green foulard tie, the "poison" is pretty well taken out of a pink shirt. At any rate, this man (whom the artist has tried to put well above suspicion on both accounts) wears one with a three button notched lapel suit of light weight brown worsted. The jacket has patch pockets and a center vent. This suit falls into that classification which Scott Fitzgerald gave to the American language years ago as "the Brooks Brothers type." The breast pocket handkerchief is of silk foulard, the shoes are of light weight brown calf, and the hat is a sennit straw. A suit of this easy fitting somewhat loose type lends itself to either rough or smooth fabrics although, in the past, it has most often been identified with the former. Now, however, all rules seem to be off, since the vogue of rough fabrics has scrambled all classifications. Here, for example, this suit is executed in a light weight worsted, while many rough fabrics previously thought to be suitable only for lounge clothes of this type are now being made up in the more formalized versions of the sack suits. It all seems to resolve itself pretty well into a case of write your own ticket, pay your money and take your choice.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



"And how's my big athlete today?"

From an Angler's Notebook

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much as the wall-eye is a careful feeder and bites with caution. When he gobbles the minnow it is well to let him have the bait for several minutes. He rarely swallows it immediately and in the event the hook is checked too quickly or too severely, the lure will be pulled from the pike's mouth and the fish will escape.

The northern pike and pickerel do not waste any time in striking a lure. They take it with a rush and fight their demon heads off after once feeling the resistance of the casting line. All members of the pike family—which includes the muskellunge, northern pike and pickerel—love a lure which glitters. That's why the spoon hook has lived through the years as one of the greatest pike catchers on record. Spoon hooks, however, are usually trolled, but they can be cast with the bait casting outfit if the wind is not blowing too hard. The spoon catches the breeze and retards the speed of the line, all of which causes the reel-spool to over-run and the line to back-lash. By thumbing the reel carefully the retarded line can be controlled, but it naturally takes a certain amount of casting practice to master the conditions.

We have often been asked what color has to do with bait casting lures. This problem is a matter of conjecture among fishermen. We know of anglers who swear by red and white, others are just as profound in the selection of yellow baits, while others stick to the natural finishes now on the market. No doubt the new natural fish-flesh and scale finished lures do look more like the real thing than the vivid colored contraptions we see with spinners and doo-dads attached to them—but they *all* apparently attract game fish. So what *is* the answer?

Fishermen are a whole lot like golfers in certain respects. The latter usually boasts an array of clubs that could outfit a small golf school, and so it is with the fisherman, he totes along enough baits to catch a million fish, but confines his angling activities to two or three favored lures and permits dust to gather on the others. I have yet to meet a fishing enthusiast who does not love to mingle in the midst of a pile of different baits and things. He takes just as much pride in displaying his *complete* outfit to his friends during the closed season as he does in bringing in his limit of game fish when the boards are down. That, of course, is only human.

We have listened to many northwoods guides who recommended a certain bait as the *only* one which the fish would take. "Ye might as well dump that stuff in the lake—it's no good," they would say. "Now us fellers have been catchin' plenty of bass on the Snicker, but nothing doing on those funny lookin' wobblers ye got there in yer tackle kit. You can buy one 'o these baits at the resort."

Sure—it's excellent sales talk for the local resort owner and no doubt sells many of the recommended baits, but tell me if you can why the fellow who refused to purchase a "Snicker" went forth with his own array of baits and caught the limit. There may be times when certain species of game fish are feeding on minnows entirely, hence take a lure resembling the real thing more readily, but on an average any angler who understands something of piscatorial life and has had a reasonable amount of fishing experience can go out and catch his share of fish. When the fish are in a biting mood they will strike a clothes-pin or a corn-cob pipe, providing the lure is kept moving. Shape and color may have great importance when the bait reposes in the show-case of the sports store—but, Glory Be!, when it is attached to the leader and cast into the waters it is just another bait to the fish. *But* should a good catch be made on the new lure, then it automatically becomes *the* lure of the day and is honored and praised around the campfire that night. However, what happens the following day may find the lure nestled among the "has-beens" and another new creation basking in the limelight.

It is far less difficult to recommend a new rod or reel than to recommend a sure-fire lure that will bring home the bacon. The easiest way to lose your reputation as an angler is to recommend a certain bait to an inexperienced fisherman. If he accidentally manages to make a good catch, then all is well—but, unfortunately, such is not usually the case and the guide or local fish market must furnish the fish and the fellow who recommended the bait gets a grand panning. I know, for it has been my unfortunate duty to be called upon to recommend fishing lures for many years. No man can hope to land on the correct side. If he bats 50-50 he's a wizard.

Still, we have discovered that the average fisherman is a man of reason, a fellow who appreciates nature as well as angling. Those who have discovered the real joys of fishing through the medium of rod and reel know that the fish, themselves, are only a part of the actual fishing trip—the excuse for going, as it were. What man, may I ask, can overlook the aroma of boiling coffee over the campfire, the atmosphere of the great outdoors, the sparkle of a limpid lake, the song of birds, the sight of wild life, the companionship of a northwoods guide—and, if you permit, the click of poker chips, the tinkle of glasses and the pop of a cork. Yea bo! That's what really matters.

Under His Hat

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you could go into a bank and help yourself. You could walk up to a rich dame and say, Excuse me, the same time calmly taking her handbag offen her, and if you were calm, she'd not remember to yell for minutes. That's the kind of thoughts he had, and you can't tell what mighta happened to him for the rest of his life if Lonergan hadn't come along. This was on Lonergan's beat and he come waddling, red-faced, important, and dumb as you make 'em. He'd hoid about the great hot dog raid but he hadn't done any running. Now he saw Pete setting on the grass below him, and he figgers here is the guy who made the raid. He rested his elbows on the railing of the little footbridge and looked down at Shay, being about ten feet above him, and he clears his throat: "Hr-r-rumph."

Pete looks all around, forgetting his Jesse James ideas. He looked up at last. He recognized Lonergan who'd played that lousy shower-bath trick on him.

"Hello," says Lonergan. "How you?"

"I'm all right. Heh, heh! I'm fine. Nice weather."

"Listen," Lonergan says, "stay right there till I come down. Don't start nothing, see?" He comes down the winding path. Pete hasn't got a chance. "Don't get up," Lonergan says, half way there.

Pete felt bad. He looked at the hot dog on the grass beside him and wished it wasn't there. He thought of throwing it. No good. He thought of sitting on it. Without thinking at all (he said after it was pure inspiration) he popped his hat off and put it down so it made a nice little tent over that there hot dog.

Then he wiped his forehead.

Lonergan stops in front of him. "Seems to me," he says, slow and important, "'at I've seen your funny face before."

"Well," Pete lies, "I never had the honor of seeing your distinguished pan before this minute."

"Now, now. Put on your hat. Nicholas, the hot dog man, wants to see you."

"My hat?"

"Yeh." Lonergan makes a round hat outta his thumbs and fingers and makes believe putting it on his big fat head. "Your hat," he repeats, "On," he points, "your head. Get it?"

Pete didn't know what to do. He couldn't think of a woid to say.

"Your hat," the cop repeats. He reaches for it.

Pete's hand was there first. Then what he said jest came to him; he said afterward his brain was empty. He said, "It'll get away," whispering.

"Whada yuh mean—get away?"

Inside Pete's head useless thoughts scrammed round and round like Saturday afternoon in Havana. They couldn't even elect a committee, those thoughts of his, but anyway Pete spoke, like out of nowhere, pure inspiration again, the kind 'at used to come help him win a debate or close a sale of a electric ice box to a family that had one already. Inspiration. It came like he had prayed for it. The lips of his mouth said, "It's a boid, officer, a valuable boid."

"If you're kidding me!" Lonergan's trying to think. He can't think.

"It's a bright blue color," Pete said. "With reddish wings and yellow dots on its rump."

"Yeh?"

"It's called Darwin's Spotted Kingfisher, on account of how Darwin, the great scientist—you've hoid of him in your schooling?—"

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Under His Hat

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"Yeh," Lonergan says; but a fat lot he remembers from his schooling!

"Darwin foist found the Spotted Kingfisher down in Brazil." Against time, the lawr, for Thelma's fair blue eyes, for all their future, Petrarch pumps the fair woids out of him; he'd been so down, and his noive gone; how he's fighting through the last round. He's clinched all over him and pale as a ghost. Lonergan can't keep his eyes from looking at Pete's.

"The Spotted Kingfisher," Pete goes on, "don't sing. It calls when it sings, and it's call is sompm like—but not exactly, understand, rushing water, like out of a faucet. It's a rare boid; in fack it's supposed to be extinck, at lease the las' one was reported as passing on to etoinity down near Pernambuco about a year ago. You know the Natural History Museum on the other side of the Park?"

"Don't I pass it every day?"

"Of course. Then you know Dr. Baskerville? No? He was sent down to Brazil to find a Darwin's Spotted Kingfisher and last Autumn he cabled back they was extinck. The last one died. They put the flag of the museum at half mast that day. You remember?"

Lonergan nods his fat head. "Sure," he says.

"Now the reason why they died off," Petrarch said, "hadn't nothing to do with their natural vitality. It was the chimpanzees. You see the Spotted Kingfisher lives on coffee beans. It keeps 'em awake at night and when a Spotted Kingfisher's awake he sings out to other Kingfishers loud and clear, so the chimpanzees can't sleep neither. You've seen those little fellows with the black arms in the cages? Ever notice those dark coicles under their eyes? That's from generations and generations and generations of not getting enough sleep at night on account of the Spotted Kingfishers. Of course when they could during the day the boids grabbed a little noivous sleep and that's when the chimpanzees would get 'em. They'd catch one and twist its head around and around until they was sure it wouldn't never want for sleep again on account of their being no more connection between its head and its body."

Lonergan took a deep breath. "Lemme see it?"

"No, but you can hear it breathe. Put your ear down."

Lonergan did. His face got red's a beet leaning over like that, and pretty soon he nodded.

"Kind of a creaking sound?"

Lonergan nodded again.

"I got to wait for Dr. Baskerville," Pete said.

The cop opened his mouth. Thoughts moved inside him: you could almost see the slow bumps they made. Finely he screwed up his eyes, being smart: "How do you know he's coming along? I don't see no telephones growing on these bushes."

"He always takes a stroll at this time. Fact is I was standing here just waiting for Dr. Baskerville when what do I see? The boid itself! Was I surprised. It was like a miracle. I crossed myself and said an Our Father, slowly, while the boid came close, then I popped my hat over it."

Pete's eyes were like fire now. In fack he was believing every woid he said: that was his gift he explained me later on. He could *hear* the boid hopping around under his hat; he even felt sorry for it!

"It's woith ten thousand bucks," he says straight into Lonergan's red face—"if it's woith a penny."

"No," Lonergan says.

"Yessir. So naturally I'm being careful. It musta migrated to escape the chimpanzees."

Lonergan was trying to think again.

"Dr. Baskerville's late," Pete said.

Lonergan looked away; he whistled a coupla bars of "When it's Springtime in the Rockies, I'll be coming back to you . . ."

"Whyn't you go phone Dr. Baskerville?" he ast.

"The boid would get away."

"I'll holda hat," Lonergan says, sweeter'n sugar. "I'll sit here an' holda hat, while you go 'phone."

"You won't move?"

The cop shook his head.

"Right. You put one hand here, and the other hand here. Yeh, now you got it. Where's the nearest public 'phone?"

"In the pavilion down there."

"Be careful." Pete gets up. "The poor little thing's scared; and it's a noivous organism on account of the caffeine. I'll be back in a minute." And Pete pushes off, excited, holding hisself down so he won't bust out running. In fack he goes so slow Lonergan yells out: "Don't take all day. Get going for the lova Mike . . ."

Petrarch had no idee what to do next. Except go somewheres and laugh. He didn't have to make any decision, though, because it was made for him by the Boss— my Boss, all dressed up, coming strolling along at this very minute. Fack is he's looking for Lonergan on account of their being old, old pals. Pete recognized him; would he ever forget him for that matter?—white face, those mean little eyes.

"How do," Pete says to him, stopping him. "They's a friend of yours down there, a cop. And he's acting funny."

"Who are you?" the Boss says, then he grins. "Oh, I remember. You're the big shower-bath man. Heh, heh, heh! I never seen anything's funny as that before in my life. Heh, heh. You oughta seen your face—whata dumb expression!"

"Heh, heh!"

"Whada yuh mean Lonergan's acting funny?"

"Coo-coo."

"No. Must be plastered."

"Nah. Nuts."

"Whatsa gag?"

"He's gotta hat, see? And he starts runnin' round catching boidies with it!"

"Whada yuh mean, boidies?"

Pete makes a flying motion with his two hands.

"No!"

"Look for yourself. He's down there around the coive in that path. Ast him what has he got unner the hat."

The Boss ain't sure, but he goes down there, and Pete hurries around a long way to get to the foot-bridge figuring he could crawl out on it behind the railing. It took a while and he's up there peeking down when the foist part of the conversation is over.

"You can hear it," Lonergan's saying. "Put your ear down." The Boss does. "Hear it breathe—like a creaking noise?"

"Nah."

"You must be deef."

"They ain't nothing unner there. Yer dizzy, Lonergan, I must say, yer dizzy."

"I seen it, I tell you. At lease this young fella seen it; and I almost did, as you might say, because I come along a minute after he caught it."

"A young fella! You din ketch it yerself?"

"Nah, I on'y said that. Its woith ten thousand dolla's, an' I ain't kidding, an' what's more, I ain't cutting you in."

"Who says it's woith ten thousand dolla's?"

"*He* says so. The young fella—tall an skinny with no hat. Well, naturally no hat; this being his hat. A dumb kid who wouldn't know what to do with ten thousand dolla's, and so he ain't gonna get 'em!"

"You been framed," the Boss says. "Heh, heh, heh."

"Whada you mean—framed?"

"It's empty unner *that hat. Look'n see.*"

"Look'n see—and losa boid!"

"Well, put yer mitt unner then."

"Nah, I can't; I gotta holda hat like this."

"Lemme stick my mitt unner."

"Yeh, an' busta boid!"

"I say it's empty unner that hat. Look, like this, I slip it unner and I don't even grab."

"Take it easy," Lonergan says, "take it easy." But he raises the hat about half a inch in front and the Boss slips his mitt under.

Now the Boss don't expect a thing under that hat, only emptiness, so he grabs; and then he lets out a yell, like the hot dog had bit him. "It's all smooth," he yells, "an bloody!" and he pulls out his mitt so sudden the hat goes flying.

Lonergan only stares ata hot dog which is still cuddling between its roll; and the Boss shaking mustard offa his mitt is staring at Lonergan. As Pete says it seemed like the whole woild held its breath: they was stillness everywhere.

So at that minute he stands up in the middle of the bridge. He rests his hands on the railing like the President making a speech to Congress; and he says, because he can't think of anything, he says like sumpm ona radio: "Okay, New York!" and touches his forehead like this, careless, and walks away, sober as a judge, but trembling with emotion all over, as you might say; and they only opened their big mouths, not saying a woid, not even thinking of running after him.

Well, now you know why Lonergan got warm when that young heel asts him how are the boidies because everybody knows the story finely. They ain't any lesson to all this except maybe that the guy with a gifta gab rocks the woild now like he always did.

Pete Shay come back, see, and sold me a shower-bath and I ain't ever used it, either—it ain't practical.

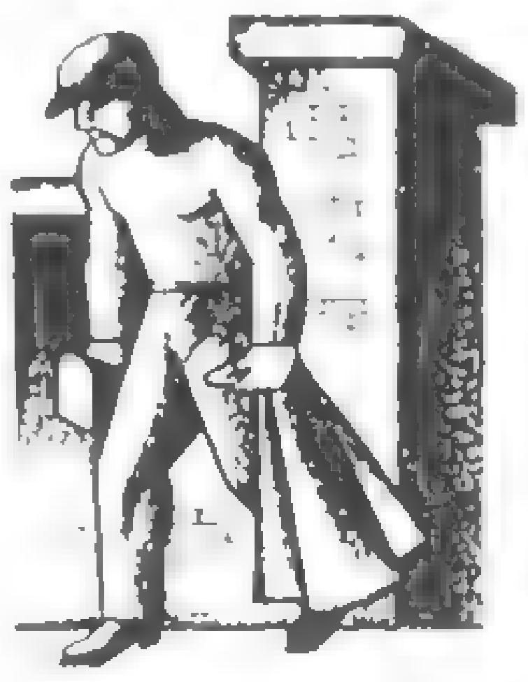
How Bonds Do Harm

Seeking a new angle of approach to the problem of the high cost of making use of dead men's money

by FRED C. KELLY

In the suburb of a Middle Western city a while ago, it was discovered that though schools were poorly heated and teachers unpaid, due to lack of funds, they were still paying bond interest. Moreover, somebody stumbled on the fact that nearly all these school bonds, a small issue, were held by one family. All the money this family had invested in the bonds came to them by inheritance. Thus we find that teachers could not be paid and school children could not be comfortably warm because the only money available must be used to pay one family for use of a dead man's money. Talk about doles!

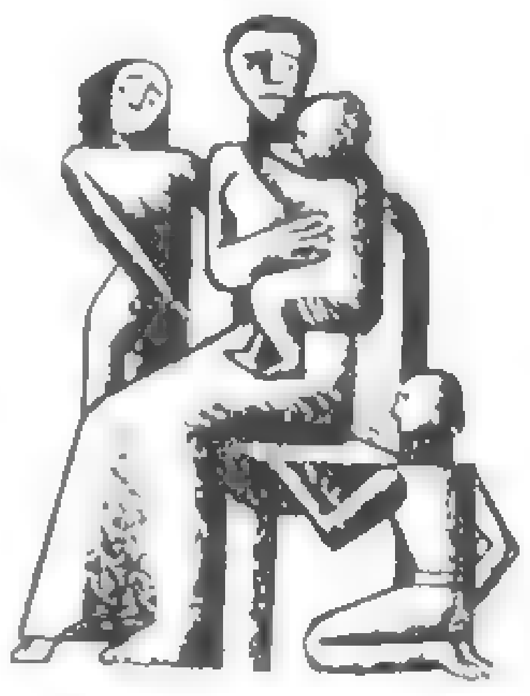
I presume a substantial part of all money invested in government bonds, municipal bonds, railroad bonds, industrial bonds, farm mortgages, home mortgages, and various other loans came to present holders by inheritance. What a lot of interest we must pay for use of dead men's money to people who do nothing in return. One is reminded of the classic illustration shown, many years ago, by Henry George: If a man came to you and said his great-grandfather lent your great-grandfather $1,000 which was never paid back, and he wanted you to pay it, you would just laugh at him and walk away. But if he came to you and said his great-grandfather and others in a certain city issued bonds still unpaid and you, as a tax payer, must chip in for your share of interest and principal, you take the fellow seriously.



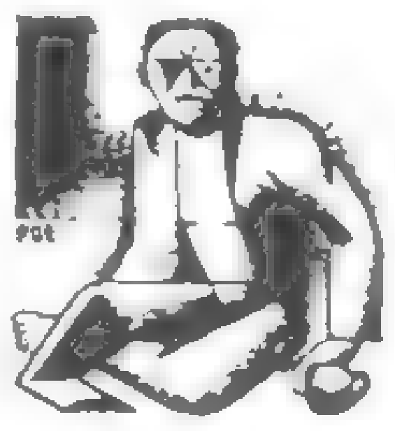
We are so burdened by the cost of paying for use of dead men's money that it is small wonder President Roosevelt has declared interest rates on every kind of obligation must be reduced. Luckily, the new Securities Act, and new stock exchange regulation, have greatly increased difficulties of unloading bonds on the public. Still more important, discovery by the public of the absurdity of burdening themselves with bonded debts they sooner or later will be unable to pay, may be an opening wedge toward upsetting the long accepted device of encouraging public debts for the benefit of a relatively few. When we pause to think about it, the idea of government borrowing and paying interest to bondholders must have been invented by the rich as a means for obtaining security. If city, state, or national governments did not borrow and pay interest, where could the Very Rich obtain so safe a place for their surplus funds? They not only collect interest from the public, enabling them to live without toil, but they even escape any obligation to contribute anything themselves in taxes, since municipal or national bonds are often tax free!

Our common sense tells us that if bonds issued by a national government may be considered safe it is because of that government's credit, stability, and power to collect taxes. Now, if a government obligation which burdens the government with paying interest is safe, why wouldn't an obligation *without interest* in the form of temporary *currency* be even more safe? How is a national government better protected and better provided with facilities for paying off a debt when it adds to that debt annual interest charges, and also permits the wealthier classes—the very ones most capable of contributing—to get out of their share of the cost? We take government bonds to national banks and issue money against them, don't we? Why not just issue money, in the first place, without any bonds? Why wouldn't it be patriotic to refuse to buy government bonds? Why not say: "No, I refuse to be party to any scheme which adds interest charges to the already large burden of my government! If we need more money, we'll issue more currency and then all, rich and poor alike, will have to contribute our efforts to retire that currency as rapidly as possible." Why not? Would federal government bonds ever be issued except for the desire of powerful financial interests? These powerful interests dote on them as a means of profitable hoarding. Yet this increase of public debt sometimes defeats the purpose of these same wealthy folk who expect to gain most. The other day I picked up a book in which I read the following: "When national debts have once been accumulated to a certain degree, there is scarce, I believe, a single instance of their having been fairly and completely paid. The liberation of the public revenue, if it has ever been brought about at all, has always been brought about by a bankruptcy; sometimes by an avowed one, but always by a real one, though frequently by a *pretended* payment. The raising of the *denomination of the coin* has been disguised under the appearance of a pretended payment."

That sounds as if it might have been written last week; but it was written a long time ago—back in 1776, the year of the American Revolution—by a Scotch professor of moral philosophy, named Adam Smith, father of economics, in a book called: "An Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the WEALTH OF NATIONS."



Almost anybody will agree it is prudent and sensible for a family to keep out of debt. It is better for the family and better for the community. It must be obvious that if a man is paying from 2 to 10 per cent interest on deferred payments on a radio, an automobile, or a home, he has just that much less spending power or buying power, and is a less desirable customer than if he were *not* in debt and able to spend his entire income for goods. (Somebody will say the money is spent anyhow and that it doesn't much matter whether it is spent by the man who pays on the debt or who collects on the debt. But this isn't exactly true for the fellow who collects on a mortgage, or other debt, usually operates on a fairly big scale and can't spend all such income on goods. He must try to hoard it by reinvesting it in still other debts.)



If debt is unwise for a family, why is it not unwise for a group of families making up a city? Yet in every large city are banking houses or other financial institutions, and political interests, who have much to gain from the sudden collection of large funds through municipal bonds. They say: "We need a new schoolhouse. It will be used by future generations. Why shouldn't they help pay for it?" The truth is that in a few years the schoolhouse is either obsolete or inadequate and another one must be built. All such costs might as well be treated as current expense. A city is sometimes so burdened by interest on public debts that it must issue still more bonds for the payment even of routine outlay. Not many years ago, the city of Cleveland issued bonds—for fifty years I think they were—to cover a deficit in ordinary operating costs. They actually obligated people yet unborn to work a little harder and pay for street cleaning that their grandparents were too financially careless to pay for when it was done. But to-

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Mathewson

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better off."

"Then were you ever in love?"

"Oh, yes. But, as I have said, I know my limitations. I am not particularly material. And, in this part of the world, love is likely to prove very material or insensitive."

He lay back and considered. I sensed something—the lack of a suitable temperament to love, or if not that, then some past defeat at the hands of an unattainable one. Could that be *the* explanation? My romantic temperament instantly assumed so. But today I am not so sure. More likely a lonely and sensitive aesthete resignedly rejecting a world of mostly extreme and stupid insensitivity and lack of understanding.

Another thing gained by my visits was the knowledge that he was declining in health, slowly but surely. Now a week, now ten days, now two or even three weeks went by without a glimpse, and at the end of each lapse of time he seemed more lethargic, and if anything, more turned in on his own moods. During this time I saw parts of a paper or book that he was working on, but it never seemed to get on very far. His table, sacred as it was to Mrs. Schwarzkopf (all but untouchable to her, I think) appeared to retain for weeks at a stretch these dusty scraps as well as whole pages of paper, and nearly always in precisely the same position. Because of this and them, and things he said to me, I am able to quote:

"Color and music are perhaps the two most valuable phases of life. But of these, color is the indispensable one."

"A heavy heart and an empty stomach. Take away the heavy heart and the empty stomach is endurable. But with it, what is food?"

"The struggle to live without violence is a dream; to live by violence is aesthetic death."

"Religion is merely a dream of a life without brutality or torture."

"I watch them, wondering what lucky or unlucky number they have drawn."

"That snowy ghost of life—memory."

"When desire is strong enough to become a prayer, it is likely to become a reality."

* * *

The fall following this series of visits I was urged and for various reasons concluded to leave St. Louis. Up to the moment of decision I was fairly satisfied that I was not leaving, and on my last seeing Mathewson had said nothing. Subsequent to my final decision, which involved quick action, he was not to be found. The day I was leaving I wrote him a note full of regret and gratitude. I have often wondered not whether he received it, but what, if anything, he thought about it. I had no comment from him, but on the other hand I was moving eastward most of the time and little mail overtook me. In Pittsburgh a few months later I received a letter—not from Mathewson but from one who knew of him and had given me the most early information about him. This was Rodenberger. He asked if I had heard concerning Mathewson. He had been found dead in his Black and Tan room. It was said at first that he had committed suicide, since he had taken too much dope. A medical examination, or perhaps an autopsy, had revealed morphine. The body had been taken over by relatives in St. Joseph and St. Louis. Rodenberger included a clipping that revealed the story of his father's wealth and the commercial and social ideals of all those about him. He was by no means poor and had he wished to use his wealth could have done so. As a matter of fact, at eighteen he had rejected all further contact with his father's business, preferring to travel and work as a newspaperman, later as a journalist and editor. There was no mention of any early or late romance. A solitary and eccentric by nature, he had chosen to live as he did, bringing drugs and drink to the aid of a philosophy or reaction which could not endure the reality it encountered. I think always of his line: "I know my limitations," and that about the heavy heart.

But one line in the Rodenberger letter interested me not a little. It read:

"I hear he was found lying on his right side, his arm curled up under his head, and the covers tucked under his chin, just as though he had fallen asleep and never waked."

Perfect, I thought!

But if I could have written his epitaph, it would have been: "The struggle to live without violence is a dream; to live by violence is aesthetic death."

The Silver Drinking Set

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would welcome the boys in her own home—welcome them all. Mind a bit of song or a story a shade over the line? Not she—for she was a sea-captain's widow. Hadn't she shipped out of New Bedford with as tough a whaling-crew as ever scoured the North seas? Hadn't Captain Ross picked her up in—well, never mind about that? What the devil was the matter with these fellows? Hadn't they understood that this was to be a different kind of a marriage? Amos lifted up the black bottle again.

"Now you guys know why you rated the pre-war tonight. Everybody have another."

The glasses were shoved forward silently. There was a little laughing, but it rang hollow.

"Damn it, you birds, what has come over you?"

There was a little buzz of talk.

"Nothing! We're glad of it." . . . "Of course, I never thought that Amos—" . . . "Oh, it won't make any difference; not much difference, anyway. Our Amos will always be the same old boy."

The conversation petered out. Only Con Donaughey had touched his glass. Amos Wynn began to feel warm. He was a little angry.

"For God's sake; you act like I had the roup! Is this a funeral, or what? . . . Don't all talk at once."

There were some almost boisterous exclamations. A few good-natured oaths of fealty to good old Amos. Hollow laughter. Silence. Amos felt hot and cold by turns. Had he acted too quickly? Five years is surely enough time in which to make up your mind. If the fellows only knew why he was getting married. Well, dammit, he'd tell them. No, you couldn't do that. No man could explain why he got married. Why in hell *did* a man get married? Why *did* he? Amos Wynn's throat grew dry and his hand trembled as he picked up the bottle of prewar. He poured himself a stiff snifter and downed it in one gulp.

"Holy mackerel! You guys don't understand. I'll tell you one reason I'm going to get married," lied Amos heartily. "I've always felt that a bare old room like this is no place for a jolly good bunch of fellows to meet — old friends — old friends in the chicken business." . . . No, that wasn't right. . . . We'll fix that up somehow. "I mean, boys, that we can all meet just the same up at the new house where I—where we—are going to live. A single man can't have a whole house all by himself. There's no sense to that, as anybody can see. And I'm getting on, too." Amos pointed to his gray bristles.

"He-he, he-he," laughed old Peter Larson, the celibate of ninety, stroking his sparse beard, as he grinned over his three teeth.

Panic. That dry feeling in the throat. The Scotch didn't seem to help. Bourbon was best in an emergency like this. Why didn't somebody say something? Why were they all so damned quiet? Anger again. Amos had always prided himself upon his independence. A phrenologist had told him once that the broad heavy type of head always indicated independence.

"Now, listen, you fellows," said Amos, pouring himself another drink, "I'll bet—I'll bet my two best Plymouth Rock hens against any bird you want to name. I mean that, too—including Miss Bar Harbor herself, with her two-hundred-and-fifty-egg record. I'll bet any three hens in my best prize-winning pen that you gazabos can come up to my house any time after I'm married and have just as good a time as you do here. Why, you know you can. You've all met the Widow Ross. Well, she's not so slow. I mean she's a good woman, of course. But she likes her little drink too. Now you just wait."

No use. Silence. When the damned fools did talk the things they said were harder to stand than silence. Three of them were married themselves—couldn't they say a word? Of course not. Married men never said anything about marriage. They always looked at one another wisely when anybody got to joking about marriage. If you're fifty-two years old you oughtn't to be fooled by their winks and grinning. Well, you would show them.

"One more drink all around, boys. It's

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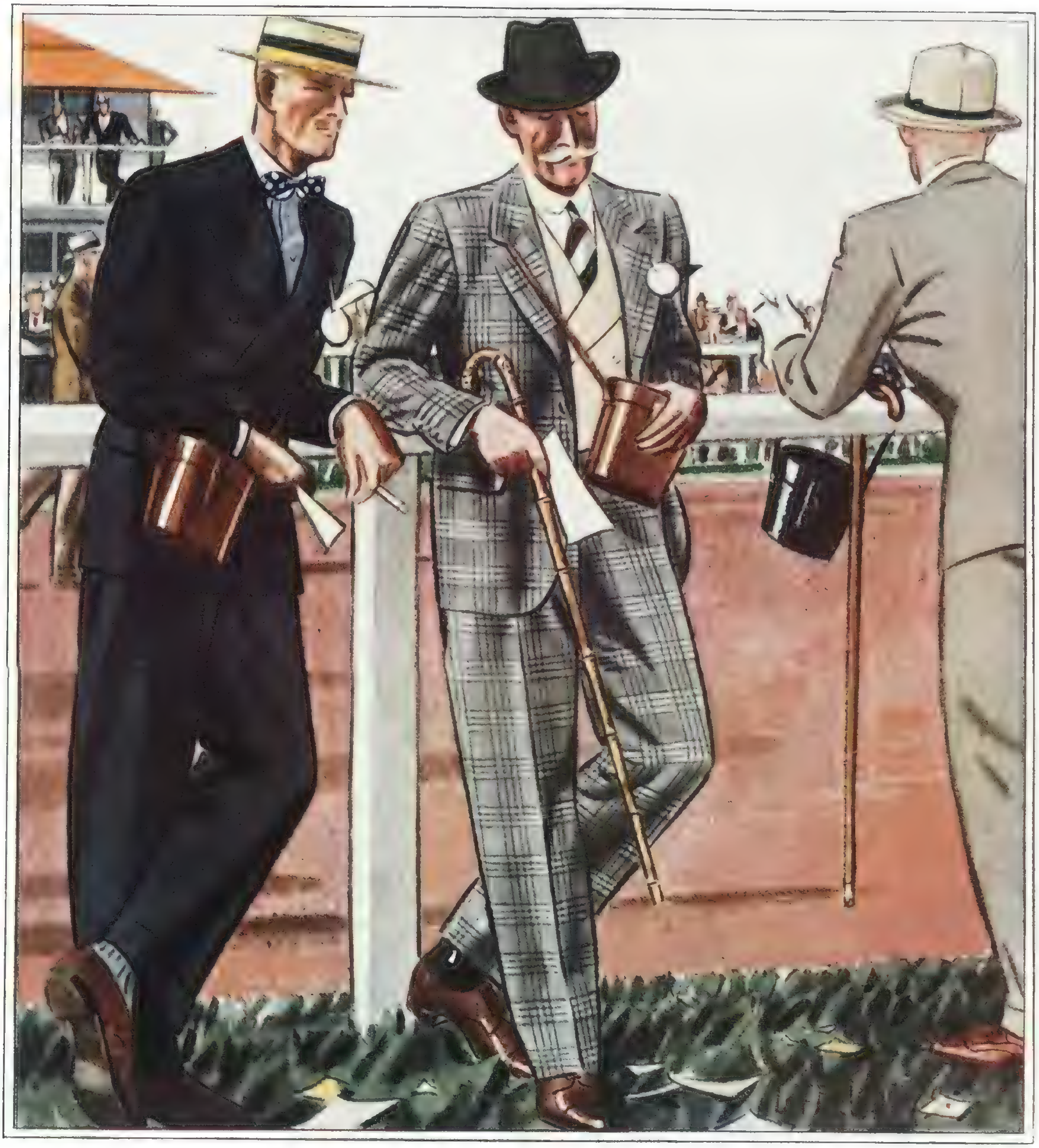
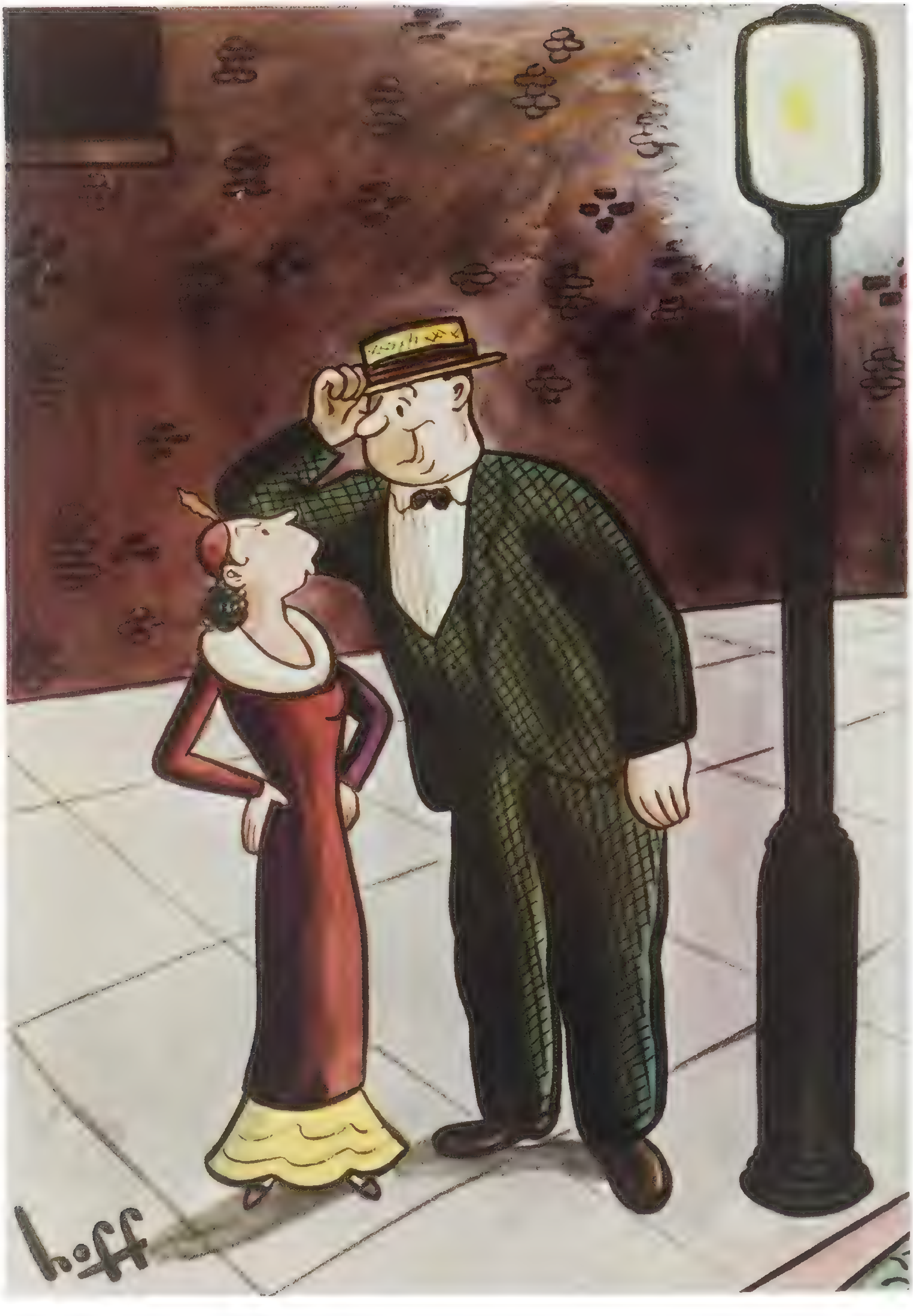


LOOKING AT HOME AT BELMONT PARK OR AT SARATOGA

The outfits shown on this page are typical of the current preferences of those men who, by their every appearance at outdoor sports events, exert a perceptible influence on the fashion trends of the country. These fashion setting sportsmen constitute a small group, numerically, but of large importance socially and financially. Their whim of today is next month's law in designers' workrooms. The man on the left wears a double breasted suit of blue tropical worsted, minus a waistcoat. His shirt is a pleated front blue batiste with a white rounded-corner starched collar, and a blue foulard bow tie with white spots. This is news. Take it, now, for what it's worth, but you'll be seeing it again and again in the future. His hat is a sennit straw with a club color band and it's nice to be sure, in emulating this example, that it is your own and not some other fellow's club colors that adorn your hat. (Americans abroad frequently wonder why red faced and white mustached Englishmen suddenly bristle and turn purple at the sight of hatbands that some clerk recommended as being very nice.) The socks are of ribbed lisle and the shoes are brown buckskin with black leather soles and heels. The older man's suit is a three-button notched lapel model of grey Glen plaid, of which the trousers are cuffless, worn with a double breasted fawn-colored linen waistcoat, a white shirt with white stiff collar, colorful striped tie, Homburg hat and brown blucher shoes. He is carrying one of those bamboo sticks which have a gold pencil inserted at the turn of the handle. The distinguishing characteristic in clothes of this type is the tendency to emphasize the natural line of the shoulder, and the soft construction.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



"Are you looking for a smack in the puss?"

The Silver Drinking Set

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getting late—and I guess there ain't much more to say."

Amos Wynn picked up the black bottle and looked around the table. Only Donaughey's glass was empty. Graham hadn't touched his. He was looking straight ahead as though he were in a trance. Graham had been married the longest!

"Drink up, anyway—if you haven't anything to say!" Graham drank silently—almost solemnly. Nelson tossed off his drink and laughed loudly, an ominous laugh—not hearty at all—a nasty laugh. What did it mean? People got married every day and nobody thought anything about it. What was so terrible about getting married?

At last the glasses were empty. Amos looked at them fascinated. A light dawned on him. "Just look at those glasses, men. They're all different sizes and shapes—that's why you got drunk so fast, Nelson. Ha, ha, you drew the big glass, see? I remember it was Donaughey the last time. Yes, and the time before. I never noticed that before—Donaughey always snitching the big glass!" Amos poured every glass full.

"Only an eye-opener left in the bottle, boys. Now, here's what I was going to say. Look at those glasses—nicks and chips, and I bet there isn't a clean one in the bunch. That's what it is to be an old batch and all alone, so to speak.

"Well, after I'm married I'm going to have a regular drinking set. What do you think of that? A silver drinking set. It's to be a silver hen that holds the liquor—the liquor will come out of her beak. The six cups will be egg-shape. That's the kind of things we're going to have in our home—refined-like. Something decent. I've made my little pile and I want to do things in style, see? There's a big room out at the Widow's house that will be just the place for us guys to meet. That's where we'll use the drinking set. Every fellow gets a brand new silver cup. Maybe we can get the names engraved. Six cups—enough for us and Lydia, too. Won't that be slick? All the same size—all egg-shape—all silver with gold inside."

What was the matter with the idiots? They simply sat saying nothing. Now old Larson was tittering. Graham looked as if he had seen a ghost. Red Nelson was in the dumps—that was sure. His eye was shiny. Was that big bull trying to cry? For a dime you'd crown him with the black bottle—yes, for a dime you'd give him a crack that would bust the bottle into the middle of next week—that's what you would do, for a dime.

The five men drank. Red Nelson seemed to gag. Graham sipped slowly, with a far-away look in his fishy eyes. Larson was still grinning—oh, well, he was old and maybe childish. Donaughey downed his drink almost viciously, as if he were sore about something. Silence again. A worse silence. A hellish silence. That about the silver drinking set hadn't seemed to go so good. What was the matter with that?

Glasses were shoved over the table noisily and chairs were scraped against the bare floor. The men got up from the table and went over to the single cot where their coats and hats lay. A little more talking, but nothing that meant anything. Nobody said anything about the silver drinking set. Amos Wynn helped Larson on with his coat, found Donaughey's batch of chicken photographs that he had lost behind the cot, made an appointment with Graham on a little trade for the following morning. He would like to have said something more about the silver drinking set. It wasn't to be one of those ordinary drinking sets you saw in the stores. The Widow had explained that she would be glad to have Amos bring his friends around any time and that they could all have a nip apiece of the good old cognac in the Captain's cellar. She would fill up the little silver hen for the first time. Then Amos Wynn and his friends could all drink to the success of the marriage. They would all have a jolly party—lots of jolly parties.

Amos wanted to say all this and more. But he couldn't. He shook hands all around. Everybody congratulated him again. They did it too politely. They clapped him on the back too lightly. They filed out too quietly. As they walked through the long echoing hall to the front door, Amos Wynn felt like shouting to them, "Don't forget that next time we'll all drink from silver cups." But it didn't seem to be the thing to say, somehow.

Gentian for Dreams

Continued from page 66

grass into a vast, dimly-lighted room, smoke-clouded. Like wraiths a group of figures sat about a huge table at the far wall. She took care that they did not perceive her entrance; noiselessly she slid into a chair in the deserted corner back of the big porcelain stove, whence she could watch, unnoticed.

The revelers were all men. They had on the native peaked hats. The feathers bobbed and dipped as they sang loudly, accompanied by a zither and a guitar, and kept time with banging steins.

A waitress approached, looking surprised. The girl laid a finger upon her lips, and pointed to an item on the wine-card, under "*likoere*," whispering, "Gentian?"

The waitress nodded, and fetched a bottle, pouring from it a white liquid into a small glass, then retired hastily.

The girl took a generous swallow. Her head jerked backward. "It's like red-hot rubber-boots!" she thought, gasping. Perhaps she ought to eat something with it. Ten hours since food! This stuff would make her terribly drunk. Well . . . maybe not. She resolutely choked the remainder of the glassful down. A fire seemed to spread through her. She filled the glass again, and swallowed it with stinging eyes. Immediately she took a third, and leaned forward, steadying her chin in her palms.

One of the men suddenly climbed atop the far table, and yodeled piercingly about the "edelweiss." The chorus rang out. He jumped down, and the tempo changed to a brisk three-four. Two of the others vaulted from their chairs, and waltzed tempestuously, a few feet apart. As the music gradually quickened, they burst into joyful screeches, slapped hips and feet in complex, explosive claps, leaped high in the air and alighted softly as cats, waltzing always with liquid grace.

She perceived that the more adept of the two was Oberdorfer, obviously an expert of great distinction. His form swam in and out through the smoke. He was altogether unconscious of everything but his dancing. Radiant, joyous, he twirled his hat, turned astonishing somersaults, executed intricate steps. With a thunderous "clomp-clomp!" he finished, while delighted yells rattled the beams.

The music swelled higher. It caught her brain, lifted her from her chair, swept her across the floor. Somehow, she was curtsying before Oberdorfer, who stared at her, then, with a gay shout, swung her into his arms.

"Gentian!" she thought, whirling effortlessly. Other words scampered in her mind, "mad" and "delicate" and "dream" and "real-it." Then she ceased thinking in words. She gave herself to the pulsing, swift perfection of rhythm, to the dream which she was dancing.

But suddenly the music was not playing. Was that not a brutal hand, jerking her backward, away from her partner, shaking her savagely? And her brother's face, boozy and dark with rage, yelling, "Get out of here! Dance with servants, will you? Servants!"

She turned upon the Tyrolean a smile of complete sympathy. Then, stepping forward, she swung her open hand, with all her force, cracking it like a whip against her brother's face.

She saw him stagger, Ned and the proprietor seize him, haul him, struggling feebly, through a side-exit.

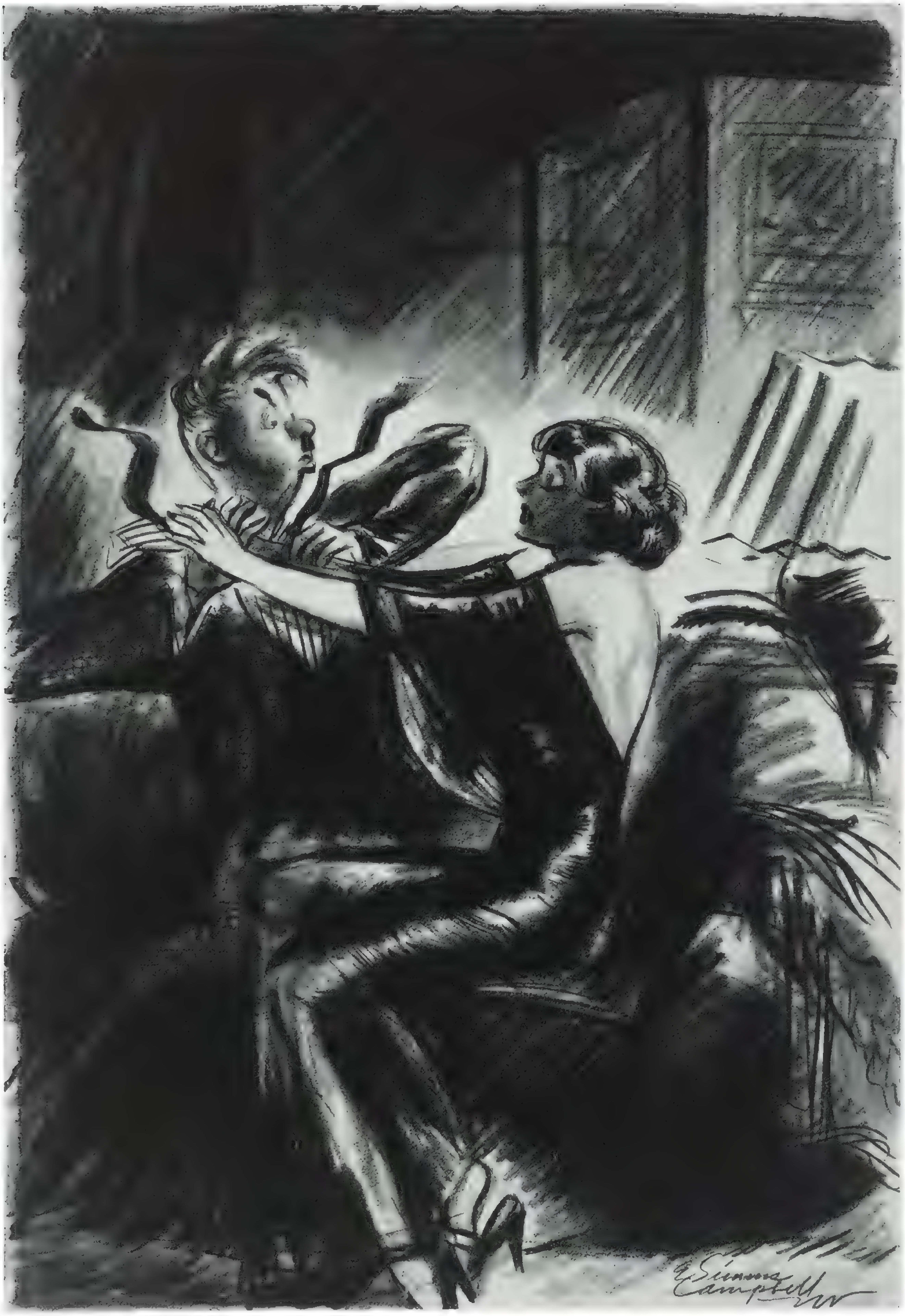
Once more she swept the guide with her slow smile. She turned and made her way calmly out.

With closed eyes she sat motionless on the verandah steps. When someone came and stood beside her, she did not open them. It was Ned. His voice was saying gloomily, "Sorry I didn't put Jack to bed before he made a fool of himself."

She made no comment.

"I've apologized to Oberdorfer," the voice went on, unsteadily, "he understood. He's a good chap."

Continued on page 119


E. Simms Campbell

"Wait a minute, Connie—don't spoil everything"

Gentian for Dreams

Continued from page 117

She heard herself saying with slow certainty, "He is goodness itself. He is like bread, and this moonlight, and these mountains. He is like the clean wind."

This time it was Ned who remained silent.

She went on, as though intoning verses, "When I hear him speak, little patterns of happiness curl inside me. When I see him move, something sings in my eyes. When I touch him, I melt, I go weak with beauty."

Ned cleared his throat, began to protest, "But I—"

"You! How funny. I'd forgotten you, quite!" She laughed softly. "Poor you! I was going to marry you, wasn't I! It was actually settled—a reality. Like all the other pale, superficial realities I accepted as substitutes. And now you've been blown out . . . as if you'd never existed . . . by a dream! He isn't real, is he! And you are, I suppose. But there's no room for you in my mind. He fills me. Twenty-one years of reality, and being second-rate, and pampered and jaded, and feeling nothing. And now I'm feeling."

"Look here!" he said harshly, "you're . . . you're . . ."

"Take care!"

He gulped, and with frigid politeness asked, "Might I inquire what you expect to do?"

"Nothing that concerns you!" she answered, with quiet anger. "I don't know. I don't care. Go away! Get out of my dream! It's mine! Get out of it!"

"I will!"

His footsteps rang across the verandah, up the stairs, to his room.

So she sat, and presently was aware of another, standing at her side. She arose, speaking a name, "Hans."

Silently he took her hand. They walked down the path to the wood. After many minutes, they came to a small knoll, where the moonlight washed the moss to velvet. There she stopped, and knelt. She pulled at his hands, so that he knelt beside her.

She raised her fingers, and touched his face, lightly, tracing its contour. Then passion mounted, and her arms went about him, she drew his lips down to hers. . . .

The sun was high when she danced down the stairs. Humming a little song, she raced across the enclosure, and found Ned hunched upon a log.

"Good noon, sir!" she cried.

He glowered at her radiance briefly, then resumed his sullen survey of the ground.

"Happiness!" she sang, and flung her arms wide, "happiness!"

His knuckles whitened on the log.

"Where's Jack?" she asked, "not that I care."

"Gone on home."

"Good riddance. And Hans?" He gnawed the side of his mouth. "Hans?" she repeated, alarm shrilling her voice.

His hand shot out, and he jerked her to a seat beside him. "Are you still insane?"

She struggled. "Let me go! Where is he?"

His grasp tightened. "I talked to him this morning."

"You . . . you what?"

'I talked to him. Oh, don't worry. I didn't ask him any questions about last night. I'm not asking you any. What occurred between you—that's your own affair. I simply talked to him. I told him a lot of truths about you."

She blazed. "You dared to—"

"I dared to tell him exactly what you know yourself. What are you, anyhow? You're a hard, imperious, selfish, calculating little realist. Back in New York, you have one hundred thousand schillings a year of your own—even now, when everybody's strapped. You have at least three dozen Paris dresses, and one trunk for shoes alone. You have three cars. Your life consists of scrambling from one gathering of grim saps to another—every night. And—"

"Where is he!"

"You are extremely beautiful. You play with sensations, and never let them affect you. You know exactly what you're doing all the time. You're an excitement-eater. But excitement isn't romance, and you haven't been prepared for what's suddenly happened to you. Last night you called it a dream. Well, let it go at that. It's over. Wake up!"

"Hans!" she called, wildly, "Hans!"

He shook her. "Do you want me to tell you where he is? Then hold your tongue till I finish. Magic tricked you—the scenery, and the circumstances, and his personality, and . . . well, it doesn't matter. That was then. This is now. Where do you go from here?"

"I'm going to marry him, you fool!"

"Marry him! And do what with him? Take him away from his magic, here, where he belongs? And lead him about like a dachshund?"

"Can't you understand anything? I'll stay here—anywhere he wants—on a farm—in a hut—anywhere—"

"For how long?"

"You jackass—you poor clumsy, interfering jackass! Do you think I'll let you kick my dream to pieces?"

"Your dream. Very nice. What about his? You think you love him, I suppose. But you'd go ahead and smash him up, wouldn't you! Well—too bad. I've saved him. He's out of your clutches."

She began to tremble violently. "What did you—"

"I put it up to him the perfect way. I told him it was for your sake. Your sake, see? Self-sacrifice. It hit him hard. He likes you a lot. He gave me this to give you, just as he left—"

He drew from his pocket a single blossom, a gentian, only slightly crushed.

"Left!"

He released her. "Yes. So now you know. Took the eight o'clock train. He'll keep away from you—you won't find him."

She snatched the flower, crying, "Get a motor!"

"He's had four hours' start. You'll never—"

But already she was running to the hotel.

The speeding car drew near the village. As it approached a small side-lane, the driver slammed on his brakes. A crowd was blocking the entrance, hurrying and jostling.

"Why—that's the lane to the *klam!*" she muttered, and clutched the driver's shoulder. "Stop! Halt!"

She leaped to the ground. "Ned! Ask them what's happening! Quick!"

Ned called out several questions, and received flung-back answers. "It's Hans. He's coming down the stream in his boat—" he began.

But she had caught the name, and, pallid, was racing down the lane. When she arrived at the gorge, she saw people massed, tense, their attention fixed upstream. She fought to the edge of the mad waters, and made out, through the spray, the little boat, darting toward the cascade beneath her.

"Hans!"

Her voice was a whisper against the stream's thunder.

And now, in the fraction of a second before it plunged almost vertically, she saw the skiff clearly, she saw him. He sat, easy and graceful, his paddle unused. In the peak of his hat, next the white eagle's feather, glowed the blue of one flower. Upon his face was a smile of expectation, of resignation.

"Trying to kill himself!" her thoughts screamed.

He was lost in the boiling chute. Sickened, she closed her eyes. But immediately she heard Ned howling in her ear, "Why—he's made it! Only half a mile to go now!"

Falling often in the slime and clay, she followed. Once she cut a deep gash in a knee, but did not know it. At every bend of the stream she searched fearfully, and choked with thanksgiving to see the frail craft spinning, crashing against boulders, rebounding, hurtling forward.

Suddenly the waters were no longer roaring, they were sliding sullenly into a wide, rockless reach. Upon the far bank, Hans stood, holding the boat's rope. Figures leaped shouting around him pumping his hands.

"Safe!" she breathed, and braced herself against Ned, so that she might stumble to her love.

"Wait!" Ned held her back, with his arm. He's won the thousand schillings and something else! Look there!"

She saw a pretty peasant girl run to the hero, throw her arms about him, cover his face with kisses, crying joyfully, "Hans! *Mein* Hans!"

"*Her* Hans!" Ned said. "You see? He's won his reality—the thousand schillings, and his own farm, and the litter of silly brats, and his beer, and his dances, and his songs, and his mountains—"

"And . . . and one dream to remember?" she asked, softly. "Please—one dream like a bright blue flame . . . or a flower?"

A moment longer she watched. "Don't let him see us!" she whispered, and turned abruptly back up the path.

When they had passed the last of the crowd, she spoke again, and her voice was metallic. "Well. That's that. Congratulations, Hooperdooper. Vienna tomorrow. Mother will love Vienna. So will I. The shops! And the Ringstrasse!"

Ned strode along in polite silence.

Presently, very quietly, she wept. Then a smile quivered. She took from her breast the fragments of a gentian, inspected them gravely, rolled them into a tiny ball, balanced it a moment in her palm, and blew it into the stream.

"Show Mr. and Mrs. F. to Number—"

Continued from page 23

go on to Paris after all.

Our cheap hotel in Paris had been turned into a girls' school—we went to a nameless one in the rue du Bac, where potted palms withered in the exhausted air. Through the thin partitions we witnessed the private lives and natural functions of our neighbors. We walked at night past the moulded columns of the Odeon and identified the gangrenous statue behind the Luxembourg fence as Catherine de Medici.

It was a trying winter and to forget bad times we went to Algiers. The Hotel Oasis was laced together by moorish grills; and the bar was an outpost of civilization with people accentuating their eccentricities. Beggars in white sheets were propped against the walls, and the dash of colonial uniforms gave the cafes a desperate swashbuckling air. Berbers have plaintive trusting eyes but it is really Fate they trust.

In Bou Saada, the scent of amber was swept along the streets by wide desert cloaks. We watched the moon stumble over the sand hillocks in a dead white glow and believed the guide as he told us of a priest he knew who could wreck railroad trains by wishing. The Ouled-Nails were very brown and clean-cut girls, impersonal as they turned themselves into fitting instruments for sex by the ritual of their dance, jangling their gold to the tune of savage fidelities hid in the distant hills.

The world crumbled to pieces in Biskra; the streets crept through the town like streams of hot white lava. Arabs sold nougat and cakes of poisonous pink under the flare of open gas jets. Since "The Garden of Allah" and "The Sheik" the town has been filled with frustrate women. In the steep cobbled alleys we flinched at the brightness of mutton carcasses swung from the butchers' booths.

We stopped in El Kantara at a rambling inn whiskered with wistaria. Purple dusk steamed up from the depths of a gorge and we walked to a painter's house where, in the remoteness of those mountains, he worked at imitations of Meissonier.

Then Switzerland and another life. Spring bloomed in the gardens of the Grand Hotel in Glion, and a panorama world scintillated in the mountain air. The sun steamed delicate blossoms loose from the rocks while far below glinted the lake of Geneva.

Beyond the balustrade of the Lausanne Palace, sailboats plume themselves in the breeze like birds. Willow trees weave lacy patterns on the gravel terrace. The people are chic fugitives from life and death, rattling their teacups in querulous emotion on the deep protective balcony. They spell the names of hotels and cities with flowerbeds and lyburnum in Switzerland and even the street lights wore crowns of verbena.

1931 Leisurely men played checkers in the restaurant of the Hotel de la Paix in Lausanne. The depression had become frank in the American papers so we wanted to get back home.

But we went to Annecy for two weeks in summer, and said at the end that we'd never go there again because those weeks had been perfect and no other time could match them. First we lived at the Beau Rivage, a rambler rose-covered hotel, with a diving platform wedged beneath our window between the sky and the lake, but there were enormous flies on the raft so we moved across the lake to Menthon. The water was greener there and the shadows long and cool and the scraggly gardens staggered up the shelved precipice to the Hotel Palace. We played tennis on the baked clay courts and fished tentatively from a low brick wall. The heat of summer seethed in the resin of the white pine bath-houses. We walked at night towards a cafe blooming with Japanese lanterns, white shoes gleaming like radium in the damp darkness. It was like the good gone times when we still believed in summer hotels and the philosophies of popular songs. Another night we danced a Wiener waltz, and just simply swep' around.

At the Caux Palace, a thousand yards in the air, we tea-danced on the uneven boards of a pavilion and sopped our toast in mountain honey.

When we passed through Munich the Regina-Palast was empty; they gave us a suite where the princes stayed in the days when royalty travelled. The young Germans stalking the ill-lit streets wore a sinister air—the talk that underscored the beer-garden waltzes was of war and hard times. Thornton Wilder took us to a famous restaurant where the beer deserved the silver mugs it was served in. We went to see the cherished witnesses to a lost cause; our voices echoed through the planetarium and we lost our orientation in the deep blue cosmic presentation of how things are.

In Vienna, the Bristol was the best hotel and they were glad to have us because it too was empty. Our windows looked out on the mouldy baroque of the Opera over the tops of sorrowing elms. We dined at the widow Sacher's—over the oak panelling hung a print of Franz Joseph going some happier place many years ago in a coach; one of the Rothschilds dined behind a leather screen. The city was poor already, or still, and the faces about us were harassed and defensive.

We stayed a few days at the Vevey Place on Lake Geneva. The trees in the hotel gardens were the tallest we had ever seen and gigantic lonely birds fluttered over the surface of the lake. Farther along there was a gay little beach with a modern bar where we sat on the sands and discussed stomachs.

We motored back to Paris: that is, we sat nervously in our six horse-power Renault. At the famous Hotel de la Cloche in Dijon we had a nice room with a very complicated mechanical inferno of a bath, which the valet proudly referred to as American plumbing.

In Paris for the last time, we installed ourselves amidst the faded grandeurs of the Hotel Majestic. We went to the Exposition and yielded up our imaginations to gold-lit facsimiles of Bali. Lonely flooded rice fields of lonely far-off islands told us an immutable story of work and death. The juxtaposition of so many replicas of so many civilizations was confusing, and depressing.

Back in America we stayed at the New Yorker because the advertisements said it was cheap. Everywhere quietude was sacrificed to haste and, momentarily, it seemed an impossible world, even though lustrous from the roof in the blue dusk.

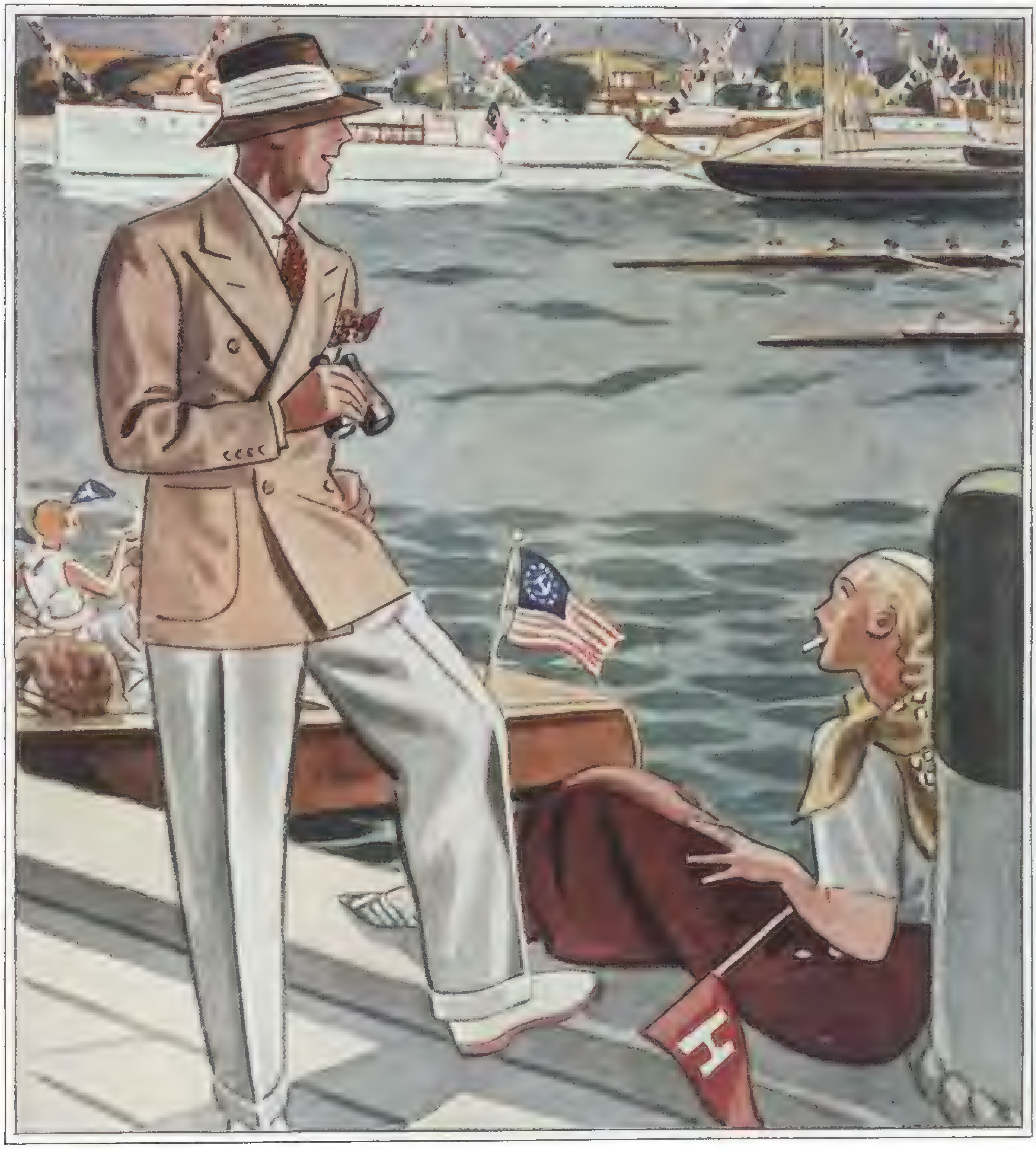
In Alabama the streets were sleepy and remote and a calliope on parade gasped out the tunes of our youth. There was sickness in the family and the house was full of nurses so we stayed at the big new elaborate Jefferson Davis. The old houses near the business section were falling to pieces at last. New bungalows lined the cedar drives on the outskirts; four-o'clocks bloomed beneath the old iron deer and arbor-vitae boxed the prim brick walks while vigorous weeds uprooted the pavements. Nothing had happened there since the Civil War. Everybody had forgotten why the hotel had been erected, and the clerk gave us three rooms and four baths for nine dollars a day. We used one as a sitting-room so the bell-boys would have some place to sleep when we rang for them.

1932 At the biggest hotel in Biloxi we read Genesis and watched the sea pave the deserted shore with a mosaic of black twigs.

We went to Florida. The bleak marshes were punctuated by biblical admonitions to a better life; abandoned fishing boats disintegrated in the sun. The Don Cecare Hotel in Passe Grille stretched lazily over the stubbled wilderness, surrendering its shape to the blinding brightness of the gulf. Opalescent shells cupped the twilight on the beach and a stray dog's footprints in the wet sand staked out his claim to a free path 'round the ocean. We walked at night and discussed the Pythagorean theory of numbers, and we fished by day. We were sorry for the deep-sea bass and the amberjacks—they seemed such easy game and no sport at all. Reading the Seven Against Thebes we browned on a lonely beach. The hotel was almost empty and there were so many waiters waiting to be off that we could hardly eat our meals.

1933 The room in the Algonquin was high up amidst the gilded domes of New York. Bells chimed hours that had yet to penetrate the shadowy streets of the canyon. It was too hot in the room, but the carpets were soft and the room was isolated by dark corridors outside the door and bright facades outside the window. We spent much time getting ready for theatres. We saw Georgia O'Keefe's pictures and it was a deep emotional experience to abandon one's self to that majestic aspiration so adequately fitted into eloquent abstract forms.

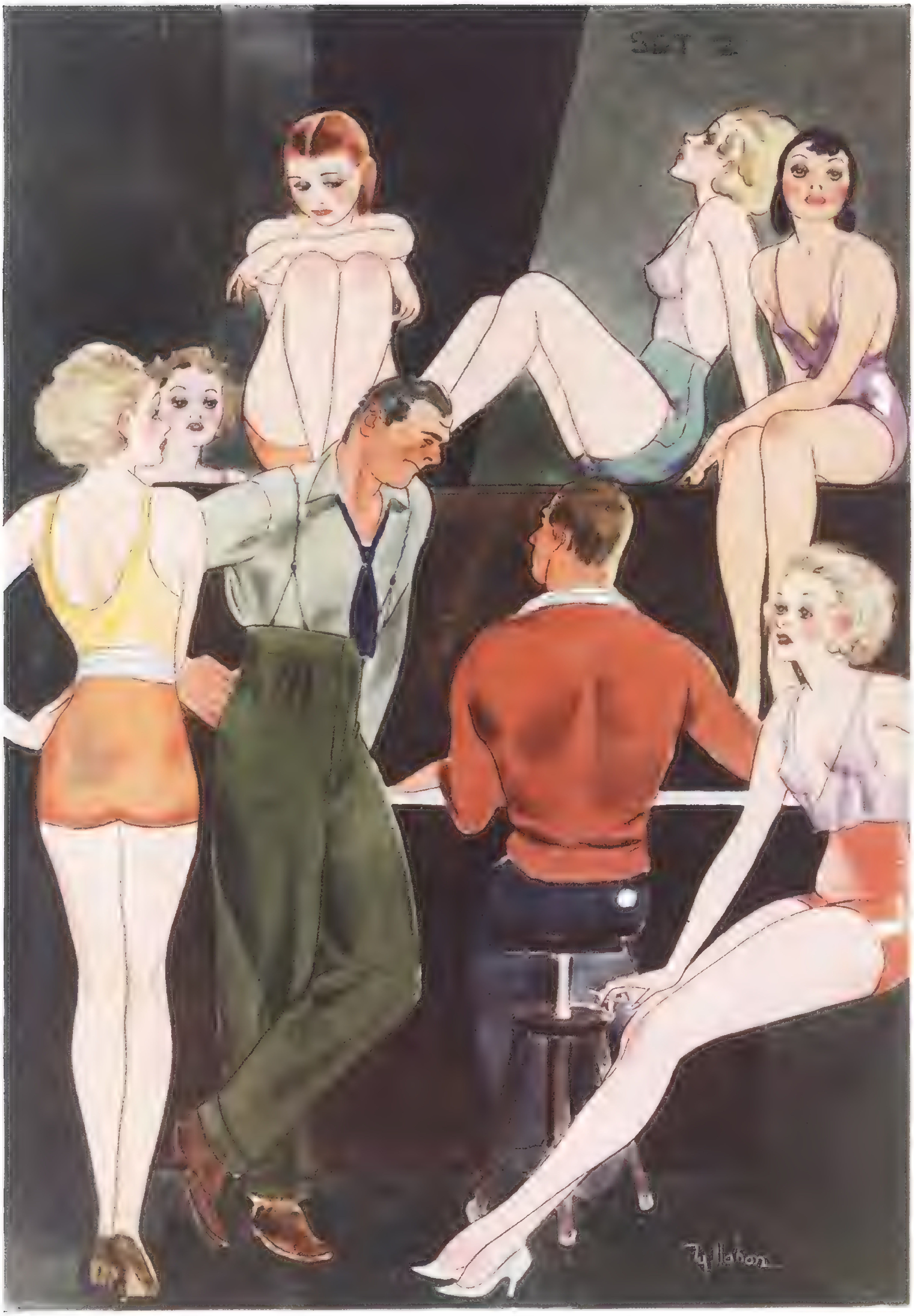
For years we had wanted to go to Bermuda. We went. The Elbow Beach Hotel was full of honeymooners who scintillated so persistently in each other's eyes that we cynically moved. The Hotel St. George was nice. Bougainvillea cascaded down the tree trunks and long stairs passed by deep mysteries taking place behind native windows. Cats slept along the balustrade and lovely children grew. We rode bicycles along the wind-swept causeways and stared in a dreamy daze at such phenomena as roosters scratching amidst the sweet alyssum. We drank sherry on a veranda above the bony backs of horses tethered in the public square. We had travelled a lot, we thought. Maybe this would be the last trip for a long while. We thought Bermuda was a nice place to be the last one of so many years of travelling.



CORRECTLY CLOTHED FOR RESORT WEAR AND SPECTATOR SPORTS

You may not go for the brown leghorn hat with the white shantung puggaree band, and if you don't it's all right, because you can always substitute a sennit straw or a Panama, but if you do happen to like it you may wear it with the satisfaction of knowing that it is perfectly correct and that it is no longer considered an old man's style, as it was for some years. As for the jacket and trousers, either or both could be parts of complete suits, to give you as many possibilities as possible in the way of change of outfits. This light tan jacket with patch pockets may be either an odd jacket of gabardine, flannel or shantung, or part of a suit of the first two materials. The light grey flannel trousers, similarly, may be odd slacks, or part of a complete suit of this same model. These colors and fabrics are interchangeable, as it is just as correct to wear a lighter jacket with darker trousers as it is to follow the older practice of wearing light trousers with dark jackets. Grey and tan go together very well and are an accepted combination, either color appearing in either the top or bottom half of the odd jacket and slacks outfit. A nice touch in complement to the brown and white of the hat is the use of the tan broadcloth shirt with a white soft collar. The tie and handkerchief are both of red foulard but they needn't match, in fact it's smarter by far if they don't. (Some men like to match them either in pattern or in color, but not in both, and this is a perfectly permissible conceit.) The shoes are plain white buckskin with red rubber soles and heels and they are made without lining. This is the newest variation on the plain white buckskin shoes that King George made fashionable.

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)



"Only 26 more days until that fishing trip up in Canada"

How Bonds Do Harm

Continued from page 113

day Cleveland is in default on its bonds. Those who thought they had security now know there is a limit to the amount of debts a city can pile up and continue to pay interest on. Whether a city borrows dead men's money, or surplus, the rich, still living, wish to hoard, tax free; there comes a day of reckoning when the bondholder must take his loss. If this happens often enough—as, in fact, it *is* happening—then there may be an end to municipal bonds. They will cease, not because of the injustice they represent, but because they are a device that *no longer works.*

Let us now turn from public debt to bonded debt against industrial plants. By placing a mortgage on a big factory, a corporation may raise money, sometimes for a worthy purpose. But often it happens that money thus raised is used to enable officers of that corporation to go on drawing their salaries long after it is evident that the company is not needed and cannot operate except at a loss. By selling goods at less than cost, such a company is sometimes harmful to its competitors in the same field. They find it hopelessly difficult to compete with a group living on money from a bond issue, rather than from legitimate profits. All manner of crazy situations have arisen from permitting bonds on industrial plants. The new Securities Act wasn't passed any too soon!

In New York state, a pressed brick company fell into financial straits. One of the smaller stockholders, a man of wealth who was interested also in other brick plants, offered to lend the company $2,000,000 in return for a first mortgage on all their plants.

By way of protecting his investment, he specified that if he lent this $2,000,000 he should have the right to name the management. Other stockholders saw no objection to this. Indeed, they felt it might be advantageous to them to have the kind of management he would doubtless select. In protecting his own interest, he would protect theirs also.

The man who took a mortgage on the plant was therefore permitted to pick the management; and the first thing the new management did—under his direction—was to start selling brick for fifty cents a thousand *less than cost!* In other words, every time a customer bought a thousand brick, the manufacturer not only gave the goods to him without profit but also gave him a premium of half a dollar.

That might not have been so bad if only this one company had been affected. But imagine the plight of other companies selling similar brick when they tried to compete with these prices below cost of production. The result was that everybody compelled to meet in such competition lost money. This situation, if continued long enough, would have meant ruin for the entire industry. A time came when the company which deliberately set out to lose fifty cents on every thousand brick had used up its reserve capital. There was nothing left for it to do but submit to having that mortgage foreclosed.

The holder of the mortgage then found himself in possession of an enterprise which had cost him little in comparison with its true value. Moreover, his competitors were all in a greatly weakened condition. He would no longer need to sell brick below cost. By playing a scurvy trick, he had placed himself in a position to make plenty of money. Not having any conscience or scruples, he doubtless felt pleased with his exercise of "good, sound, business sense."

Such situations have not been uncommon, especially when the money lender was a banker of pawn-broker instincts. True, sometimes the plant was not even worth the amount of the mortgage and little was to be gained by foreclosure; but frequently the pawn-broker (banker) was in the position of one who had lent $18 on a $150 violin. He hoped the borrower couldn't pay. He wished to obtain possession of a plant at a bargain price. After that, he could reorganize the company—issue new stock, and bonds, to suit himself.

If stockholders are losing money, but see profits ahead, and need capital to tide them over, why shouldn't this capital be raised, not through bonds, but by issuing more stock? In that way, every company is soon compelled to operate at a profit, or else close down, leaving the field to those who can do the job better. Such companies could pay good wages and keep people employed. Under this plan, when a company does cease operation, stockholders—the same people who provided the money in the beginning—have something left. They still have the plant. They can sell it to a competitor, or dispose of it as they see fit.

How often does one ever hear of a company quietly going out of business for the purpose of salvaging what money they still have? If we look over the list of stocks quoted on the New York Stock Exchange, we still find companies for sale for less than their cash and quick assets. The reason is that nobody expects the company to be liquidated. Stockholders will have no opportunity to get that cash out of the treasury. The company isn't being run for the benefit of stockholders but in the private interest of a little group of officers. They wish to hold their jobs and draw salaries. If the company is not a necessary part of the social scheme and is losing money, these officers can hang on to their salaries just so long as bond issues provide the money.

The worst of it is that scores of industrial bonds are issued with no thought that they are ever going to be paid. If one will look over the list of bonds in his newspaper he will note that many of them are not due for fifty, sixty, or even one hundred years! It is as if the man issuing the bonds had said to the lenders: "I won't be able to pay you back this money. Neither will my son nor my grandson; but possibly my great grandson can do it."

Vicious as are bonds, or preferred claims, against industrial plants, perhaps even worse is the common practice of encouraging men to let money lenders hold mortgages against private homes. I wonder if the time isn't ripe to quit taking mean advantage of the nesting instinct in humankind. In other words, isn't it about time to cease using man's commendable love of home as a means for betraying and robbing him?

Surely, if a man is civilized enough to wish for a little nest he can call his own, he should be encouraged to have it. But this is no reason why he should be tricked into believing he has a nest of his own when he has merely sold himself into bondage to the real owner.

What I'm getting at is that we might now set up new rules of the game and make it as difficult as possible for a man to pledge his home as a guarantee for a debt. We have long departed from such barbarities as putting up a son or a daughter as hostage to guarantee a money payment. But we still let people place mortgages on their homes. We not only permit such practice but provide means for recording home mortgages.

A neighbor of mine was owner of a good little farm, free of debt. An acquaintance of his, burdened with a debt on a two-family house, became covetous of my neighbor's farm and made a proposal to him.

"You give me your farm," he suggested, "a farm which at best gives you a scant return, and I'll give you my apartment house occupied by families who will come and place rent money in your hand the first of every month."

A detail which he touched on only lightly was a mortgage on his house for more than the place is worth. Because of the human instinct known as the *will to believe,* my friend thought the income from rent would exceed outgo for mortgage interest, repairs, and taxes. He therefore consented to exchange his farm for the other man's debt. The euphemism he employs in referring to this privilege he has acquired of paying the other man's debts, is the word "equity." He says he has an equity in the house.

Without the machinery which society has set up for facilitating and legalizing such debt transactions, my neighbor might still own his farm. Today he not only has no farm but is worse off than if he had nothing, because he must work with great zeal to pay interest, repairs and taxes. True, he might just quit paying these items and let the holder of the mortgage take possession. But his set of beliefs—in which society has long encouraged him—prevent his doing so. He believes his "equity" is a thing of value. It *must* have value, he thinks; surely a man wouldn't trade a farm for something of no value whatever, would he?

Recently, in conversation with a man whom I had theretofore regarded as astute, I pointed out some of the distressing phases of letting people mortgage their homes.

"Ah, yes," he said, "but I *believe* in people owning their homes."

See! He missed the whole point. Of course there are social advantages in having as many people as possible own their own homes. Nobody denies that. But the point is that there can be no social advantage in fooling anybody into thinking he owns his own home when he does not. I talked not long ago with a somewhat famous European visitor who expressed his amazement over the truth about the home situation in America.

"I always thought the United States was a nation of home owners," he said; "but I find there are fewer *real* home owners than in Europe. The great majority of so-called

Continued on page 125

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Revealing, among other things, that gruff Mr. Mencken is only a variety of super-Boy Scout

by BURTON RASCOE

THE most startling innovation in the way of fiction for quite some number of months is Philip Wylie's *Finnley Wren: His Notions and Opinions* (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). I didn't like the book much when I first started reading it. It was a little too harsh and cocky. It sounded like a bravura by Ben Hecht in one of Hecht's more exhibitory moods. And I didn't like the alcoholic atmosphere of the opening pages. The yarn begins in a speakeasy and it had seemed to me that about every third novel I had been reading lately had a speakeasy for a setting. But, as the narrative developed I found myself engrossed in it. It is a technical feat of refreshing originality. The chief figure, Finnley Wren, an executive in an advertising agency, comes to you through half a dozen different angles. First there is the story of his life as he relates it to Wylie, the author-narrator; then there is Wylie's impression of him; next there are impressions of him related to Wylie by friends and intimates of Wren; and finally there are the unpublished fantasies he writes as a form of release and for his own amusement.

When you have finished the book you have become well acquainted with half a dozen different characters, all of them real and fascinating. There is, for instance, Flora whom Wylie meets at a house-party to which Wren has taken him while Wylie's wife is on a trip to Bermuda and who plays the role of a fluffy scatter-brain in order to get Wylie in bed with her—for scientific as well as amorous purposes. In reality she is an obstetrician, a doctor of philosophy and a highly articulate and learned woman. She and her husband, a Yale professor, are gathering data on marriage and jealousy in the firm belief that jealousy is an infantile and uncivilized emotion and that marital fidelity is a silly constraint leading to psychoses and nervous breakdowns. In due course Wylie goes back to his garden in Connecticut with an idea for a novel. And you, meanwhile, have just read the novel.

The writing is brilliant, breezy and spirited. Medical terms cascade through the pages, not as an affright but as a delight to the eye. The vocabulary is rich and varied and Wylie has given capricious instructions to the printer so that the very typography of the book is in key with the kaleidoscopic change of moods. Sentiment, tragedy, grim humor, gaiety, most of the moods of life are caught by the author in this curious extravaganza. It is an imaginative glimpse of what life might be like if we were not so earth-bound and tied by the leading-strings of primitive emotions.

That we are thus tied irremediably is the contention of H. L. Mencken in his first book since 1930, called *Treatise on Right and Wrong* (Knopf, $3). In this book the Old Master has taken his feet off the table, yelled roundly for his carpet slippers; and, drawing himself up before the hearth, has bawled out the universe. Nothing escapes the high whizz of his animosity. Fascism, communism, Holy Church, the Baptists, Rotarians, the Brain Trust, Hoover, Coolidge, Roosevelt, psychiatrists, Freudians, professors, prelates, voters and public servants, Plato and plutocrats, press-agents and pantheists—every "integrated" personality (that is, every one who has a notion about what he wants in life and a concept of himself in pursuit of his aim), arouses in Mencken an excess secretion of spleen.

If I didn't know that, at heart, the gruff Berserk from Baltimore is actually an old softie, doing ten good deeds a day when even the Boy Scouts require only one, I should challenge him on many of his flat assertions. But, if you read this "treatise" in the right spirit, i.e., as a literary exercise that is mightily entertaining, you will derive profit and amusement from it. It is freighted to the gunwales with erudition, much of it of an elementary character, familiar to all amateurs in philosophy and ethics. Mencken reaches the conclusion that man is a domesticated animal and that his instincts are social and that all of his efforts to beyond good and evil come to nothing. "Naturally, he tries to rationalize his resignation, and to make it something rather more grand and noble than it really is. He calls it, for example, obedience to the will of an omnipotent and omniscient God. Or duty, public spirit, patriotism. Or sacrifice to an idea, an ideal, usually obscure and often unintelligible. Out of such concepts arise moral systems. What is sound in them I have tried to show: it is mainly a simple response to a kind of instinct, shared with the ants and the bees. But what is false is still not unimportant, for out of it has flowed a great richness, an immense enhancement of the human spirit. Man is the only animal who yearns to be a part of something larger than himself. His efforts to that end usually fail, and sometimes they are tragically ridiculous, but not always. There is, in fact, such a thing as progress, and many of the new values that it brings are authentic and durable."

Materialist to the core and abhorring metaphysics as he does, Mencken's choler would be a spectacle to watch if he should be caught reading *The Invisible Influence* (Dutton, $1.50) by Alexander Cannon, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.G.S. The book sounds crazy enough in all conscience; but it is so fantastic that once started reading it you cannot put it down. In the introduction by Edwin C. Hill we are informed that Dr. Cannon is a distinguished scientist, a doctor of medicine, a psychiatrist and a fellow of the Royal Geographic Society. In a puerile imitation of the Biblical style this distinguished scientist tells of a journey he made to Tibet where he spent some time with the late Grand Lama and learned from that dignitary the strange secrets of Black and White Magic. He asks us to believe that, after receiving the proper instructions, he was able to levitate himself across a fifty-foot chasm—not only himself but a friend; that he saw a man raised from the dead; that he saw a tree withered before his eyes by being pointed at; and that he has witnessed all the miracles attributed to Jesus. The book is a ferrago of Yogi philosophy, trance writing, hushed hints about numerology, astrology and hypnotism; but there are just enough auto-suggestion, "mind reading" and such like "occult" matters that are familiar experiences to nearly everyone to make these ghostly revelations of the good doctor faintly credible. The book has aroused a storm of controversy in England and it has again brought out the old stand-by in the way of magazine articles—the article about the Indian rope trick. No one, it appears, has ever seen the trick performed—not even the good doctor alleges that; but there are plenty who are ready to say they know of people who have seen the trick performed and Dr. Cannon says "this act has been vouched for more than a thousand times." He says it is a visual hallucination produced by one of the six orders of Yogi who hypnotize whole audiences collectively.

Hitherto no novelist has attempted to give us a realistic story of that drastic social readjustment that has been so common an occurrence since the boom and crash of 1929. Dale Curran, a newcomer on the literary scene, has used this as the theme of an excellent novel, *A House on a Street* (Covici-Friede, $2). It is the story of a young Wall Street bond salesman and customers' man whose future seemed so rosy and secure in the days when nearly everyone was gambling in the stock market. He was looking forward to marriage with a girl he loved who had been used to wealth and he had thought nothing could stand in the way of his worldly success. After the crash he was thrown out of employment and remained out of employment for months until he was driven finally to take a job as caretaker of a house for a small room and enough salary to eat on. Among his tenants is an artist, a mechanic, a harlot and a Japanese communist. He learns that each of these has resources he hasn't got; for buying and selling had been almost the only reality of life to him. When he finally tries to become a Communist, he learns that the party won't accept him. "You are not emotionally ready for us," the Japanese tells him, "I am afraid there is no room for you in the radical movement. Your heart is elsewhere. I have told you we do not want bourgeois converts. This is not a polite movement for reform. Communism is a movement of the working class itself; that is our strength and our integrity. You could not be with us for long. In prosperity, you would desert us."

A number of writers, such as John Dos Passos, Anita Brenner, Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson, have recently found that their sympathies are not wanted by the

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How Bonds Do Harm

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home owners have merely made ridiculously small down payments. In Europe people are not that easily fooled. No one thinks he is a home owner unless he has more money invested in a place than does the holder of the mortgage on it."

Yes, the truth is that there would be more people owning their homes if they were prevented from buying subject to mortgages. When a man pays $1,000 down on a $12,000 house and then loses the place through foreclosure, as, sooner or later, he probably does, he has lost the savings he might finally have applied toward a modest little home within his means.

The most recent United States census does not list the ratio of mortgaged homes but in 1920 a census tabulation showed that mortgaged homes in cities of 100,000 or more population ranged from 83 per cent of all homes in Hartford, Conn., to less than 30 per cent in Nashville, Tenn.; and the ratio of mortgaged debt to value ranged from 53 per cent in Philadelphia to about 38 per cent in Minneapolis. Evidently the real home owner in the United States is comparatively rare.

Some day, perhaps, we shall have a better social scheme, in which men will no longer measure their wealth in certificates of other people's debts. Instead of buying government bonds we shall contribute to the government our share of security by a simpler means. Everybody will have adequate old age pensions and protection against accident or illness beyond his control—much as people now try to gain this same result by paying insurance premiums. The difference will be that unlike the insurance companies, who must invest these premiums in bonds and mortgages (other peoples' debts) the government will simply act as custodian of funds needed to pool risks. So vast is our national wealth, so great is our capacity to produce everything anybody needs, that I have an idea *everybody* could have as much protection and security as is today gained by only a relatively few. We wouldn't need to worry about trying to pick good bonds or other "securities" against old age, because we could have much greater security by pooling our savings with the government. All we would need to save each year would be money we now sink in bonds that sooner or later go into default. Let's start discouraging all forms of debt and have *real* security. Let's stop the debt racket forever!

Blood and Steel

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of the men's heels to step over which meant disgrace. A line was also drawn in front of their right foot, which they shouldn't step over if they didn't want their heads cut off. I was amused by the fact that both men held tightly to the seat of their pants to keep their bare left arm out of danger. At a signal of the judge, the sabers were crossed, the seconds placing their weapons so that no blow could be struck until they had removed them. The seconds stood close beside their men, and I understood why they were so heavily padded, and why the colors on their masks were so slashed and tattered.

At a barked signal from the judge, the seconds whipped their swords to the side, leaning away from the fencers. The two stiff central figures sprang to life, slashing viciously at each other's heads with their sabers. The clash of steel on steel and the thud of steel on leather padding filled the room. After four strokes the seconds sprang swiftly in, crying "Halt!" and putting their own weapons in the way of the flashing steel, or taking a late blow on their helmet, or pads. It looked to my inexperienced eye like the seconds were getting in the way, more than helping, and I mentioned this observation to my disgusted German friend. He explained that the seconds' main duty was to stop the fencing after four blows had been struck. Four slashes composed a "Gang," or "Go," there being sixty "Go's" in a match, or set. 240 slashes would then ordinarily be struck in a full match of 15 Mensur minutes, a Mensur minute being composed of four "Go's." I reflected again that Germans didn't make things easy.

But the swords were flashing again, and a red gash appeared on a pale forehead. "Merely a scratch," my friend commented. The mechanical slashing, broken by the gutteral "Halt" cries of the seconds continued. Occasionally the fencers were led to their chairs, and disarranged arm bandages rewrapped. Blood from a wound in the side of the head was streaming down the face of one boy, coursing in streams over the neck bandage, bathing his bare chest in blood, and finally forming a pool at the bottom of the chair. The doctor that looked like a butcher glanced at the wound superciliously and walked away. The slashing went on. After each exchange, students, called "Testanten," (one for each fencer), wiped the swords off with disinfectant. The liquid in which they dipped their cotton soon became red. Aside from disinfecting the swords and bending the supple steel into place, the "Testanten," who stood unprotected and unpadded dangerously close to the flashing blades, often protested the legality of the blows struck by the champion of the opposing fraternity. The seconds sometimes joined in the debate that ensued, especially when the arguments were as to whether a second had withdrawn far enough from the fight so as not to hinder the opponent in striking his mark. All of the bickering was done with the biting military stiffness that Germans love to assume. The two duelers said no word during the verbal exchanges, standing grimly silent.

The superiority of one of the men, as the duel continued, was becoming evident. The face of his opponent became a bloody mask, the scarlet covering his chest and dyeing his trousers. His chair held a pool of blood each time he rose to continue, and he spit out a mouthful of blood from a gash that went from ear to lip. It was evident he was becoming weaker, and he staggered, his knees sagged as he came to his chair. The doctor took his pulse noncommittally and walked away. The boy's head slumped as far as the heavy neck bandage would allow, and the ghastly pools at his feet grew larger and larger. His comrades wiped the streaming blood from his face and patted his shoulder encouragingly. His opponent, who, in spite of several nasty gashes, still looked more or less like a human being, received whispered encouragement from his fraternity brothers, as they gathered around him during a "Bandagenpause." During one exchange the badly injured boy swung wildly, and while the judge and assistants were discussing the legality of the stroke, the poor fellow's knees crumpled and he sank in his own blood. His second picked him up and carried him to his chair, where the doctor very intelligently decided he was "Kampfunfahig," unable to continue. The judge then read his decision while the boy in a dead faint was held upright in his chair. The Mensure was adjudged "Genugend" (satisfactory). Neither boy had flinched, stepped over the line or broken any other rule. The second laughingly picked the limp body up, chair and all, and carried him over to the doctor's corner, the boy's blood from his lolling head pouring a scarlet stream down the second's shirt.

I required all my will power to keep from getting sick. My companion shook his head with satisfaction, saying, "Ein hubscher sport!" (A pretty sport!) He meant it. I was so revolted by what I had seen that I felt inclined to forget politeness and tell him my opinion about such civilized barbarism, but I merely muttered, "It required courage."

From the doctor's corner came the retching of the boy who had come to, but become sick in his agony. Spectators stood and watched the doctor as he worked over the ghastly object that had been a fine looking young man. My companion suggested that I go over and watch the doctor work, saying that more courage was required during the sewing and cleaning of the wounds than in the dueling itself. I shall never forget the picture I saw in that corner. The boy was sitting backwards on a chair, leaning his forehead on the frame. He was sobbing like a baby, but didn't flinch as the doctor swabbed the gaping wounds. Absolutely no an-

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Rackets of the Barroom

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gives the signal. In the meantime the barman is sizing up the sucker. If he thinks he is a real *poire** with much money, the barman turns him over to his particular girl if she is around, or to another favourite. This is all accomplished by an elaborate system of signals and winks. The lucky girl then gets to work, usually starting the conversation by asking for a light.

He buys her a few drinks and they decide to leave.

"I am afraid I can't leave," she says. "I am in debt to the barman." So, reluctant or eager, the poor boob asks the barman for her checks, which amount to fifty francs or more. Part of this sum represents food or drinks actually consumed by the girl, while the rest are fake checks that the barman adds to his own profit. The barman I have in mind usually makes about fifty percent of the bill, and, of course, the tip. In a bar that does a big business, with many girls, the barman's profits are considerable.

Naturally many clients object to having these girls around and swear that they will never come back, though they usually do, at least once in a while. But the best clients for this type of bar are those who are out on one grand spree, gay Paree and all that, mostly tourists or French from the provinces.

All these girls have a man to whom they give the money they earn, and that is what I cannot understand. They are always proud of their *maquereau*, who may have three or four girls working for him at once. Each thinks her man is madly in love with her, but he never is, and he will sometimes beat her if she fails to make sufficient money.

These days there are more and more *maquereaux*, as it has become a "smart" occupation in the underworld. Once I asked one of the *poules*:

"Why do you look down on a man because he gives money to a girl, and call him a sucker, but look up to a man who takes it from girls?"

"Because," she said, "the *maquereaux* themselves are the biggest suckers in the world. They spend all their money on us in the easy come, easy go fashion." Well, it's a strange sort of reasoning!

Sometimes a girl and her *maquereau* work together on a little special badger game of their own. The *maquereau* will hang around in the shadows outside a bar. When the girl leaves with a man, she will make a signal to him, and he rushes home, hiding under the bed or in a closet. When the sucker and the girl arrive, the *maquereau* springs out and rushes at him.

"What are you doing with my wife?" he yells. The sucker is lucky if he leaves with even his clothes.

Then there is the "swell" *maquereau* who works in the big Right Bank bars and hotels. He usually has but one girl, or at the most two. He is often well educated, as also the girl. They have all the social graces. In this game there is no rough stuff, just the straight sale of "merchandise." After this type has made his fortune he often moves to another city, marries the girl, and settles down to conventional bourgeois life. I have known two or three who became, in later life, highly respectable!

Another game for fleecing the lambs is the two-girls-in-a-car racket. This does not exist in Montparnasse but happens fairly frequently on the Right Bank. Two girls in a car draw up to the curb and ask a well dressed man for a light. The good clothes of the girls and the fine appearance of the car give him confidence. One of the girls suggests they have a drink together. He gets in and they drive to "a little bar she knows of." Inside they have a drink or two under the kindly eye of a barman, a manager, and a waiter. When the bill is presented it totals several hundred francs or even more. During the argument the girls slip out. The man either pays or receives a bad beating from the three employees, who are all husky men. If there are any other clients in the place they turn out to be part of the management too.

But don't let me discourage anyone in coming to Paris. I am telling you only the worst. The French are as honest as any others, and doubtless rackets of this kind exist in all cities of the world. If there are more in Paris it is because so many foreigners have come here with their pockets well lined and laid themselves open to just such vultures.

The English are always more easily taken in by petty rackets than Americans, partly because they are less observing, partly because they have greater reluctance to argue. The American is constantly looking to be "gypped" and is not afraid to make a fuss if he thinks he has been cheated. On the other hand, once a trickster has gained the confidence of an American, the latter will go a long way with him. Confidence men have mulched American tourists out of literally millions of francs since the war, mostly on the rosary game or some similar racket.

A confidence game of sorts that I have seen in Montparnasse several times is the inheritance racket. This is always played by women, and it usually lasts for a long time. There are around the bars, men who have steady and sizeable incomes in their own right, who, because of too much drink, dope, or as a result of an unhappy love affair, are letting themselves go on the sure path to the grave. I have never had a bar without one or two of these. One day such a man will pick up with a clever girl who makes no effort to stop his drinking, yet makes herself companionable. He doesn't fall in love with her—she would not want that—but she pretends to be in love with him, all the time pushing him further and further down. She is scheming, of course, to obtain a will from him in her favour. I know a girl who is playing this game right now, though her man still has a fine constitution!

Dope has always played a certain part in the life of Montparnasse, though there are comparatively few of the crowd that take it regularly. I have never tried dope and I don't think I ever will, but I have heard it discussed many times over the bar. For hopheads usually frequent the bars if only to make others believe that they don't take dope. A real doper doesn't drink alcohol, because he has no taste for it. I have come to know them by little mannerisms and particularly by their eyes, which are usually slightly popped, with big pupils and yellowish whites. Those who take cocaine are constantly sniffing, some almost snorting. They are always very nervous. I knew one girl who jumped slightly every time she sniffed, and as she sniffed most of the time, she was constantly bouncing up and down on her chair. Hopheads usually start with cocaine because it requires no paraphernalia, as is needed for opium. They never take it in the bar, but disappear for a moment and come back greatly stimulated, more talkative and more clear minded. It has a great effect on the imagination.

Many of the hopheads I have known have been decided intellectuals, who take it to stimulate them in their work, especially writers and painters.

It is not until they are far gone that they begin to use a needle and then I am afraid of them, especially the women. Some of them go temporarily insane and are no longer responsible if crossed in any way. There is another type on whom dope has the contrary effect, making them heavy but happy. They will sit in a corner and grin for an hour at a time.

The attitude of the French police is well known, that they make little effort to stop the sale of drugs to those who are already addicted, but do everything to prevent the initiation of new converts. Sometimes the addicts are arrested and jailed in an effort to cure them of the habit, but mostly they are allowed to do as they please.

I remember a wealthy Chicago family who had an apartment in Paris some years ago. The children used to give big dope parties to which many Montparnassians were invited, regular orgies of ether and cocaine. The head of the police finally made a personal call upon the parents, advising them to take their children away from Paris, which they did. One of my clients told me of a party he went to at this same house. He arrived to find a score of these youngsters crowded into a small room which swam with a reek of ether like an operating room in a hospital. The invitation he had received was for "cocktails" and he knew nothing of the dope until he arrived. The parents were fully aware of the situation, but did nothing to prevent it, though they themselves did not take dope of any kind.

This same man told me of buying some dope for a woman friend and how he went about it.

"First I went to a bar in Montmartre," he said, "where I had seen many hopheads and asked the manager if he could procure some dope for me.

"'Dope,' he said, 'I know nothing of dope. Don't come to me for drugs! . . . However, if I hear anything, I'll let you know.'

"So he took my phone number, but it was more than a week before I heard from him.

"'Come in and have a drink,' he said, 'you haven't been in for a long time.' So I had a drink or two at an appointed hour when the bar was well filled. I asked him again about the dope, but he was vague. Perhaps. He didn't know anyone who handled dope. Well, perhaps. Of course I knew that I had been called there to be

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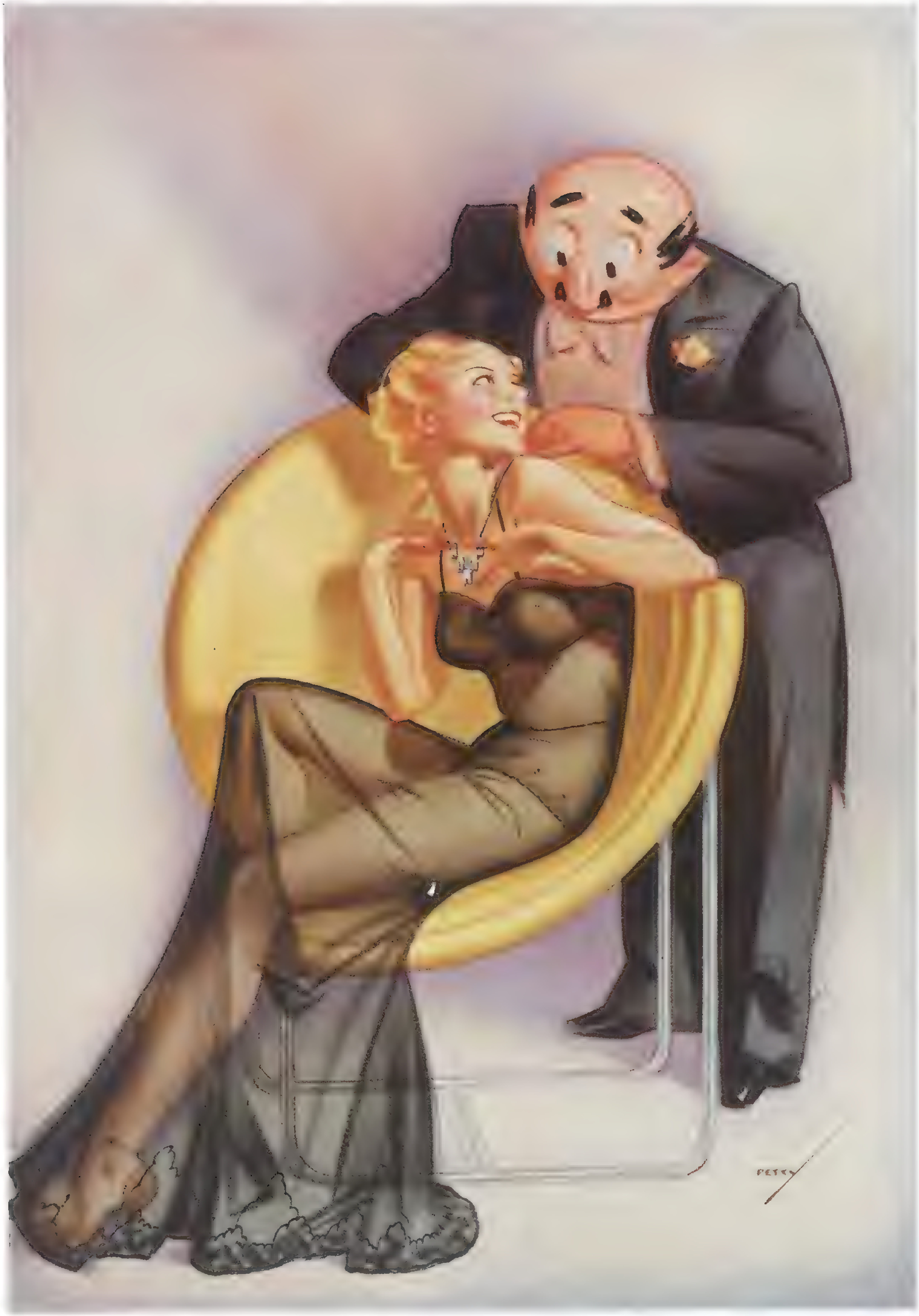
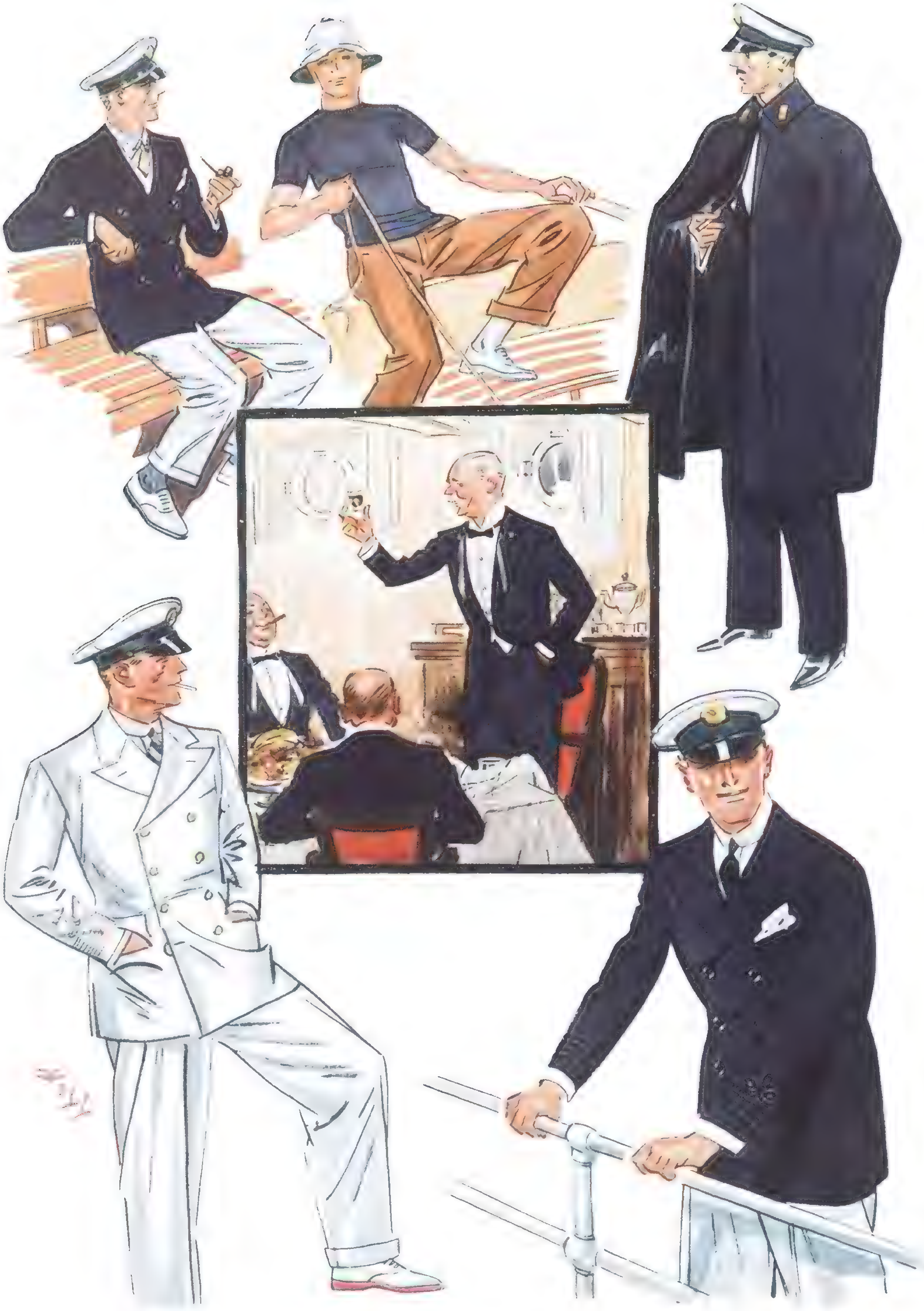
*Literally a pear, i. e., a sucker.



"Oh, Mr. Feinberg—you and your pretty phrases"



A PAGE OF YACHTING ACCESSORIES

(See descriptions on opposite page)

Rackets of the Barroom

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examined by the dope peddlers who must have been among the clients in the bar. I had no suspicion of who they were.

"The next day a strange female voice called me by phone.

"'I am a friend of Monsieur X,' she said. 'Could you meet me today at three?' She named a bar in Montparnasse. When I met her, she had the cocaine in her bag and handed it over as soon as I gave her the money. Once sure of the purchaser, she said, the actual delivery is very easy."

A more ridiculous story is that of an American woman who was told that she could buy dope at one of the big, popular dance halls in Montmartre. Jumping into a taxi she drove up to the main entrance of the hall. It happened to be a rainy night, and upon her arrival, the doorman, with his large red umbrella, came to the cab.

"I want some cocaine," she said. "Can you get it?" He was somewhat astonished, but nevertheless quick witted.

"I do not sell it myself," he replied, "but I think I can get it nearby for you. However, I will need a deposit before they will let me take it away." She gave him five hundred francs and he disappeared around the corner. A few minutes later he reappeared with a small package neatly wrapped and tied.

"The price," he said, "is eight hundred francs, so you still owe me three hundred." Happy, she gave him the three hundred francs and two hundred more as a tip, and drove home. The package contained an antiseptic powder, enough for a whole army if it had been real dope!

The police effort against the dope traffic is largely directed against the peddlers, though they are hard to catch. Another barman told me about being in an American bar in the rue Edouard VII when the police surrounded the place to catch a peddler who was dining there. But he was warned and hurriedly disposed of all he had on him. When the police broke in, he was arrested, but released the same day for lack of evidence. For a first offence a dope peddler gets six months, which seems very little.

Most of the dope in Montparnasse is sold by girls, some of whom act as stool pigeons for the police in order to have protection. Dope is something I have never handled in any form and I will always keep away from it, for it has been the ruin of many persons I have known.

The Listening Post

Continued from page 89

3. George Gershwin, composer-pianist. Damned by the adjective "popular," in the eyes of serious critics, this young man nevertheless has to his credit three of the most important works produced thus far by any American composer, the *Rhapsody in Blue*, *Piano Concerto in F*, and *An American in Paris*. If his creative ability has seemed lately to fall below this standard, Gershwin has made up for it in other directions. He has become a popular radio artist, and in a concert tour with orchestra and other performers he more than made good. He is still America's leading composer of popular songs.

4. Richard Crooks, tenor. The high range of this man's voice is no reflection on his masculinity. He knows his stuff, and delivers it with complete assurance, aplomb, abandon and applause. Crooks has compelled recognition of his great gifts at the Metropolitan Opera House (no mean achievement), while in concerts and on the air he is as popular as ever.

5. Yehudi Menuhin, violinist. At seventeen this prodigy has already lived down the generally fatal exploitation of precocity, and holds his own today with the best of the mature performers. Menuhin's ingratiating tone, astonishing technical equipment and artistic seriousness combine to make him unquestionably the future giant of the violin. The public considers him plenty good enough right now, and the customer is generally correct.

Concerning the Clothes Pictured on the Opposite Page

Upper left: outfit for the guest invited aboard a yacht; flannel or serge jacket; white flannel trousers; rubber soled buck shoes; soft shirt and light sweater. *Top center:* sailing clothes, consisting of blue jersey crew-necked sweaters; sail-cloth or duck trousers; white canvas sneakers and hat. *Upper right:* for evening wear aboard a yacht; owner's costume consisting of blue dinner jacket and cape; guests may wear white or dark dinner jackets. *Center:* evening dress for member or owner; navy blue straight front blue dinner jacket with braid trim, sleeve and collar insignia; worn with patent leather shoes or pumps. *Lower left:* white dress, with which club tie may be worn; serge or duck jacket with gilt buttons with trousers to match; white buckskin shoes with red rubber soles and heels; white shirt and starched collar. *Lower right:* correct costume for a yacht club member.

6. John Charles Thomas, baritone. Here is perhaps the finest vocalism, the smoothest, most velvety quality to be found in any singer today. I wish Thomas could get over some of his artificiality of presentation, but he has evidently acquired the grand manner, and he's going to live up to it. You can't criticize such singing, especially when you hear it over the air. Thomas has at last been discovered by the Metropolitan Opera Company also, after consistent success on every kind of stage.

7. Paul Althouse, tenor. The Metropolitan suddenly became aware of this fine singer, after letting him hang around for years, and even farming him out to the minors. He came back this season as a Wagnerian tenor of the highest quality, first singing the roles in evening clothes, on the concert stage, and then proving that he could do them equally well with costumes and scenery. Althouse is a distinct relief from the bleating little fat men who used to climb around the Teutonic prima donnas.

8. Nelson Eddy, baritone. Another man-singer, whom both men and women can appreciate. This two-fisted baritone makes a consistent hit in opera or on the concert stage. He can sing any kind of music, and his dramatic powers are unusual. Glee club men first recognized Eddy and gave him a "Very good," as soloist at their concerts. Today people are clamoring to hear him all over the country. He'll go far if he doesn't get a swelled head.

9. Frank Black, conductor-pianist. Long known as an extraordinary arranger and accompanist for the Revelers Quartet, Black is now one of the leading orchestral conductors of radio, and a responsible executive of the National Broadcasting Company as well. He has a rare gift for instrumentation, and is a canny selector of program material. Commercially successful, he gets his own greatest pleasure in conducting a string orchestra, far off the beaten paths of popularity.

10. Paul Whiteman, conductor. Still known as the King of Jazz, Whiteman becomes each year more serious in his honest efforts to develop a typically American music, with as wide an appeal as possible. He continues to discover popular composers who show promise of having something worth while to say musically, and he spends real effort in proving that jazz is not necessarily either cheap or obvious. Meanwhile he remains one of our best loved conductors of dance tunes, on the air and in person, with a new and surprisingly slim figure as an added recommendation.

11. Rudy Vallee, singer-conductor. You have to hand it to this boy for staying on the job and putting over a grand piece of showmanship, with crooners, conductors and saxophone players dying on all sides (and a good thing too). Vallee is distinctly the most musical of those light-voiced singers who need a microphone or a megaphone to do themselves justice. His voice, as a little girl put it, is "not loud but comfortable." He knows how to get results from a band and his instincts and experience make him an ideal review-leader. I can forgive even his interpretation of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

Confidentially

This year's Dutch Treat Club Show produced a quality of music fully up to past standards, and in some ways ahead of them. Amateur Arthur Samuels set a hot pace with the opening number, sonorously sung by Jim Stanley, and Professionals Harry Gilbert, Bill Reddick and Bob Armbruster did their parts with the Alphabet Song, the Feminine Influence and Four Star Final, respectively. The Dutch Treat Quartet, Wells, Vir Den, Parks and Stanley, is as good as ever, and I particularly liked it when they broke into the close harmony of "Sweet Adolescence."

I have a feeling that the New York concert of the Associated Glee Clubs was one of the most important musical events of the past season. But unfortunately when these lines were written it had not yet taken place. So that's another story.

Divorce in the Manger

Continued from page 81

silver wire cage, blinked two little white birds with red beaks.

"*Paul et Virginie;*" Myra introduced us. "They're white Java sparrows."

Within a week, Myra had taught them to stay in the house, and the cage was no longer needed.

They were quiet birds and pretty to look at. But they always turned up where one least expected them: on top of one's toothbrush, or in one's hat. And the bird seed was everywhere, in the cereal at breakfast and in my pajamas at night.

The procession never seemed to end. A cat, called Daphnis, was very clean, but he ripped up all the upholstery.

And in January, Phil Andrews, who had gone south and got tight in St. Augustine, sent Myra an alligator.

Ponce-de-Leon (which was his name) arrived cold and stiff via the Railway Express Company. He was large, over two feet, and so stiff I thought he was stuffed.

Myra, however, fixed up a place for him with a box and some newspapers, on the heat register (we live like frontiersmen) in the living room. After three hours he thawed out.

I was licked. Apollo slept in the bedroom; Daphnis in the bathroom; "Marie Laurencin" in the hall. Ponce-de-Leon scuttled about in, and out of, his box in the living room; and the birds, Paul et Virginie, flew where they listed. All I could do was put my head under the covers and dream that I was Martin Johnson.

The second night after the alligator's arrival his box burst into flame. Bits of newspaper had fallen down the register and caught fire, and the whole thing was going, and the couch too, when we woke up. We threw pails of water around and pulled the couch outdoors. The fire was put out; the living room was drenched.

"Oh, darling, darling, where are you? Are you all right?" Myra was crying, looking absurdly like a child, and I came up to comfort her.

"I'm fine, dear, don't worry; I'm perfectly all right. Are you?"

"N-no," she sobbed. "Not you, not you. Where is Ponce-de-Leon?"

"Oh!" I straightened up. "He's fine also. You'll find him in the kitchen."

I walked slowly to the gate, and then along the road to the station where I caught a milk train to the city.

A decree of divorce was obtained by Myra on the grounds of desertion—desertion plus mental cruelty plus vicarious sadism, which last clause she worked out with the A.S.P.C.A. It seems I had kicked each one of her pets just once between the eyes on my way out—all of them, that is, except the White Java Sparrows. And when I figure out how to kick a bird between the eyes, I am going back, I suppose, to pay them a call too.

The Golden Age of Journalism

Continued from page 36

In most newspaper establishments a natural and healthy antagonism exists between the editorial and business departments. On "The Bun" it was particularly fierce. Its business department seemed big enough to run the paper in Chicago, and what all those people did was a mystery difficult to solve. They occupied the better part of a floor in a good-sized building, while the editorial staff was herded into one little room. There were so many mysterious dignitaries with secretaries, and they spent a lot of time dictating letters addressed to people sitting two desks down. Everything went by letter. But one morning there were signs of strain in that big room. Upon arrival at the office, each of these business dignitaries found upon his desk a letter from one of the others; a letter full of accusations and applying all the epithets. They went through the better part of a day in silence, full of resentment and suspicions. An argument followed, letters were brandished, and only then was it realized that it was a hoax. For that day at least, the boys in the editorial room felt revenged.

One night the girl who did "society" socked the general manager in the eye and then broke an umbrella over his head. He hadn't done anything; he was merely obnoxious by his very existence. He used to parade his golf clubs around the office, and had an annoying habit of looking in to see what the editorial staff was doing.

They finally ousted the boisterous boys, and there was grave concern about what would happen to "The Bun," for the office was filled with young fellows who were pale and literary and who had come to Paris to find themselves. All such worries, however, were needless. In next to no time the pale lads became boisterous too—there was something about the paper, possibly that old doughboy spirit. Indeed, some of this latter tribe eventually proved much more painful.

The staff was helpful in various ways. Typesetting, on this paper as well as the others, was done by French printers who understood not a word of the matter they were handling. They merely followed the typewritten copy, and there were American proofreaders to assure the correctness of the final result. Proofreaders had to be convivial now and then or they couldn't stand their work, and occasionally they reported for duty tight. When word of this condition passed in the editorial room, it was a general signal among the hands for dirty work. Copy that had never passed the city desk went down the composing room chute, and some of it got itself set and in the paper. A few rare items thus appeared. Still, there were no protests from readers. Apparently nobody in the great world cared, which was a little discouraging.

Things went by epidemics on "The Bun." An epidemic of fights was followed by an epidemic of beard-growing, and this was succeeded by a rage for studying French (which burned itself out in two weeks), and then there was the *revolte* urge, when everybody tried to revolutionize the American language in little advance-guard magazines. Then there was the great legal epidemic. Somebody discovered that if you were fired and took the trouble to sue in the French civil courts, you could collect three months' pay. A temptation, this, and nearly all played with the idea. People simply invited being fired, and at first the unsuspecting management agreeably co-operated. To law! The scheme worked. The French courts were only too glad to soak an American corporation. But the special court that heard these cases was instituted for the protection of petty employees, and journalists did not come under that heading. So they represented themselves as typists, and typists they remained, despite the objections of opposing counsel. The battle saw the arguing of a fine legal point. Opposing counsel admitted that the men used typewriters in the practice of their profession, but maintained that the transmission of words to paper via the typewriter keys did involve some brain work. Hence, the case ought to be heard before a different tribunal. But plaintiff's counsel argued that the brain did not enter into the process at all. The court agreed. Later, in self-defense, the paper required new employees to sign assurances that they would not sue.

I hope no one will assume from this that "The Bun" boys didn't love their paper. They did, and they were ready to fight for it. Like the parent organization, they were high spirited, and with all their playfulness they got out a good sheet. They had the advantage of despatches from an excellent foreign news service staff, and the local personnel included some of the most brilliant men now known to the profession—correspondents as well as executives.

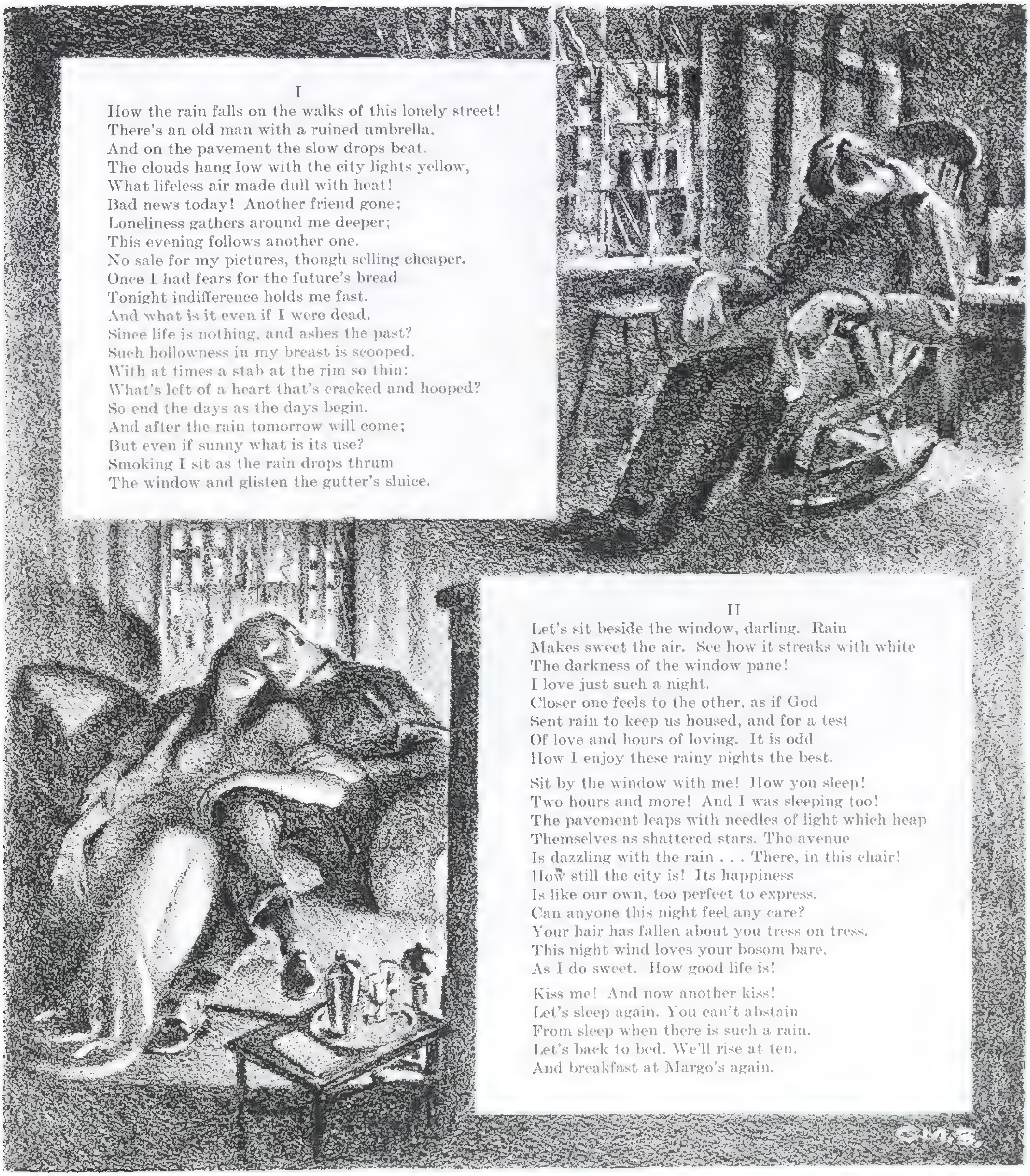
The *Paris Times* (defunct since a historic event in 1929) was a different sort of creature. It was founded by an American millionaire who was strong on hobbies and was willing to pay for such pleasures. It was financed for five years. As a paper, it was an interesting and amusing combination of spot news, chatty correspondence and encyclopedic dissertations. You were likely to meet up with Al Capone and Dante Alighieri in adjacent columns. And every so often there might be a piece about Bouvet Island, 1500 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, seen only three or four times in 400 years, and populated only by sea gulls and penguins. "SEA GULLS HAPPY ON BOUVET," went the headlines, and that set your mind at rest. You felt that the *Paris Times* must have a sea gull representing it there, for its network of correspondents extended everywhere. Each day the paper was full of sprightly despatches from all corners of the earth. The system of coverage was most elaborate. One man was the correspondent for Rome, Geneva, Calcutta, Buenos Aires, and Cape Town. Another reported events from Washington, Mexico City, Constantinople and Havana. Damascus was well looked after, and Shanghai was a joy. Of course, it made for a good deal of weary travelling, and many a correspondent complained of callouses on the seat of his trousers. He had been everywhere and seen everything-usually between 9 a.m. and noon. And if really tired, he could resort to the files, which were the marvel of the Continent. They were crammed with full information on all subjects of current interest or otherwise.

Continued on page 132

Two Views of a Rainy Night

A poem balancing the joys and fears of those who watch when the rain falls on all windows

by EDGAR LEE MASTERS



I

How the rain falls on the walks of this lonely street!
There's an old man with a ruined umbrella,
And on the pavement the slow drops beat.
The clouds hang low with the city lights yellow,
What lifeless air made dull with heat!
Bad news today! Another friend gone;
Loneliness gathers around me deeper;
This evening follows another one.
No sale for my pictures, though selling cheaper.
Once I had fears for the future's bread
Tonight indifference holds me fast.
And what is it even if I were dead,
Since life is nothing, and ashes the past?
Such hollowness in my breast is scooped,
With at times a stab at the rim so thin:
What's left of a heart that's cracked and hooped?
So end the days as the days begin.
And after the rain tomorrow will come;
But even if sunny what is its use?
Smoking I sit as the rain drops thrum
The window and glisten the gutter's sluice.

II

Let's sit beside the window, darling. Rain
Makes sweet the air. See how it streaks with white
The darkness of the window pane!
I love just such a night.
Closer one feels to the other, as if God
Sent rain to keep us housed, and for a test
Of love and hours of loving. It is odd
How I enjoy these rainy nights the best.

Sit by the window with me! How you sleep!
Two hours and more! And I was sleeping too!
The pavement leaps with needles of light which heap
Themselves as shattered stars. The avenue
Is dazzling with the rain . . . There, in this chair!
How still the city is! Its happiness
Is like our own, too perfect to express.
Can anyone this night feel any care?
Your hair has fallen about you tress on tress.
This night wind loves your bosom bare,
As I do sweet. How good life is!

Kiss me! And now another kiss!
Let's sleep again. You can't abstain
From sleep when there is such a rain.
Let's back to bed. We'll rise at ten,
And breakfast at Margo's again.

The Golden Age of Journalism

Continued from page 130

With their aid, if you had a ten-word flash on some news event, you could bat out a column and present it with background and intelligence. It would probably be just as good, if not better, than a despatch of the same length from some correspondent on the spot; certainly it would be as interesting. The system, by the way, was not peculiar to this paper. It has had quite a few practitioners elsewhere.

Naturally, to do this sort of thing at all well required the collaboration of a competent staff, and the *Paris Times* always had some brilliant men. Its guiding genius was a remarkable individual who was up on everything American—its politics, sports, finance, racketeers, and its exploited personalities in every field. He knew Babe Ruth's batting average, who was who behind the scenes in Washington, which speakeasies in Fifty-second Street were good, and which horses were likely to do what in the Futurity. He was a Frenchman, and he had never been in the United States.

Surrounded by native Americans, he displayed more of the legendary qualities attributed to Americans than did any of his men. He was gusto plus. As an editor he kept twelve men going, himself editing every line of copy that went into the paper, and all the while, without looking up from his work, he kept up a running fire of talk with his staff, alternately bellowing and chaffing. I've never seen anyone so completely organized for work and so completely enjoying it. And I've never seen a better editor.

He had his troubles, though, with that staff. They ganged together after working hours, closing and opening various *bistros*, and mornings were frequent when they failed to show up for work. A posse had to be despatched to round them up. The posse was Eugene, a sixty year old copy boy, who looked like a very dignified member of the Chamber of Deputies; no doubt a member of the extreme Right. If Eugene found any of them at home, that was only the beginning. It required all of his eloquence to get them to leave their beds. He talked of his garden, he talked of Briand and *la paix* (how long ago that seems): he touched briefly on the world situation and said a good word, in passing, for the League of Nations; he pleaded; he wept. There was no resisting him, finally. They couldn't throw him out. So they got up and dressed, and went to the office.

The American colony is evaporating. The year of 1930 saw the beginning of the exodus, and this year is just about finishing it up. But two papers still keep going. And the newspapermen still there will hang on, so enamored are they of small town journalism. It may have been the exchange that brought them over, but it will take the Navy to bring them back.

Hide Your Eyes

Continued from page 35

The doctor leaned back and put his hand over his eyes. Psychoanalysis, what an infant industry! In its present development, like hand-weaving. So hard on the operator. Putting all those vari-colored strands into a warp and woof, finding the pattern, tracing it . . .

The door opened and Mrs. Kressman came in. "Eugen, my darling, how tired you look!"

He opened his eyes. She was glorious. She was youth and beauty and enthusiasm. The doctor felt suddenly old. Old and very tired.

"I've had a hard day," he said. "And I'm looking forward to an evening at home. Wild horses couldn't drag me out tonight."

"Oh, Eugen! I *am* so sorry. I didn't know."

"Know what?"

"That you'd be tired this way. I accepted an invitation for you."

"Oh, Sweetheart, . . .!"

"I know. I shouldn't have. But, really, darling, couldn't you make the effort this once? Mr. Newman's giving a studio party, and I did so want to show you off."

He smiled. Those night-thoughts were so obviously pathologic. She actually wanted him to meet this Newman chap. He felt a little ashamed of himself. "Not I, dear. But you run on and show yourself off. If the man's half an artist, that ought to be more than he can bear."

She made a little grimace. "I won't go. Not without you."

"Certainly you will, my dear. They'll be counting on you, I know. Everybody does. You've got so much to offer."

"But I don't see why you can't come," she said.

"I've had a wretched day. Really, I have, dear. The patients may think it is hard on them, but I'll take their places any time they'll take mine."

"That same one?" Barbara asked. No names were ever exchanged in the Kressman household. Professional ethics. But the cases were known by familiar tags. "That same one" stood for Mrs. Benson.

"That very one!" the doctor smiled. "But we're coming to the end of the string there. She'll be a well woman in two weeks—or less, if she'll come every day."

"Oedipus Complex?" his wife asked. She liked to think she "shared" things with her husband, and she had, as a matter of fact, gathered quite a good deal of the nomenclature without fixing the basic facts beneath.

"More complicated. That's involved, but the difficulty's deeper seated. She's a woman of very great moral stamina. She's done something that, in a weaker woman, wouldn't have made any difference. In her, the two sides of her nature are at war. She tries to forget. She tries to pretend she hasn't done it or thought it. But subconsciously she knows she has. And she can't bear to admit it even to herself, let alone to me. But it's coming nearer and nearer the surface."

"Unfaithful?" Barbara asked.

"I'm afraid so," the doctor answered, glancing at his notes.

"Did she tell you so?"

"Well, no. Not directly. But we have ways of finding those things for ourselves."

"And most of the time you're wrong," his wife smiled.

"Sometimes, I'll admit. But not very often. Almost never in a case like this. Projection is one of the most common psychophenomena. She identifies herself with some woman who hasn't been exactly virtuous, some woman in history, or fiction, or some acquaintance of hers, perhaps. And then she sets about defending *her*. Not herself, you understand. But the other woman. If she could defend herself, she'd be mentally healthy. But she can't."

"Perhaps she thinks she doesn't need any defense," Barbara pointed out.

"But she does. Her defense of those other women shows she does, or rather, that she thinks she does."

"On the other hand, there's just a chance you're wrong. And you make this poor woman come in here day after day and exhaust herself, while you test some inadequate theory of yours."

"Hardly inadequate, my dear, and it isn't a theory any longer. . . . Besides, the treatment's for her own good, I don't *make* her come, you know."

"Its the same thing. You're talking to her, wearing her down, day after day, just the way the Inquisitors did."

"But they were scarcely trying to cure. Some cures are unpleasant, you know, my dear. But very necessary."

"But the object's the same. You're trying to drag information out of her, make her confess to something she most likely didn't do."

"There's almost no doubt that she did."

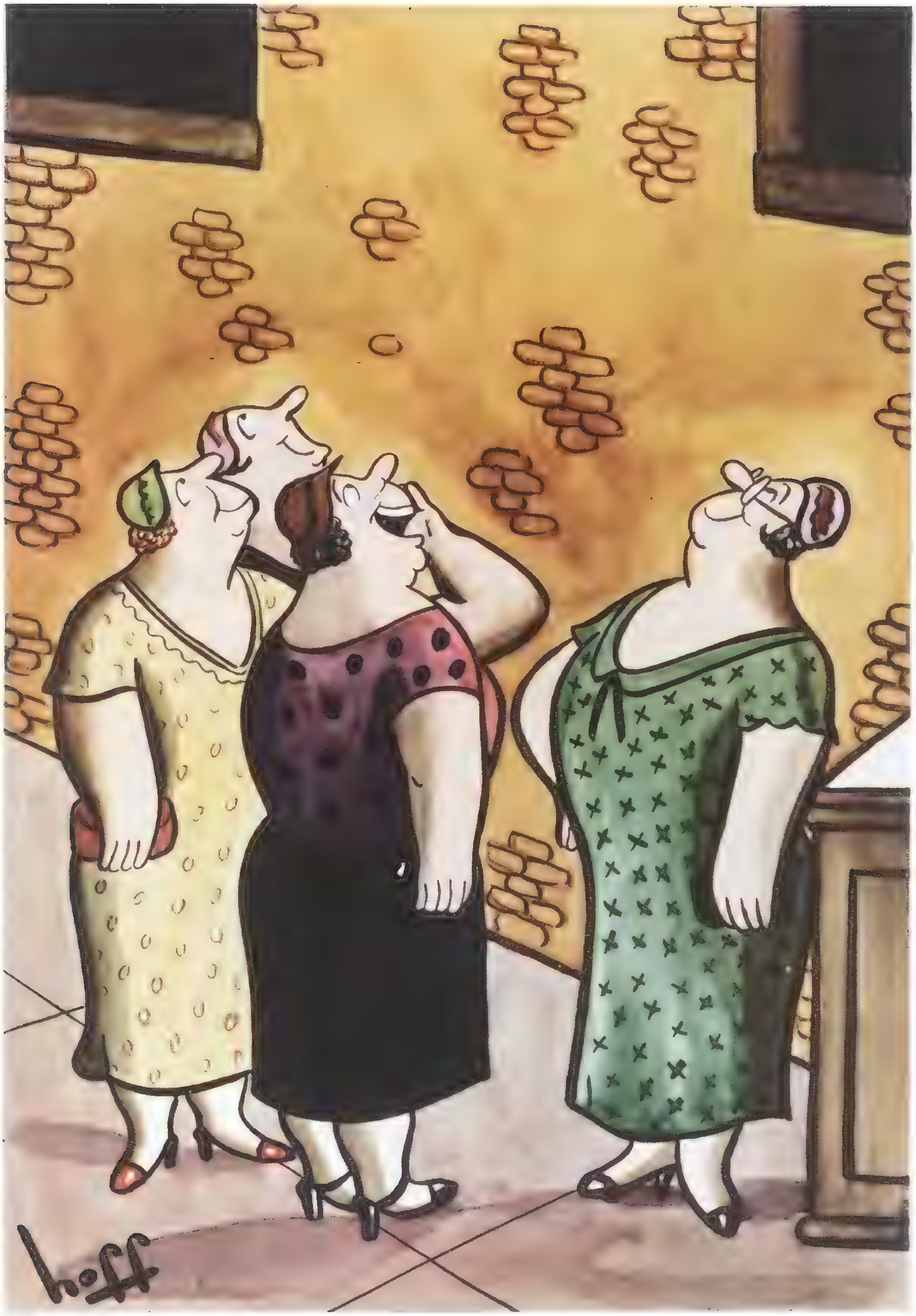
"And what if she did! What if she was unfaithful. Perhaps her husband didn't love her. Or she him. You can't make blanket condemnations like that, you know."

"I'm not condemning anything. I'm merely trying to find out."

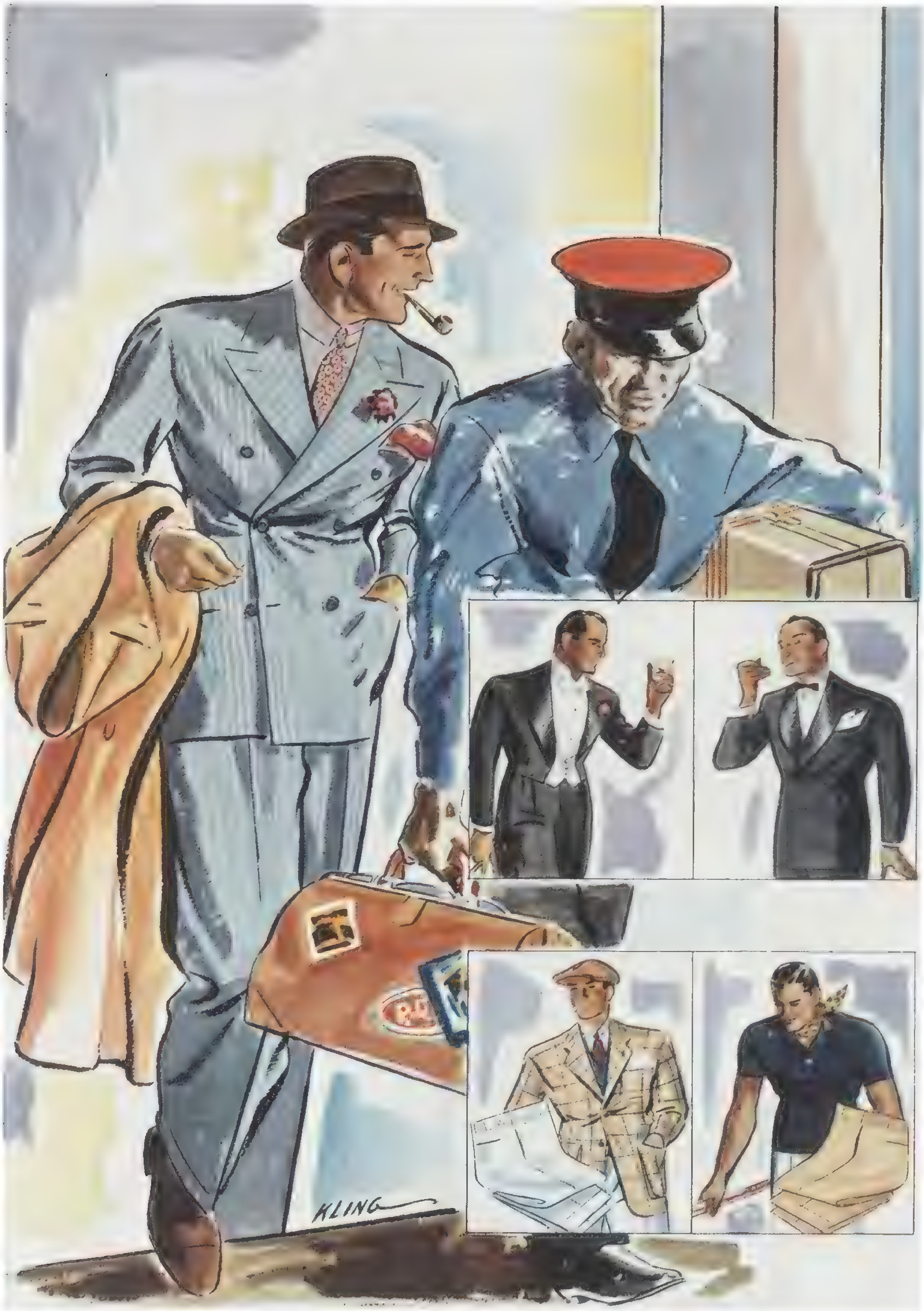
"But why? Why find out? Why not let her keep her secret? Most likely she had a thousand reasons for doing what she did. Things aren't always either good or bad, you know. You can't just label things black or white. There are grays as well, and lots of them. A woman in a situation like that is always condemned. But her motives aren't necessarily as mean and low and unspeakable as people pretend they are."

The doctor didn't want to argue. He was very tired. He picked up his pencil and sat looking at the notes in front of him. His weary mind ran on in the channels of his profession: he was too tired to stop it. "Mean, low and unspeakable." Strange the way those words recurred. Almost a perfect pattern. And vicarious defense, a type of transference through projection. This last thing, this firm resistance to questioning, the feeling that the doctor was "prying." How familiar that was. He wished he had had stenographic notes of that argument for Mrs. Benson. An almost complete transference, offering vindication for yourself through the medium of another.

He picked up his pencil and drew the last line into the center of the circle before him. The "case history" on Mrs. Benson was complete. It was just a matter of getting her to admit it. He glanced up. Suddenly he realized he wasn't talking to Mrs. Benson.



"Tell your mother the hell with the dishes. Max Baer is playing at the movies"



A PAGE FOR THE EUROPEAN TRAVELER

The large illustration shows the outfit to be worn on boarding the ship and after landing. Both the trousers and jacket may be worn with other sports clothes. The suit is striped flannel, the shoes are buckskin and the coat is camel's hair. The small illustrations show other essentials as follows: *upper left*, a tail coat only for London, as this is their season there, but elsewhere it's not essential; *upper right*, dinner clothes which need not be worn until the second night out, unless your boat leaves in the morning, and which are not obligatory for the last night; correct for evening wear on the Continent, with patent leather shoes or pumps. *Lower left*, sports clothes are correct for wear on board during the day, with brown or white buckskin shoes. *Lower right*, outfit for deck games on board and for the resorts in southern France (in the latter instance, wear canvas espadrilles instead of shoes.)

(For sources of merchandise address Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Candid Cameraman

Comment on the current movies containing violent condemnation of a militaristic film for boys

by MEYER LEVIN

"ESSENTIALLY a man-appeal film" is Variety's tag for "Viva Villa," the Dillinger-as-Robin-Hood opera in which M-G-M canonizes that great bandit and "liberator of Mexico," Pancho Villa. I would say, rather, that the film is high in brute-appeal. A hoof-thundering epic that tramples away the firm flesh of judgment, to dance upon the bare nerves of the spectator.

The film has stature. It is a production that should be on the must list of even the occasional movie-goer. And yet, in its exaggeration of the blood-lust-action formula, it murders an opportunity that might have taken form in a photoplay of just as much box office value, but truly lasting social and artistic significance.

As it is, we have a relentless piece of entertainment containing a great many mob scenes, wenching, whipping (even of women), stabbings, hangings, tortures, all planted upon the excuse of "liberty" that is never made real. And we have a highly sentimental portrait of the primitive loyalty of the male heart. Wallace Beery, as Pancho Villa, with earnestness and with plenty of grunts, squints, leers and growls, endeavors to present the boyishly simple soul of the peon-bandit-liberator. Beery is a little too much in love with his part, wallows in it somewhat, manages to do a huge gusty tender piece of acting, but fails to sustain the character. The lapses come chiefly in the soft moments, when he is shy and fumbly a la Will Rogers.

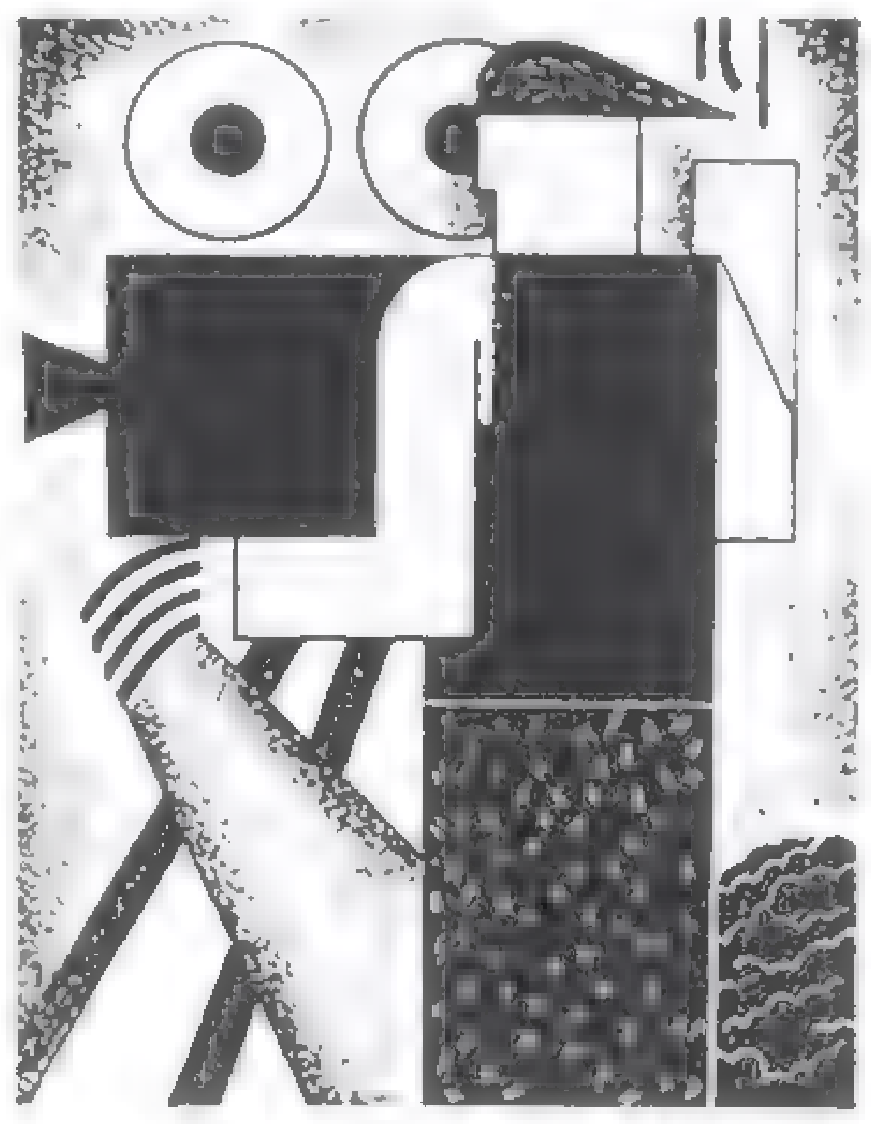
Beery's shortcomings are typical of the photoplay. It often goes fakey. After a stirring opening, with a social effectiveness derived from "Thunder Over Mexico," it turns into a glorified western. For the opening, director Jack Conway built with Eisenstein's methods: close-ups of the sturdy, beautiful faces of the peons; patterns of shadow on their white-walled huts; clouds. Their mass-reaction to the edict taking their land from them. The boy Pancho Villa sees his father lashed to death for voicing the peasant protest. The clenched fist of the dead peon holds a bit of earth.

If director Conway had pursued this movement, dividing his action-raids with flash-backs to the peons on the soil varying his galloping charge with the slow beat of deprivation, he would have created a much worthier film. But "Viva Villa" sacrifices everything to movement. It starts at a gallop and breaks its neck exceeding its own pace.

The laugh-relief in the picture is too much of the stock-comedy variety; the earthy tone is frequently broken for a sophisticated snort. And I, for one, am sick of the drunken-reporter character. He has no special mission in this picture, unless it is to provide an American tie-up. In ten years of newspaper work, I have never once encountered the soused genius that the stage and films have established as the only reporter type. He's done well enough in "Viva Villa" by Stuart Erwin, substituting for nude-on-the-balcony Lee Tracy. The best performance is Henry B. Walthall's painted idealist, Madero.

Although "Tarzan and His Mate" contains more blood per foot that "Viva Villa" no one would class it as essentially a man-appeal film—furthering my point that brute-appeal is not exclusively man-appeal. The current Tarzan is even better than its predecessors: perfect, when measured by its own standards. A comedy of the impossible; a world in itself. Contains some very pretty underwater shots, too, and one really beautiful moment: the elephant, fading through the waterfall into the Valhalla beyond. Note for naturalists: apes, elephants, and hippos are creatures friendly to man. All others will eat you.

The favorite suffering role for noble actresses recently has been the mother-separated-from-child situation. Invariably the child is at the "cute" age: four to eight. The sequence began with "Gallant Lady," in which Ann Harding suffered, served Norma Shearer in "Riptide," and has finally been drafted as a bolstering pin for the wilting musicals. Constance Cummings, as the singer in Edna Ferber's "Glamour," becomes the homing mama. None of the photoplays have made the situation convincing. I think it is too real an emotion to associate with make-believe characters. The imputation of universal parental emotions to lovely opera singers, lovely rich ladies wild-partying on the Riviera, lovely successful interior decorators, is supposed to make such people more real to us. Instead, the characters cheat the emotion of its reality. If motherhood is the theme, why not make a picture about a mother who has nothing else in her life but being a mother?



Much has been written about the affinity of the cinema and the novel. Both are all inclusive forms to which no type of thought or action is impossible of representation. They are free of the time and space elements that confine the stage-play. I think that the affinity of forms is misleading, and that the hardheaded producers, who had steadily shown a purchasing preference for plays rather than novels as cinema material, have had more reason than the aesthetic reasoners like myself who have pointed out that movies should stem from novels. If anything, novelists have been influenced by the motion picture: the cinematographic technique of Jules Romains' "Men of Good Will" is a case in point.

The adaptation of novels to the screen has, in the major instances, not been successful. While the great stage-hits of recent years: "Grand Hotel," "Dinner at Eight," "Counsellor-at-Law," "Men in White" have been bodily and successfully transferred to the films, few photoplays have succeeded in capturing the flavor of the novels from which they were drawn. Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" is a possible exception, but the latest crop of novels-into-movies is disappointing.

Richard Aldington's "All Men Are Enemies," which had a post-war flavor not unlike that of "A Farewell to Arms," has been made into a sickly Evangeline with hazy scenic effects and moonish sentimental sequences. Hugh Williams, as the soulful architect who is faithful to his beloved to a degree that seems almost unmanly, gives a well-sustained performance; softly charming Helen Twelvetrees does her best, too. The minor characters are all very English and very cockney and impart a quickie tone to the otherwise imposingly mounted picture. But the whole job is mawkish.

"Laughing Boy," from Oliver La Farge's novel, also seems to dwarf its source, though it is an above-average picture. Ramon Novarro gives up trying to look like Valentino, and actually appears as a flat-faced Indian. Even hot-cha Lupe Velez tries to simplify her appeal, and, in her more limited way, succeeds. Aided by decent direction, these two provide some satisfying scenes. But the artificial cinema-reality conveyed particularly by Lupe Velez is incongruous against the earthy reality of the true Indians used in the supporting cast. These folk, speaking in a stiff manner, chop up the smooth illusion created by the skilled actors. It's almost a Pirandello jumble of reality and irreality. Novarro is actually good enough to hold together the conflicting types of acting. But the film fails to convey the unity of the novel, fails more largely in suggesting the "spread," the typicality that a novel can suggest. The photoplay is only a story about a couple of people. "Nana" and "As the Earth Turns" were other recent pictures that caught some elements of story and atmosphere, yet failed to reproduce a novel's meaning.

Of the month's produce, I should report that "Wild Cargo" is a refreshingly honest animal picture, with very few fights-to-the-

Continued on page 152

Current Mysteries

Continued from page 53

thing has to be done. Your illusions must be guarded for you. I have to admit that the women are at fault, in this row. It must be that innate streak of coarseness cropping out. They will do this thing, this coarse, crass, crude thing. They won't look in the cabbage for a baby, or let the stork be responsible. No, they give birth to the brats. And, now and then, an author hears of it!

In Numbers 10 and 11 we face two more famous editorial complexes, the male nipple and the drawers. The magazine containing Number 11 printed three advertisements of underclothing, and the word "drawers" appeared in one of them. The magazine containing Number 10 also contained an unexpurgated photograph of a prizefighter dressed for the ring. Of the two complexes, the one over drawers is the more fascinating.

Thirteen American periodicals will not print the word "drawers." But they will all print the word "shorts." Shorts, as you know, are drawers. Drawers, however, are indecent, while shorts are proper. Things equal to the same thing are not equal to each other; the rebel rides on his raids no more; do you like a dash of lemon in a dry Martini? None of it makes the slightest sense, and I hate Harlem.

A charming cynic here comments:

"I was an editor for 19 years. Let me point out three things about your list of idiotic deletions and alterations, always admitting that they are idiotic. Take the bit about Russian textiles. Do you not know that 45 per cent of the American population firmly believes that anything Russian is "artistic?" I do not speak of Communists. This superstition antedates the Revolution. I began to encounter it as early as 1911 and 1912. If the editor had let your friend's remark on the superiority of French designing appear, he would have had a fuss on his hands inside of 48 hours. Truth is nothing to a Russophile maniac. You just mustn't say anything about anything done by "the most wonderful people in the world" . . . Take the bit about Mrs. Woolf. She is an obsession almost in a class with Marx, Joyce and Eliot. The most awful row I ever got into, as an editor, was when one of my reviewers took a shot at something in one of her books. The wife of one of our advertisers *did* try to get her husband to cancel his contract with us. She drove me out of publishing . . . I do not think that people, even professional writers, realize that most Americans get simply childish over fads of this kind. An editor who has permitted someone to say there ain't no Santa Claus is the biggest villain since Judas did his stuff . . . I know we are timid asses. I know that the lot of the American writer is a sour one. But give us a break. We do let you people say that all is not gold that glitters, once in a while, and sometimes you can even jam an opinion in sideways . . ."

This concludes the report on the current mysteries of American magazines, brought up to date. I am sure you'll find the article on the next page more amusing.

Zero-Zero

Continued from page 59

Steadily the long dashes sounded in his ears.

Larry noted the new course but said nothing. Methodically Bill checked the time and also the gas showing in the fuel gauges. "We'll ride it out as long as we can," he remarked and radioed Washington to that effect. "I'm climbing up through it, if possible," he added. "Advise me immediately any improvement your weather."

Two thousand feet; three thousand; five thousand. Still that grayish mist enveloped them. Six thousand; seven thousand; eight thousand. Both men were grim faced now. "Fun, isn't it?" Bill mocked.

"Oh, sure," nodded Larry, one hand nervously fingering the buckle of his safety belt.

Ninety-six hundred feet now and the light in the cockpit grew brighter. Bill glanced upward through the hatch. "—Thinning out," he observed.

Then like a glistening submarine emerging from the depths, the ship stuck her nose above the foaming crest of clouds and emerged into full sunlight.

Bill looked at his watch and the fuel gauges again. "About fifty minutes more gas," he observed.

The passengers were enchanted. In every direction a solid floor of clouds extended like a whipped cream concoction of the gods. Above, the sun shone brilliantly.

Bill waved back to the passengers. "Blissful ignorance," he murmured.

"Don't tell them there isn't a Santa Claus," Larry grunted.

Fifteen minutes later the beam signals ceased. "—Cone of silence," remarked Bill. "You can tell the old gal that Washington is directly below. Ask her if she's getting off here."

Larry smiled lamely.

The minutes flew by at fast cruising speed. Gas in the fuel gauges disappeared like water from a faucet. "And they want to cut pilots' pay," mused Bill.

Picking up the Richmond beam he flew for awhile on that course and then reversed back toward Washington. The sun continued to smile with unlimited insolence.

Abruptly the earphones barked through the static: "Washington calling Banning, ship fifty-two . . ." Bill promptly answered ". . . What's your position, Bill?" snapped the question, "and how much gas have you?"

"I'm on the Richmond beam," said Bill, "and I've damned little gas. How much ceiling have you now?" he asked seriously. "Still zero-zero," was the grim answer. "What're you going to do?"

"I'm coming down," Bill advised. "I'll pick up the other beam east of here and follow it northwest toward you and Hagerstown. That ought to keep me from smacking the monument."

Once on the new course the motors were throttled back and their sound was more muffled, less complaining. Downward now the ship forsook the sunlight and dipped her wings into the soft, ensnaring fog-bank.

Bill concentrated on the artificial horizon and the bank and turn. Down, down; six thousand, four thousand, two thousand. Moisture streaked the windshield. Larry sat tensely in his seat. Bill began to sweat

Slowly and steadily the needle of the altimeter marked the descent. Eight hundred feet now, four hundred, two hundred. Bill opened the throttles, leveled off and continued anxiously along the beam. Suddenly he spoke into the transmitter. "I'm flying at two hundred feet," he called. "For God's sake listen for my motors and try and tell me when to cut the gun!"

Gratefully he heard the reply: "Okay."

Visions taunted him—the myriad obstructions about the field, smoke stacks and power lines and hangars—the Army pilot who crashed into the radio towers at Arlington—the ship that fell in the Potomac. God! . . . A stream of sweat rolled down his face and wilted his collar.

The beam signals ceased for a moment. "—Cone of silence," he muttered, "—ought to be close to the field now."

Seconds later he picked up the vital message: "We can hear you, Bill. Better cut the gun."

Quickly Bill closed the throttles and glided in as flat as he dared. Earnestly he eyed the air speed indicator.

The earphones grated again: "Right over the field, Bill, but you sound too high. Better give her the gun—quick!"

Bill rammed the throttles forward and flew ahead. He glanced at the compass. Three thirty-two degrees it read reassuringly. That would carry him clear of the six hundred foot Arlington radio towers. Beams have been known to quit, he reasoned.

Larry eyed him anxiously. "What now?" he asked.

"How much gas?" snapped Bill.

"—Can just see it in the gauges," was the reply.

Bill throttled back until the ship was almost wabbly. I'm going to turn and approach from the northwest," he said.

Suddenly Larry grabbed the wheel and maneuvered abruptly to one side.

"What the devil do you mean?" demanded Bill, regaining control.

"—Didn't—didn't you see it?" said Larry weakly. "I-I think it was the Washington monument."

"—Monument, hell!" replied Bill angrily. "You're seeing things. We're on the beam west of it. Touch those controls again and I'll poke you in the jaw!"

Bill banked and turned and headed for the field again. "I've got to chance it this time," he told EWA. "—Not enough gas to keep going. I'm coming in from the northwest this time. For God's sake, holler!"

A dozen men were grouped outside the operations building at the airport. A dozen cigarettes lay strewn upon the ground. Telephones rang heedlessly in the traffic offices and fear blanketed the field as heavily as the fog.

Every man listened intently and cursed the murmur of traffic on the highway. The window of the radio room was open and the operator within moistened and remoistened his lips.

Faintly a sound reached the group and steadily grew in volume. A dozen voices shouted in unison: "That's Bill!"

The operator spoke hurriedly but clearly: "We can hear you, Bill. Throttle down . . . You must be at the edge of the field. Better cut her. Cut her!"

The sound of the motors faded. Propellers whistled softly and stopped. Bill had cut the switches. There was an agonizing lapse of time and then in the gray murk came a familiar rumble and quiet again. The tin goose had landed.

A half hour later Bill and Larry broke away from their back-slapping friends and stood before the soda fountain.

"You're going to report me of course?" asked Larry, glumly.

"Forget it, Son," said Bill. "You've learned your lesson. And remember, Larry," he added, "if you must fly blind there's just one co-pilot to have in the cockpit."

"Who's that?" asked Larry.

Bill didn't smile. "—God!" he answered.

Larry's hand was trembling as he raised his soda glass. "Get hold of yourself," advised Bill kindly.

"I'm—I'm okay," answered Larry but the glass slipped from his fingers and shattered upon the floor.

Carefully, Bill placed his own half-filled glass back upon the counter.

A Factor in Europe's Future

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economic activity can develop outside of these syndicalist organizations. A French scholar, L. Rovenstock-Franck ("Fascist Economics in Theory and Practise." Paris, 1934), has made a detailed study in which he describes the fallacy of this system and its fragility. In fact, it smothers everything. It is not an economic mechanism but a mechanism of domination.

Dictatorships are all extravagant and spectacular. With its enormous expenditures, its partly useless public works, its parasitical industries, Fascism has tremendously aggravated the Italian situation. All countries are suffering from the world-wide economic depression, but in Italy the situation is worse than anywhere else. International trade has fallen off in alarming proportions. Not only is Italy behind such little countries as Holland and Belgium, but it is falling off more and more every day. Every day it loses some of its best positions in world trade.

While capital is lacking and money is very dear, Italy continues to incur debts. The state and the public services absorb all savings, and the national economy is anemic. Nothing is free. The stock exchange is controlled and reduced to almost nothing. The number of securities which change hands daily is insignificant. The State taxes everything and takes part in almost all important transactions, usually at a loss. But everything is sacrificed to show. Absurd agricultural villages are built and named by Mussolini, Littoria, and so forth, but the land which strangers are expected to admire is worked with money on which the interest is at least seven per cent, and which often gives a return of one per cent.

The shipping companies have been compelled to build huge de luxe steamers, and now almost all of them are bankrupt, or have had to make enormous sacrifices in order to escape the general dèbâcle. The largest Italian banks are in a difficult position, and the assistance rendered by the government cannot give any solidity to so uncertain a situation. Instead of reducing the number of State and local officials, the government has increased them, for political reasons. Every day more debts are incurred and every day savings are absorbed. The so-called conversion of the consolidated debt was in reality a compulsory reduction and a bad financial operation.

One of the most serious mistakes, one which was a pure piece of bluff, was stabilizing the lira at too high a level, at approximately one-third of its par value, whereas much wealthier countries, such as France, stabilized its currency at a fifth, and Belgium at a seventh. Taxes have become too onerous, almost unbearable, because the budget could not be reduced at the time that the lira was stabilized. It is impossible to say what is the real financial position of Italy, because dictatorship governments never present reliable financial documents. But even the official figures, which do not represent the facts, are alarming. For 1931-1932 the deficit in the national budget was 4,274 million lire, and 3,937 million for 1932-1933. During the first seven months of the present financial year there is already a deficit of 2,542 million lire. But all this is simply on the surface. The government takes money wherever it can find it, from the banks, the savings banks, and even the postal savings accounts. Official documents of December 31st, 1933, admit that the State has borrowed as a short term loan from public credit institutions 9,782 million lire, an almost unheard of proceeding in countries which have not the privilege of being governed by a dictatorship.

In every way and by every method the government continues to contract debts. What will happen in the future? Before Fascism, Italy had no foreign debts, except war debts. Now Italy has debts everywhere, especially in America, and the difficulty of paying these debts will become continually greater. Great economies would be necessary and increased production, but the Fascist régime has no intention of reducing expenditure; it cannot do so without collapsing and antagonizing its supporters.

Great sacrifices are being made to support the rate of the lira artificially, and great losses are being incurred. But the reserves of the banks of issue are rapidly diminishing. The gold reserves and gilt-edge securities of the Bank of Italy (foreign treasury bonds, first-class securities) amounted in 1927 to 12,106 million lire (the lira being devaluated to the extent of one-third); on December 31, 1933, they amounted to 7,373 million. All sorts of tricks are employed to peg the lira. The circulation of bank notes was reduced to 13,051 million at the end of 1933. One can imagine the position of a country where people are not in the habit of paying with checks, and where most transactions are paid for in bank notes, when the circulation is reduced to such proportions. National and local taxes represent a sum of more than 30 milliards of lire. This means that the bank notes must be returned to the public treasuries at least twice a year.

The balance of international payments grows more unfavorable each year. Revenue from immigration, from maritime transportation, from the expenditure of tourists continuously declines. The revenue from tourists is the one which has still declined least.

Against this, expenses are enormous, and daily increase the domestic and foreign indebtedness. No solution is visible and probably none exists, except the end of the Fascist régime and the creation of a government less costly and less cumbersome. The profound uneasiness of Italian economic life is aggravated by political oppression. One is compelled to say that all is well, one must believe that the depression will end, one must admire the régime which is saving Italy from the troubles of other countries. Confidence and admiration are compulsory. Admiration and poverty will be the death of Italy.

Ceaseless ballyhoo by means of newspapers, propaganda, radio, and all other means of publicity has compelled all Italians to pretend to believe that Mussolini is the inspiration, the leader, the saviour; that he does everything, knows everything, and thinks of everything. Fundamentally Mussolini is Fascism, and the public sees only him. Either Fascism will be overthrown by events before he is, or it will disappear with him, in any case. All dictatorships always end with the death of the dictator. Dictatorships either die before the dictator or with him, but they have never survived him. At bottom Mussolini is naturally egotistical and egocentric. Fascism is neither a faith nor a doctrine. It is simply an adventure due to the temperament and personal qualities of Mussolini. This particular adventure has powerfully contributed to the upset of Europe, because of the attraction it has for restless, violent, and bullying natures. Movements of this kind are neither lasting nor profound. They are the product of post-war disturbances and love of violence. They are destined to disappear, leaving nothing behind them except disorder and hatred.

(*Translated by Ernest Boyd.*)

Whom June Hath Joined

Tips to participants in formal day weddings: when these two are joined, let no man pull a blunder

by STUART HOWE

This is one time when the old rule about "The Woman Pays" really has some meaning. She does, or at least her family does, for almost everything involved in the formal wedding except for a few gifts that are expected of the Groom. (Except, also, all the ultimate upkeep, but this doesn't seem to be the time or place to go into that.)

Anyway, here's what the Groom gives.

To the Best Man, it is customary for the Groom to supply the necktie and a personal present; the nature of the latter is subject to the dictates of his purse, as is the question of furnishing gloves, spats, and waistcoat as an additional gesture of esteem.

To the Ushers, the Groom furnishes neckties, and gives each a personal present. It is best to keep these presents uniform, to avoid suspicion of favoritism. These gifts are expected to be not quite as expensive as the one given to the Best Man. The Groom may either specify or furnish the particular collar that he wants the Ushers to wear. The accompanying photograph illustrates a permissible range of choice in collar and neckwear styles for the formal day wedding. The Groom may also supply the gloves and spats for the Ushers; he ought to do this if he can afford to, as it is the only way to assure uniformity in cut, color, age and general condition of these accessories.

In the way of flowers, the Groom is expected to supply the Bride's bouquet, as well as those for the Maid of Honor, the Bridesmaids, the Bride's mother, and his mother. He also supplies carnation boutonnieres for his Ushers, gardenia boutonnieres for the Best Man and the Bride's father, as well as his own boutonniere of lilies of the valley. As for details of dress, these are illustrated by the opposite page and are as follows, reading from left to right:

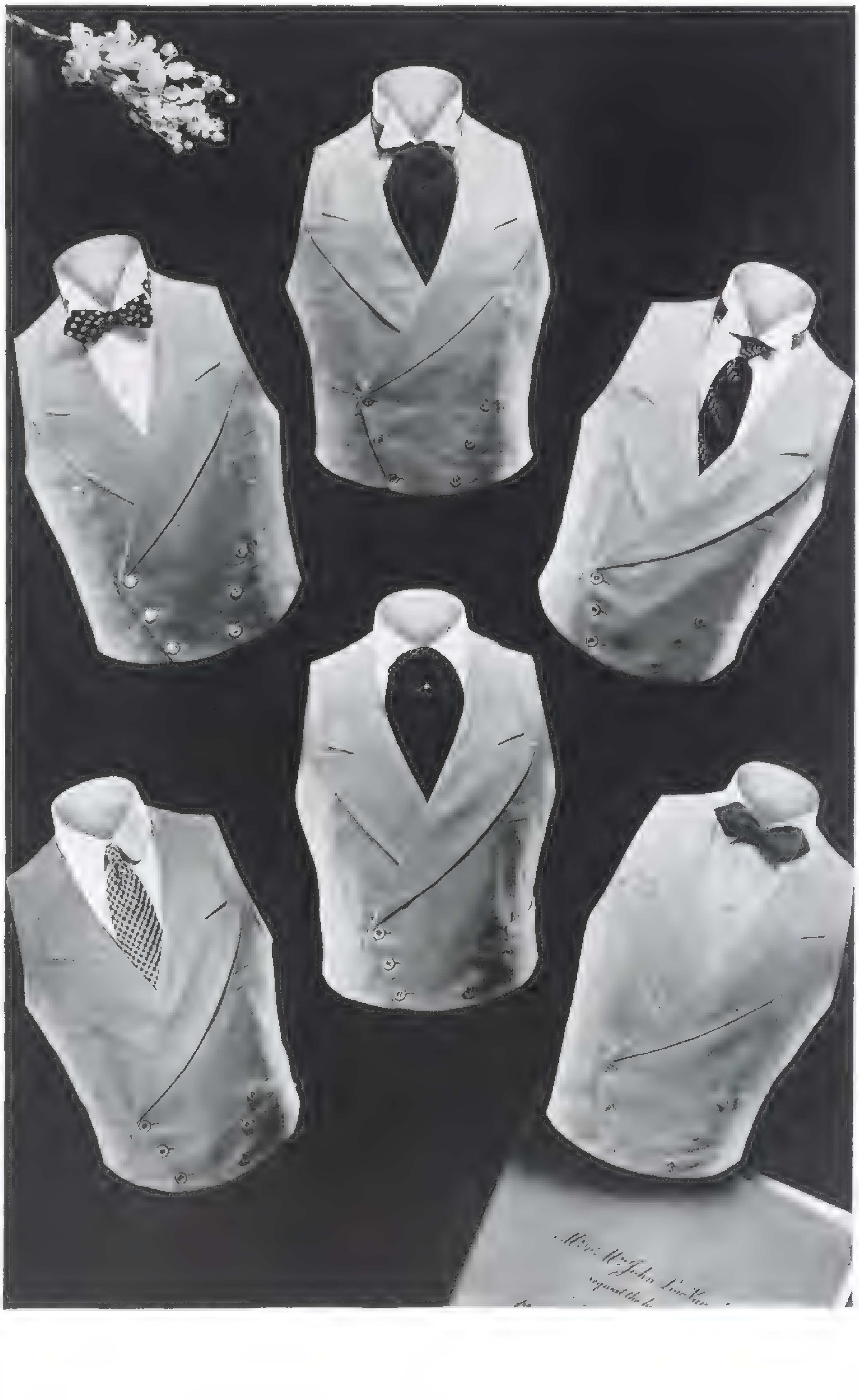
The Groom wears a black or Oxford grey cutaway, one button peaked lapel model, with trousers of grey with black and white stripes; double breasted waistcoat of white linen; white shirt with starched bosom and cuffs, and a bold wing collar; black polished calf shoes with linen spats to match the waistcoat.

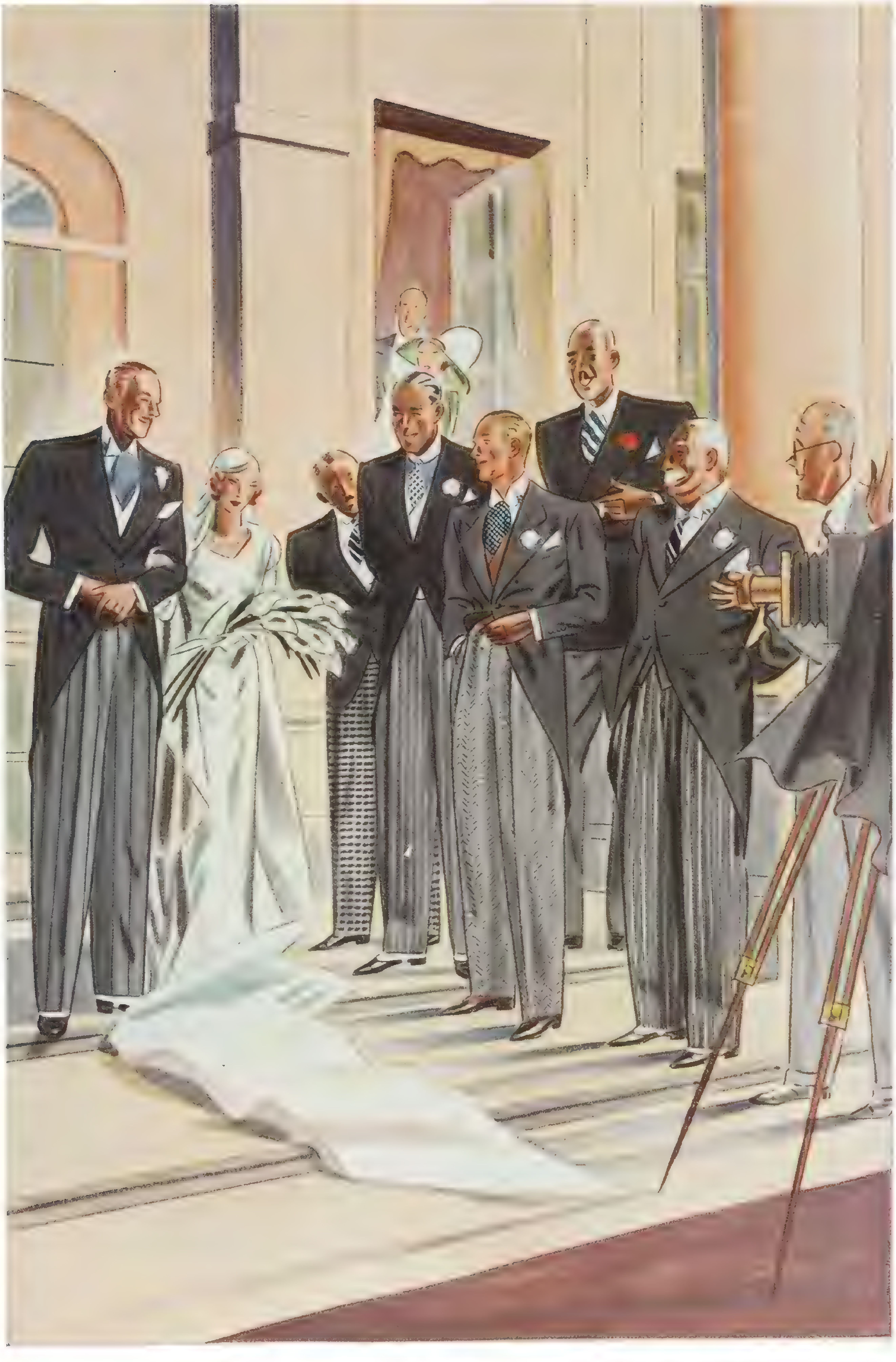
A guest wears a single breasted two button notched lapel black jacket; double breasted waistcoat of white linen; black and white Shetland checked trousers; black calf shoes with grey buttoned uppers.

An Usher wears black or Oxford grey one-button notch lapel cutaway; grey trousers with white stripes; double breasted white or natural linen waistcoat.

The Best Man wears a black or Oxford grey one-button notch lapel cutaway with black and white herringbone trousers; natural linen double breasted waistcoat; black straight tipped shoes with buttoned tops of grey boxcloth.

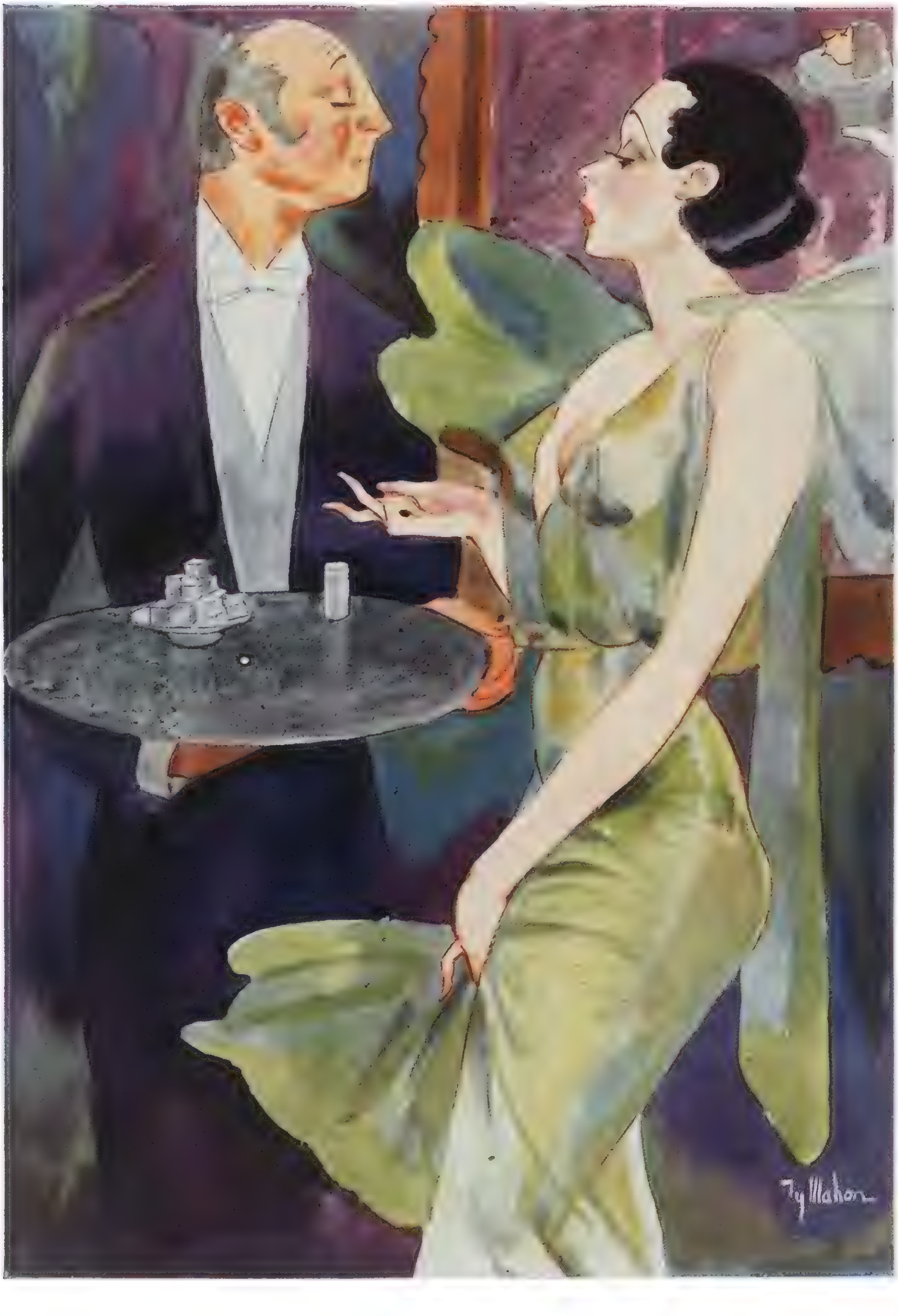
The Bride's father wears a two-button peaked lapel cutaway of black or Oxford grey; single breasted waistcoat of same fabric and color as the cutaway; dark grey trousers with white stripes; black calf straight tipped shoes with linen spats.





A PAGE OF FORMAL DAY WEAR

(See descriptions on opposite page)



"The master's breakfast—aspirin with ice"

For Charity's Sake

Continued from page 29

rather clown around and get laughs than be the champion of the world or anything else. Consequence was he turned up broke. He looked like he'd just got off the rods; the soles of his shoes was flapping and he smelled like a goat.

"Hello, goodlooking," says Dave, shoving what remained of his hat back. "How's tricks? Are they gonna give that big palooka of yours a good trimming at the Garden or is the fight fixed?"

Boy! I nearly jumped out of my shoes. I hadn't heard any talk like that since Joe won the championship. I'd been starved for honest-to-John talk for so long that it scared me when I heard it.

"Shh!" I says, "or Joe will hear you."

Dave give me one of his wise looks.

"Oh," he says, "he's got that way, has he? Say, how about a job, goodlooking, or would you rather lend me twenty-five bucks?"

"Neither," I says.

"I'll take the job," says Dave. "When do I start and what do I do?"

"Now look, Dave," I says, "if I give you a job you got to remember one thing. This guy we're working for ain't Joe Thomas no more. He's a world champ and he feels it. See what I mean?"

"Sure," says Dave. "I'll handle him careful. I'm broke and I ain't et for two hours."

"All right," I says. "What kind of shape you in?"

"Fine shape. I done my roadwork running after rattlers and I got plenty of punch hitting railroad dicks behind the ear."

"How about doing a few rounds with Joe a day?"

"That's my meat. And don't worry. I'll go easy with him."

I laughed at this. Dave was close on to forty and looked kind of pale. I was afraid Joe would get it in for him and hurt him, but I wanted a guy that would put a couple into the champ's breadbasket, where he didn't like it, and I knew Dave was the guy to do it. I was just getting ready to give Dave some more instructions when the door opens and the champ comes in. He's all combed and shaved and wearing a white linen suit and he's got a book in his hand.

"What's all this noise!" he says, wiggling his eyebrows a little.

"Hello, champ," says Dave; "ain't you afraid you'll strain your eyes reading?"

"Who's this guy?" asks Joe, turning to me.

"It's Dave Handel, champ. Don't you remember Dave?"

"Oh," says the champ without a smile or nothing. "What does he want?"

"Can I speak right up?" chirps Dave. "Or do I have to talk through your manager here?"

Cold shivers run down my spine and I clears my throat loudly and says:

"Dave wants a job as sparring-partner, Joe."

"Him?" The champ actually smiled. "Why, them big clucks we got can't hardly keep me awake in there. What would this little guy do?"

"I'd keep you awake all right, champ," says Dave, "if I had to sing to you."

"He's just kidding, champ."

"Sure," says Joe, "he's just kidding. He's one of them smart guys. Look how smart he is. Look at them clothes. And here he is bumming a job. He's a smart guy."

"Well," says Dave without wincing or smiling, "I used to be pretty fair, champ. Course I was never in your class or nothing like that. But I wasn't bad. I'm down on my luck, see, champ, and I thought a big guy like you could give me a little break, that's all. Course if you got too much expense up her now . . ."

"What do you mean, expense!" says the champ, glaring. "Give this guy a job, Baldy," he calls to me as he's going out the door. Then he shuts the door and that was that.

"Well," I says, "you got your job."

"Yep," says Dave. "I got it. Did he go for that line or not? He used to try to get me to show him a left hook. And now he don't know me."

Well, Dave got the job and was that boy down and out! You should have seen him stow that grub away the first night; he never even looked up; he just dug in and made that food disappear like a steam shovel. He was dirty and lousy and sick; I mean really sick; and he didn't have a friend in the world. He was busted, washed up, done for. But you'd never know it. That boy had sand. He was the cheerfullest guy around the camp and half the time, when the big boy wasn't around, he had the camp in hysterics. He was just naturally a wisecracker and the smartest bird I ever met in my life. All the boys was crazy about him.

But Joe didn't like him. He made Joe feel uneasy. Joe was pretty sure that Dave was laughing at him and pulling wisecracks on him that he didn't get, and that was one thing he couldn't stand. Since he got to be champ he had to be top dog without any argument or he was burned up. All the rest of us made him feel pretty high and mighty because we was all scared of him, and bowed and scraped and made out he was the biggest guy in the world. But Dave, while he didn't say much that the champ could put his hand to, thought that Joe was a cheap cluck and a dumb egg and you could kind of tell it by the way he looked and acted. Joe avoided him. Never said a word to him if he could help it, and when we et he had the waiter, Curly, put Dave away over in a corner of the room with a shine rubber and a shine sparring-partner. Dave didn't say nothing. He took it.

But one time at supper when the champ was explaining to me at great length about what the "ideal woman" was (he was getting ideas, this boy!), them dinges over in the corner with Dave got to laughing so that you couldn't hear yourself think, and did the champ get sore! He stalked over to their table and says:

"When you jackasses get through braying I'd like to do a little talking if it ain't too much trouble for you to keep quiet."

Everybody was scared stiff. Curly just stood in the middle of the dining-room with a tray in his hand and his legs shaking. The dinges rolled their eyes and kind of moaned. But Dave chirps:

"Champ, I was just telling these boys what a sucker you was going to make out of that limey and they got to laughing about it, that's all."

Joe kind of hesitated but the back of his neck was still red and pretty soon he blurts out:

"You're a smart boy, ain't you? That's what I get for taking in a bum like you and giving you charity like I done because I felt sorry for you. You ain't no good on earth. You couldn't break a pane of glass with your right and here I'm paying you good dough as a sparring-partner, and all you do is wisecrack about me. Now that's gratitude, ain't it?"

Even Dave was stopped a little but says: "What makes you think I'd wisecrack you, champ?" but his face was white as a sheet and I could see that he was just barely holding himself in.

The champ didn't say another word. He just turned around and walked back to our table and sat down. You could've heard a cat walking on a carpet. Then Max, the trainer, run over; he was afraid of his job on account he'd been drunk three times that week. Twice was all right, but three times was one too many.

"Baldy," he says to me, "why don't you can that no good tramp so the champ here can get some peace of mind?"

And I nearly choked to keep from laughing when the champ jumps up, grabs Max by the shoulder, and yells at him for a minute or so without anybody knowing what he's saying but pretty sure Max was getting hell. Max puts his tail between his legs and hits for the gymnasium. I hear later that he poured all his liquor in the sink and then had to send the cook into town for more.

Well, it blew over. Dave was kind of quiet for a while, but he turned in some nice work against the champ and the champ was pleased, so Dave was in right again. In a way he was. The champ never talked about canning him and I think maybe it was because he knew that he'd put a spike in Dave that night in the dining-room. He'd seen Dave get pale like all the rest of us and the champ wasn't so dumb but what he could see he'd got under Dave's hide. Anyway, things quieted down some. I thought everything was swell myself till one day I went over to Dave's room after he'd just worked two good rounds with the champ. Dave was like lightning and while he wasn't hurting the champ any, he kept working at his body and was making him cautious. Dave didn't know anybody was around and there he was sitting on the bed with nothing on but his pants and an undershirt looking as glum as the champion at his worst.

"Dave," I says, "that was a pretty good job you did in there today."

Dave looked up kind of startled and tried to hide something he had in his hand, but I seen it. It was a white handkerchief and it had big spots of blood on it.

"Dave," I says, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing more than usual," says Dave. "Them two rounds a day is getting tough. My bellows ain't no good any more."

It made me feel kind of funny thinking about this bird with lung trouble in there taking it from an ox like Joe.

"You better cut it out then, Dave," I

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For Charity's Sake

Continued from page 141

says. "I'll get something else for you to do."

Dave laughed.

"What a chance! You think I'd quit now? That big cluck would blow from now on. He'd say I was yellow. Anyway, I ain't taking no money from that bird I don't earn. And, brother, I need the dough 'cause when I get through here I got to go some place and rest or I'm a goner. I need the dough damn bad, Baldy."

What could I do? I just let him go. Anyway, I had my own worries because the big boy was too cocky. He'd never been cocky before. But this was his first fight as a champ and this was different. Every champ gets to feeling like just the title in itself means something, means he's better than the best; better than any of the young guys coming up. Course it ain't so; it's just a feeling, but there you are.

Right at this spot, brother, came the blow off. I want to tell you it was the biggest day in my life. I ain't been so startled since Joe won the championship. Before I go on, remember this: Dave Handel was just about the sweetest fighter that ever lived. Two things was wrong with him: he was kind of delicate and he didn't have no ambition. And he was a clown besides. Ask any of the big-time referees and he'll tell you that Dave was the best ever except for an awful habit he had of kidding the guy he was fighting, kidding the crowd, and kidding the referee.

As I said, then come the blow off. It was the last day of real training and a big crowd was out to see the champ work out. He was a three to one favorite and he was getting more publicity than a movie star. All the dames was out from Long Island. Keen gals, I mean, with big cars and guys with canes with them, and there was a bunch of show girls and actors and newspaper men and everybody. And they had Joe autographing pictures and all that stuff; and Joe was so dignified he almost fell over backwards. You never seen such a mob around that ring when Joe climbed in. He took the dinge on first and tore into him till he had him reeling and groggy, and all the dames cheered and some guy even yelled: "Bravo!" Boy, did the champ strut! He was an ex-boilermaker from Iowa and he never knew that people didn't eat pie with a knife till he was twenty-one years old, so when all them high-class dames begin to yell he just puffed himself out like a pigeon.

So when Dave climbed into the ring I groaned. I knew Joe, see, and I could tell by the way he was strutting and puffing himself up that he was going to shellack Dave. Dave looked pretty frail in there but he was a fighting man and his stance was beautiful. Joe started charging around after him with blood in his eyes, but Dave swayed, sidestepped, blocked and parried till he had Joe wild, then he begin to sting him. I mean sting him. I could see Joe's face getting redder and redder and I could see him wincing because he didn't like it in the short ribs. Dave was just like a ghost and I want to tell you Joe never laid a glove on him. People just stood around with their mouths open; then they looked at each other as if they didn't know what it was all about, and then some of the press boys begin to get wise and did they grin, knowing what a story it would make and praying for Dave to keep on his feet.

But Dave did better than that. He was just like lightning and he always had Joe off balance; he slipped away from killing punches, played the ropes like a champion, and finally, quick as a wink, he caught Joe flatfooted on one of his dumb rushes and laid him out with a one-two like Carpentier's. Joe fell, clutching at the ropes and swearing, and just then the bell rang. Dave tore off his gloves, threw them at the champion, who was groggy, and shouted:

"I quit."

Then he climbed out and beat it through the crowd. All the newspaper guys followed him but he shut the door in their face. And you should have seen the pan on the champ when we got his robe on him and shoved him through the crowd. You should have heard the wisecracks. Did my face burn!

Yep, as I told you guys a while back, me and Joe was lucky. That lovely shellacking he got the last day of training knocked all the cockiness out of him and put him on his toes, and he give Kayo Boston the sweetest pasting you ever seen. It was all due to that ornery Dave Handel, ain't that a good one?

Dave?

Why, he died about a month after the Boston fight. Lungs clean gone, I guess. They took up a subscription to bury him and I give five bucks.

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Two Opposing Views of Italy

Continued from page 20

alternated almost daily, and have become so intertwined, in a fashion characteristic of Fascism and of Il Duce, that they represent a combination of the loftiest intellectual speculation with the liveliest sense of realism and understanding of mass and individual psychology. At the same time a great program of economic and political reorganization has been developed.

Already we can begin to visualize the first outlines of the corporative State, that is, a State founded upon corporations in which all the interests, economic and moral, of any given class of producers are harmonized and disciplined.

Here the nation is conceived, not as the material result of a number of individuals of the same race, born on the same soil, and held together in defense of their own rights, but as the ideal result of that union between the living and the dead and the children yet unborn, that historic heritage which is received and passed on from one generation to another, and is always the same, though varying with the changes of history and mankind.

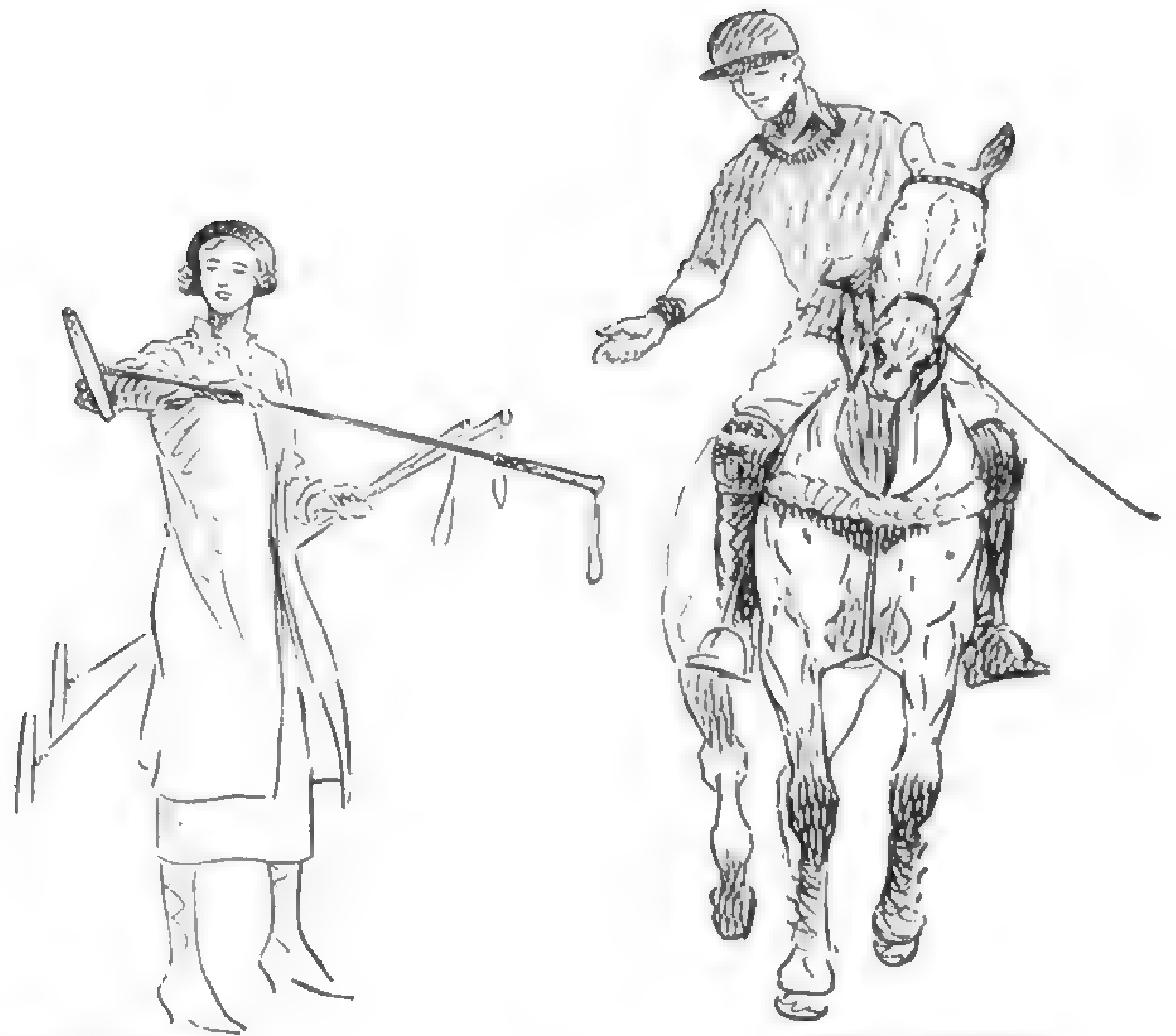
The concept of a corporative State, which the Fascist régime intends to realize, and whose foundation it has already laid, is a moral and spiritual concept, which is the direct antithesis of the materialism of the Socialists and the Bolshevists, and of the individualism of the old-time Liberals, which is equally materialistic. With this concept in mind, the new Fascist State, so far from repressing individual initiative and activity, as its detractors have said, wishes only to provide a concrete system of economic and political liberty. And if its champions, in the heat of discussion, have attacked the idea of democracy, Mussolini has rightly said that the kind of State which he desires is a concentrated democracy: that is to say, a democracy which can live as every organism lives in which a vital principle flows and vivifies all its organs.

This organic concept, applied to economics and to life in general, governs the domestic and foreign policy of Mussolini. The same vision which enabled him to perceive the absurdity of the class struggle in the economic life of Italy, and to realize the fundamental unity of all national interests, has also made him conscious of the fact that the life of every nation is essentially determined by bonds of interdependence with the lives of all other nations. For this reason he has constantly been the courageous, unprejudiced and determined advocate of the revision of the Peace Treaties, which are preventing Europe, fifteen years after the war, from resuming normal relations of international collaboration, upon which depends the fate of the victors and the defeated.

Today he is perhaps the one statesman who is regarded by the entire world as the most resolute and sincere believer in disarmament, and in every possible form of understanding between the nations of Europe and elsewhere.

Behind Il Duce stands the entire Italian people, whose one desire is to grow and prosper in a free world, cleansed of the horrors of war, and restrained by a sense of justice.

(*Translated by Ernest Boyd.*)



"*Number 51—please!*"

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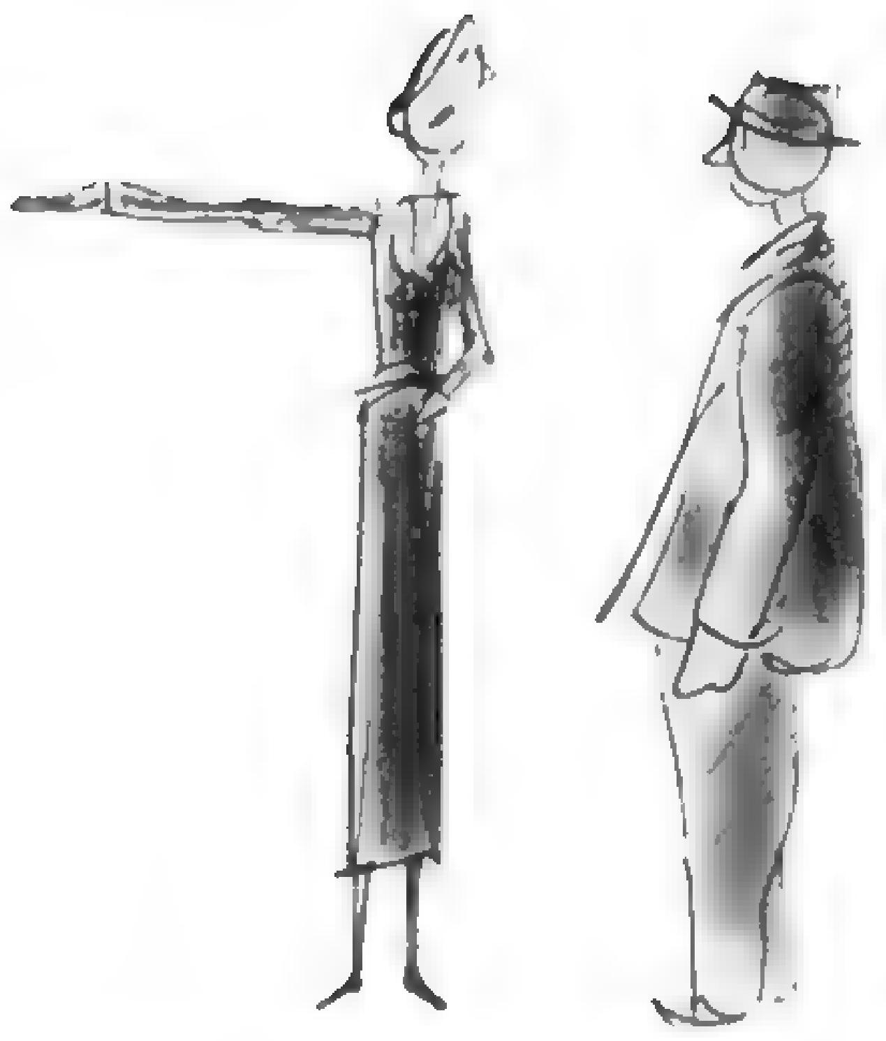
The Perennial Outcast

Considering the question of why you and your best pal cease to be friends after you're married

by PARKE HANLEY



When a man embarks on matrimony's uncharted seas there ever stands marooned on the forsaken shore a cherished friend. Almost always this friend is a bachelor and generally he is known as Mac. Every man's man has a pal named Mac and for some reason that will be a perpetual mystery to women he is wedded only to single blessedness. In the heart of the husband there remains always an alcove in which Mac is enshrined but to his beloved Mac is anathema; first, a secret dislike, eventually, active hatred, barring him from the home or to be admitted only under wifely espionage.

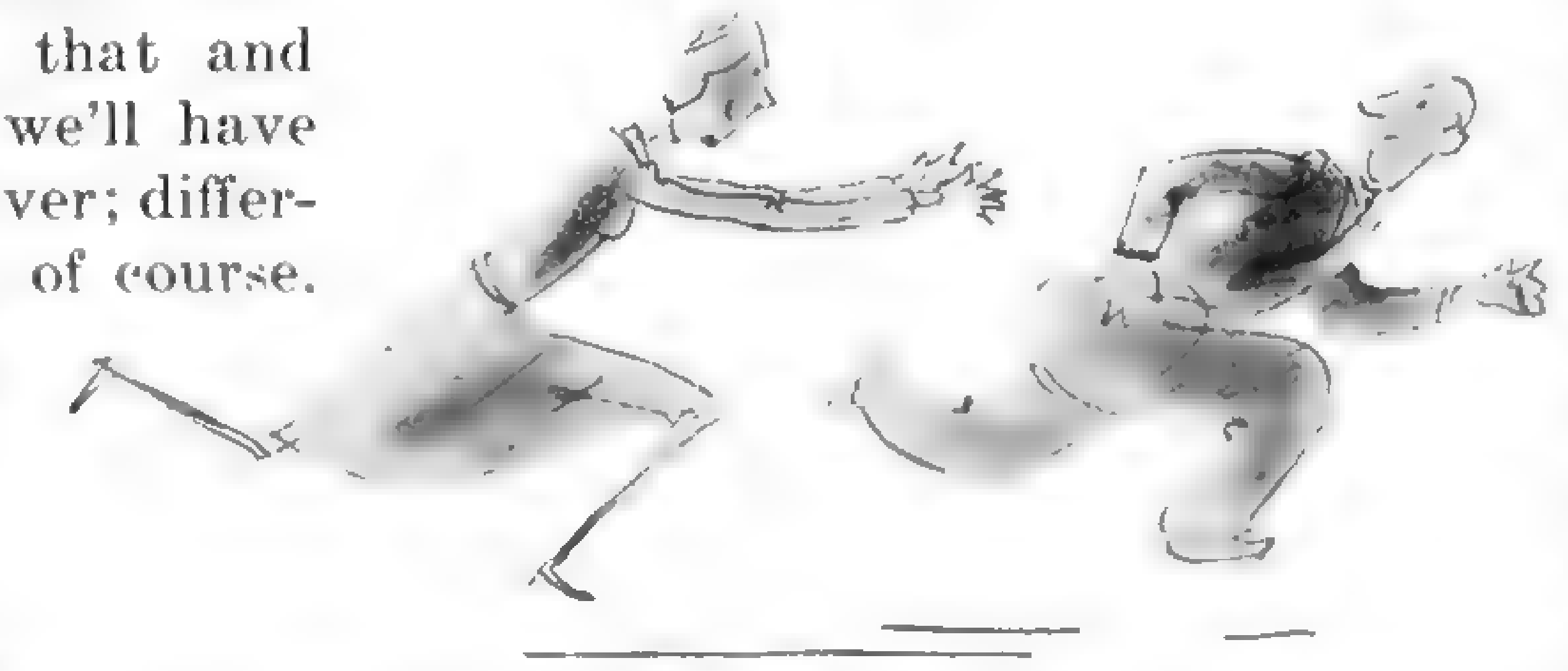
Little does she know or care that in the corduroy road which finally leads to the altar Mac is the sole confidant. She does not recognize that with an uncanny instinct he guides with righteousness the dazed wooer. Drawing from a knowledge that must be at best subconscious he instructs the moves that come to a happy termination when some throaty soprano sings, "The Voice that Breath'd O'er Eden." As often as not he is best man but when he hands over the ring it is a symbol of his own divorcement from needed companionship.

It matters not that he has been a war buddy, a golf mate, a drinking companion, a pal who went on the other's note, an office friend or even a partner, he has been marked for exile ever since the lover won the word. Once the troth is plighted the finger is on Mac. As a congenial bachelor he is viewed as one whose ways are set in debauchery; his influence is regarded as detrimental to the hearth and home. The husband, with silken strings but resistless withal, is ruthlessly drawn away from Mac.

Regardless of what philosophers, cynics and misanthropes say there is a rationalization; there are a number of reasons. One is that there is an inimical conspiracy among all women against men who remain oblivious to wedded bliss. It is, in the eyes of the Sisterhood, an affront to their charms, a selfish and sordid attitude that, in the end, must deprive one of their sex of her share of happiness. A certain justice and loyalty, it must be admitted, lies in this position.

Another reason, however vigorously it be denied, is jealousy. It is difficult for a woman endeared to understand that a man's devotion can include thoughts of another. And, for still another reason, there is a sense of alarm that her husband, in the inescapable moments of marital ennui, may seek out the company of Mac and revert to habits which, in the most charitable aspects, are believed to be dissolute.

Of course, in the prenuptial days, neither Mac nor his chum contemplate anything that might sever the bond.



"My house is your house, Old Timer," says the bemused fiance. "Caroline understands that and wants it so. And we'll have better times than ever; different kinds of times, of course, now that I'm to be married, but happier."

They stand apart from the wedding guests and drink to that. Mac has an idea that another snort would help him improve on this sentiment but he finds Caroline between them. And, with neither of them knowing it at the time, this first wedge is the forerunner of eventual barriers which will ever widen the gap between Mac and the husband.

Some weeks later Mac will be without his golfing partner. The husband's equipment has been mislaid and will not be found until Mac can be safely expected to be off the first tee. Afterward will come a more pointed rupture in the companionship. The details of a dinner party are being discussed and Mac's name is off the list.

"Poor old Mac would feel lost and uncomfortable among only married people," Caroline says.

"But you have invited that egg, Hobart," the husband protests, "he takes away my appetite. And isn't he a bachelor?"

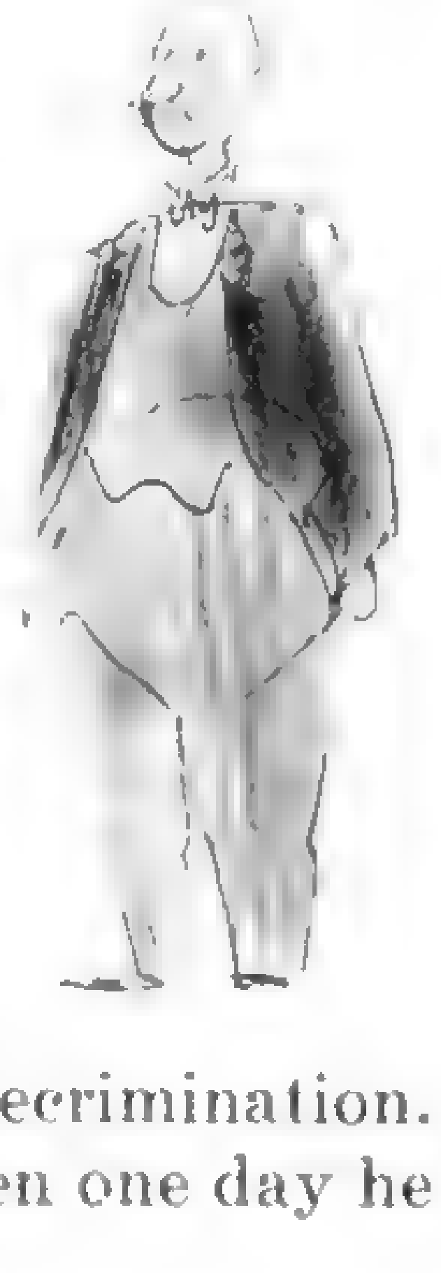
"Well, we have Amy for him and I understand that any day now—"

Mac doesn't get a bid and when this ostracism happens again the impression is borne in on him that on festal occasions he hasn't even an amateur standing. When he sees Mac he tells him it was a dismal party without him. Mac grins and pretends to believe.

Occasions do come up when Mac is welcomed. Invariably these are the times when there is an unwedded woman on the local scene; she may be the wife's sister or the house guest of one of her friends. Neither the husband nor his buddy realize Mac is the object of a cabal. In the hearts and minds of the Sisterhood abides a lingering hope that Mac, impervious to the prevailing talent, will succumb to a new interest. He is, in a phrase, being put on the spot.

Mac with chivalrous generosity squires the visitor to such attractions as the locality holds and may even run her into town. He gives her a mild whirl and, if the subject is willing, some palpitations. The husband notes happily that at last Mac is being appreciated but he finds, to his amazement, that his excursions are the topic on the lips of every woman of his home acquaintance.

From the comments he learns that Mac is revealed as witty, wise and in all things an estimable person.



Then, one morning, coincident with the day the visitor departs heart whole and, perhaps unwillingly, free, he is crushed with the revelation that Mac once more is an abhorrence and a pariah, flung back to ways undoubtedly sinful. For weeks afterward Mac is cast up to him. He is, if the testimony is to be accepted, a ruthless philanderer, a cad who leads girls on and then deserts them, an unspeakable fellow who finds his fun in breaking trusting hearts. The departed guest has gone home, the husband is led to believe, because of superior advantages there for suicide.

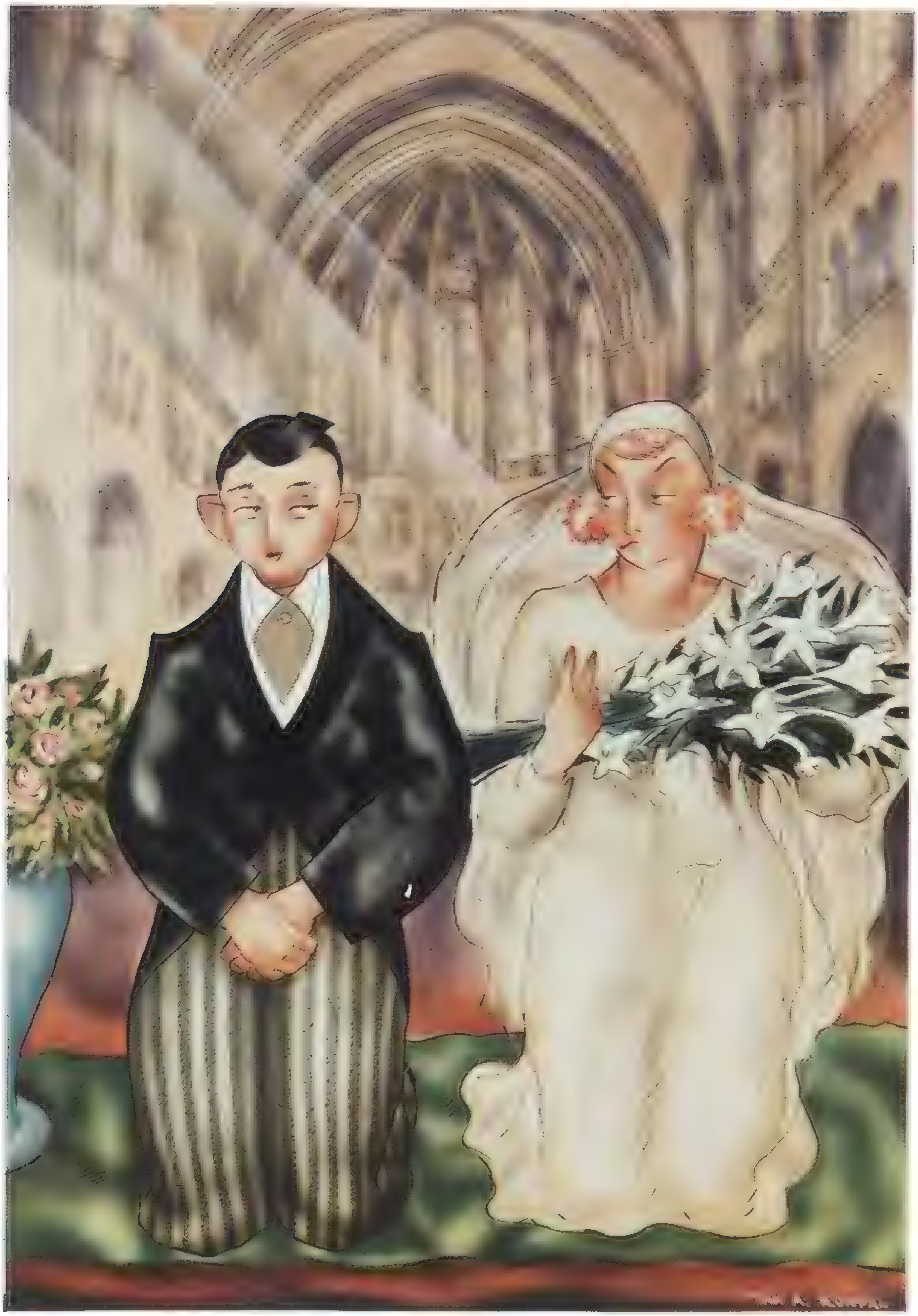
"And yet you wonder why I don't want him in this house!" Caroline taunts. Naturally he wonders but never does he find the answer.

He is reconciled at last to the thought that whenever in the future he sees Mac there must follow domestic recrimination. Hope of a New Deal arises when one day he is asked:

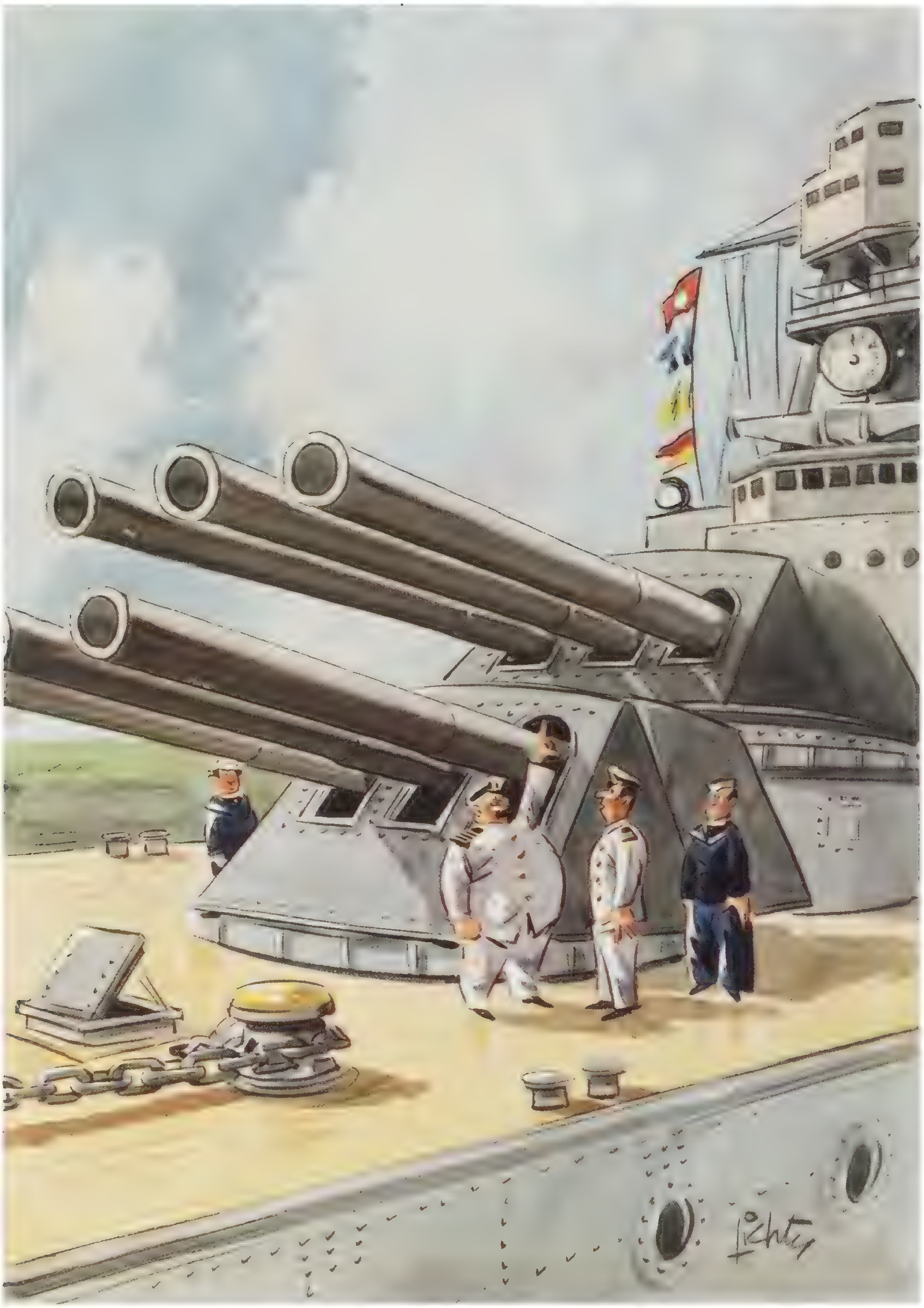
"Why don't you bring Mac around some time?"

If he thinks it's contrition he is wrong. Her heart, so to speak, was gnashing its teeth.

It means simply there's a new girl in town.



"If you'd been just two minutes later, I'd have busted your goddam neck"



"Why does this gun go pffft instead of boom?"

The Incredible Gourmet

Continued from page 42

a strangely remote voice, looking at Charlie very queerly.

The restaurant was beginning to fill. Most of the clients went inside but a couple of tables on the terrace were occupied too. The head waiter bustled around showing people to their places but worried lines appeared on his forehead every time he passed Charlie.

The omelette was delicious but Charlie had underestimated his appetite. He felt he could eat something more—a nice dessert, say. He looked the menu over once more. There wasn't much to choose from, they're not very strong on desserts here, thought Charlie. But hold on—here was something —*Flambeau Maison.* Now what in thunder was a *flambeau?* Something flaming . . . and *maison* meant house. A flaming house? It sounded intriguing—a mystery dessert. Well, the *Grand Marnier* experiment was a success—he decided to try the *flambeau.*

"*Garcon,*" he said pointing to the words on the menu, "*un flambeau maison.*"

"*Un flambeau, monsieur?*" asked the waiter in a weak, incredulous voice.

Charlie looked at him in surprise. What was the matter with the fellow, he wondered, why shouldn't I order a *flambeau?* "*Oui,*" he repeated, "a *flambeau.*"

"*Oui, monsieur,*" said the waiter backing slowly away from the table, such a look of mingled pain and fear on his face that Charlie felt like bursting out laughing.

In another minute, the head waiter came out and walked over to Charlie. He bowed very stiffly and said, "*Pardon monsieur, vous avez commandez un flambeau?*"

Charlie figured this out fairly easily: he's asking me whether I've commanded a *flambeau.*

"*Oui, monsieur,*" said Charlie, "a *flambeau.*"

"*Bien, monsieur,*" said the head waiter firmly with a "that settles it!" air. With a determined tread, he walked back into the restaurant.

All this fuss, thought Charlie, about ordering a little dessert. What's the matter with them here, anyway?

When the dish arrived, Charlie began to get his first intimation that as a gourmet he left something to be desired. For the *flambeau* turned out to be an omelette—a very extraordinary omelette to be sure, with rum poured over it and set on fire by the waiter, but still—an omelette! For the first time he began to feel really self-conscious. He glanced quickly around: sure enough, that head waiter fellow and Louis and one or two other people were standing in the doorway looking at him and talking excitedly. They went dumb suddenly as he looked around and dispersed. But he caught some of them watching him through the windows from the interior. Well, he'd made a mistake, he could see that. But he wasn't going to let on to *them* that he had had no idea what he was going to get when he ordered a *flambeau.* He attacked the dish as though it were just what he had expected and what he wanted. Fortunately, it was delicious and he was able to finish it. He threw the waiter a look of triumph when he came to take the dish away but the waiter, for some reason, kept his eyes averted.

Charlie just sat and rested a few minutes after that. Those sweet drinks and that sweet omelette had left him with a craving for something sharp and tangy. His eye roamed over the menu and came to rest on *fromages assortis.* Yes, that was what he wanted—a bit of camembert, a sliver of roquefort to take all that sweetness out of his mouth. He called the waiter who had been watching him apprehensively as he looked over the menu.

"*Fromages assortis,*" said Charlie, unable to keep a note of defiance out of his voice.

"*Oui, monsieur,*" said the waiter with an air of relief.

Looking back at it later, Charlie realized that the lowest moment of the luncheon came when the waiter reappeared with his order of *fromages assortis.* There were six varieties of cheese on the plate: camembert, roquefort, port-salut, gruyere, bel paese, and gauda. Moreover, there was a good, healthy chunk of each—they must have totalled up to three pounds. When Charlie took a look at all that cheese his heart sank, realizing as he did the importance of never leaving anything on a French plate.

He looked up suspiciously at the waiter. Were they trying to kid him? The waiter for the first time during that luncheon, looked entirely unconcerned. Well, said Charlie to himself, there's nothing for it but to plunge in. And with grim determination he cut off large pieces from all the six cheeses on the big plate and piled them on the little plate before him.

It must be said in extenuation of Charlie that he felt very much on the defensive and determined not to commit any more breaches of gastronomical etiquette. Besides, four *Grand Marniers* and two omelettes would make anybody's mind a little fuzzy. Anyway, he started with heroic determination on that heap of cheese.

The waiter had disappeared after bringing the cheese. He was waiting on an elderly rotund party who had taken a table on the terrace right next to Charlie. This party, who looked like a cross between Dionysius and Brillat-Savarin, had settled into a chair with a satisfied sigh and was busy tucking a napkin into his collar, under his beard. This completed, his gaze wandered slowly around and came to rest on Charlie's plate. He blinked several times, his mouth fell slightly open, he raised his eyes to Charlie's face and gaped. Charlie was hard at work on about a pound of assorted cheese.

The waiter returned with a drink which he set before the old party. The old party whispered to him and the waiter turned and looked at Charlie's table. One look was enough. He scurried into the restaurant to call the head waiter, almost knocking a table over on the way. The head waiter came back with Louis, looked at Charlie's table and turned to stone. Both of them stood there rooted to the spot. Pretty soon, everybody else on the terrace followed their gaze and they all stared at Charlie. A dead silence fell over the terrace. In this silence, Charlie suddenly heard himself eating. He looked up and realized immediately that something terrible must be happening. *Now* what? he wondered. That head waiter must have told everybody about those two omelettes, damn him! The old party at the next table was staring at him in a particularly offensive way, Charlie thought. He tried staring back, but it was no good. The old party was looking at him as impersonally and as unrestrainedly as he would look at a strange fish in a glass tank.

Charlie was becoming dry and weak from all that cheese. He was beginning to doubt his ability to go through with it. He needed liquid aid—something long and cool to wash down all the little blobs of cheese that were stuck at way points between his palate and his stomach. The old gentleman had before him a large glass of rose colored liquid which had pieces of ice floating in it and to which he had added seltzer water. Charlie summoned the waiter and nodding toward the old gentleman's table said, "Bring me that drink."

"That drink, *monsieur?*" asked the waiter, weakly.

"Yes—that drink!" said Charlie.

"But—but *monsieur*" stammered the waiter, "that—that is a *vermouth cassis.*"

"Bring me it," snapped Charlie. He was getting mad now. If they wanted him to conform to their infernal eating customs, he had a right to expect a little coöperation from the management. The waiter brought the drink. Charlie downed half of it in great gulps—it had a bitter tang to it—and he felt better. Now he'd show them, by God! He cut off about another pound of the assorted cheeses and piled it on his little plate. Everybody dropped their knives and forks and stared at Charlie with a horrified fascination. All the diners from the interior left their tables and were crowded in the doorway and at the windows watching him. The chef and his assistants came out from the kitchen and joined the spectators. And a small group of people began to gather in the street in front of the restaurant. Gradually, Charlie was enclosed in a circle, three deep, of marvelling Frenchmen. Red in the face, veins standing out on his forehead and with a thundering in his ears, he was eating cheese like a madman.

There is no telling where it would all have ended had not Luke happened by just then, hurrying from his luncheon back to his studio. He noticed the crowd in front of the restaurant and stopped to see what was going on. He took one look and turned pale.

"Charlie!" he shouted, pushing his way through the circle.

"Luke!" cried Charlie like a lost child who suddenly finds his father.

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" Then Luke's eyes fell on Charlie's plate. "For God's sake, what are you doing?"

"Believe it or not," said Charlie, "I'm waiting for a street car."

The head waiter came over. "It is a friend of yours, *monsieur?*" he asked Luke.

When Luke replied in the affirmative, the head waiter let loose a stream of French that Charlie couldn't follow at all. Luke groaned several times and sank down into a chair at the table. "My God," he said, "do you know what you've done?"

"Go ahead," said Charlie, "spill it. What did that animated Tuxedo say?"

"What *didn't* he say," replied Luke. "He said you started your meal with four

Continued on page 148

The Incredible Gourmet

Continued from page 147

cordials, you ordered two omelettes, you end up with an *aperitif* and now you're trying to eat up all the cheese in the establishment. Oh . . ." And Luke clapped both his hands to his head.

Paris likes nothing better than a juicy anectode and soon all Paris was laughing over "*le gourmet incroyable*," as Charlie was dubbed. Charlie had fled from the restaurant with Luke after paying a bill which included an item for five portions of cheese and as no one but Luke knew where to find him, he was able to remain the decently anonymous hero of the affair. All those diners and spectators spread the story throughout Paris. It took on color and detail as it passed from mouth to mouth until, when it reached the newspapers, one famous columnist and wit started his account of the affair with: "It appears that an eccentric young American millionaire is the central figure in an amusing incident that took place at a small, de luxe restaurant near the Luxembourg . . ." and ended with: "Ah! *les Americains!*"

Since the aforesaid "central figure" was nowhere to be found, curiosity centered perforce on the restaurant. People came to look as they do to the scene of a murder, and stayed to eat. Business flourished for the little place. The proprietor had to add more tables. Finally, it became apparent that the incident should be preserved for posterity and Baedeker's guide book, and the proprietor renamed his place: *Au Gourmet Incroyable.*

The grateful proprietor made a public pronouncement that if the incredible gourmet would honor his place with further visits, he could have the best the place afforded as the honored guest of the establishment and added roguishly that an extra supply of cheese was being laid in. Charlie did not avail himself of the offer. He stuck to the humble Delambre Restaurant where the proprietress, entirely unaware of the fact that she was entertaining a notoriety, assigned him napkin bag number fifty-seven.

Luck Goes to Bat

Continued from page 47

was wild and in the third inning a line drive from Goslin's bat drove in three runs and took Lefty out of the ball game. He walked across the field disconsolately, threw his glove into the corner of the dugout and sat down on the bench, muttering to himself.

"That bat jinxed me," he told Joe McCarthy. "I knew I was licked when I saw the kid had moved it. I was a cinch to lose." And Gomez meant every word he said. He believes implicitly that the only way he can ward off the jinx is to step on the flat surface of that fungo bat, with elaborate unconcern, as if merely by accident.

If a player finds a pin, that means a base hit. A load of hay also signifies good luck. So does a load of empty barrels, and when the players see a load of empty barrels they immediately remove their hats. John McGraw, the wise and cagey manager of the Giants, once used that superstition to help him win an important series.

The Giants were playing the Cubs in one of those old-time, uproarious pennant making affairs. The afternoon of the first game as the players were assembling in the club house a truck load of empty barrels went creaking and rumbling down the street.

"Oh, baby! There's luck," one of the men commented. "There's a flock of base hits for this afternoon."

Fired by the omen, the Giants won the game. The next day another load of empty barrels went past. Again the players were elated and again they won. For the rest of the series, it was the same each day. Some one saw a load of empty barrels—but no one noticed that they were the same barrels each time!

After the series was over a swarthy Italian laborer appeared at the door of the club house and asked for McGraw.

"Not in yet," Roger Bresnahan responded. "What do you want with him?"

With copious gestures and broken English, the Italian explained that he wanted his money. McGraw had hired him to bolster up the confidence of the team with those barrels, and he wanted his money. I guess he got it all right. He deserved it.

In the days when Eddie Collins was second baseman for the Philadelphia Athletics, he had two cherished superstitions. When batting, he would park his chewing gum on the button of his cap, returning it to his mouth only after two strikes had been called. Also, he had a lucky undershirt which he wore in all world series and championship games for ten years or more. That old shirt, tattered and torn, patched and repatched, was Eddie's ace in the hole all through his big league career. Perhaps he still has it to rely on in his new role of business manager of the Boston Red Sox. I hope he has. A lot of carping critics may insist that he'll probably need it.

Ted Lyons, the White Sox pitcher, and George Pipgras of the Yankees have a superstition they picked up from old timers. When they leave the pitching box at the end of an inning they put their gloves down most carefully, palm up with thumb crossed over and fingers pointing meticulously toward the dugout. That's because in the days when the spit-ball was permitted, pitchers parked their slippery elm in their gloves between innings, laying out their gloves in that manner. Pipgras got the habit from Urban Shocker, perhaps the most superstitious player who ever wore big league spikes, and Ted learned it from the veteran Urban Faber.

Tony Lazzeri of the Yankees and Hughey Critz of the Giants have similar superstitions. When they take the field they always walk over and move the opposing second baseman's glove a few inches from where it was tossed. Critz, in addition, always picks up a pebble from the infield at the start of every inning.

Gabby Hartnett, catcher for the Chicago Cubs, will travel far out of his way to avoid stepping between the catcher and the umpire when he goes to the plate. If Gene Robertson, formerly with the Yankees, succeeded in getting a hit on his first time at the plate he would thereafter studiously retrace his identical steps on each trip from the dugout. Eppa Rixey, the elongated left hander of the Cincinnati Reds, after losing a tough game always breaks up a chair in the club house—a rather expensive gesture, incidentally, for a tail end club such as Cincinnati. Fred Toney, the old Giant pitcher, who worked in the days before sanitary drinking fountains, used to crash the water bucket to pieces after a bad inning

It's been a long time since the inspired Boston Braves of 1914 walked away with the National League pennant and a world championship, but veteran players still insist that there was the luckiest ball club in history.

"I never saw such a gang of baseball misfits," John McGraw once remarked. "They were the dumbest looking ball club I ever saw. Yet they ran off with the pennant—the lucky stiffs!"

Those Braves were a superstitious lot—and the most superstitious man in the outfit was Manager George Stallings. Bits of paper or peanut shells, scattered about the ball park, were Stallings' chief hoodoo. Nothing, he believed, was a more potent omen of bad luck. During those hectic pennant days it was no uncommon sight to see Stallings, hatless and coatless, down on his knees in front of the bench, picking up stray bits of paper and peanut shells that had landed there from the stands.

Opposing players knew Stallings' superstition, and nothing delighted them more than to tear up a score card and surreptitiously strew the fragments in front of the Braves' bench when Stallings wasn't looking. For a time George hired Oscar Dugey, ostensibly as a coach. But Oscar's real job was to keep the bench clean of all trash. Dugey still maintains that in his two years with Stallings he completely ruined his arm shying stones at pigeons that flocked around the bench to get the peanuts thrown by opposing players.

Stallings also had another superstition that was ludicrous, but painful. If a batting rally started he wouldn't change the position he was accidentally caught in, until the rally was over—no matter how cramped and uncomfortable his position. Sometimes he would be caught looking at the stands. He'd hold that pose like a statue. Sometimes he would be stooped over and have his back to the play. That didn't make any difference. He'd hold it. Sometimes he would be caught gazing at the sky.

When he was caught like that, and couldn't see what was going on out on the field he would be miserable. He was always wrapped up in the game. So he would call a substitute, and have the substitute tell him every pitch, every move, every single detail.

Once he was caught crouched down in a corner of the dugout picking up a match. On that occasion the Braves batted all the way around. Stallings wouldn't move, and for fifteen minutes he suffered agony. At the finish his leg was so cramped that he had to be carried to the club house and given a massage.

Thus, luck goes to bat.

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New S. S. MANHATTAN
June 20, July 18, Aug. 15, Sept. 12

S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING
June 13, July 11, Aug. 8, Sept. 5

S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
June 27, July 25, Aug. 22, Sept. 19

UNITED STATES LINES

Shootism versus Sport

Continued from page 19

stone at the lion. He doesn't move. You lower the guns and go up to him.

"You got him in the neck," the white hunter says. "Damned good shooting." There is blood coming from the thick hair of his mane where the camel flies are crawling. You regret the camel flies.

"It was a lucky one," you say.

You say nothing about having squeezed off from his shoulder, and then, suddenly, a strain is over and people are shaking your hand.

"Better keep an eye out for the old lady," the white hunter says. "Don't wander over too far that way."

You are looking at the dead lion; at his wide head and the dark shag of his mane and the long, smooth, yellow sheathed body, the muscles still twitching and running minutely under the skin. He is a fine hide and all that but he was a damned wonderful looking animal when he was alive—it was a shame he should always have had the camel flies, you think.

All right. That is the nearest to a sporting way to use a motor car after lion. Once you are on the ground and the car is gone, lion hunting is the same as it always was. If you wound the lion in any but a vital spot he will make for the shelter of the donga and then you will have to go after him. At the start, if you can shoot carefully and accurately and know where to shoot, the odds are ten to one in your favor against anything untoward happening, provided you do not have to take a running shot at first. If you wound the lion and he gets into cover it is even money you will be mauled when you go in after him. A lion can still cover one hundred yards so fast toward you that there is barely time for two aimed shots before he is on you. After he has the first bullet, there is no nervous shock to further wounds, and you have to kill him stone dead or he will keep coming.

If you shoot as you should on the Serengetti, having the car drive off as you get out, the chances are that the first shot will be a moving shot, as the lions will move off when they see the man on foot. That means that unless you are a good or a very lucky shot there will be a wounded lion and a possible charge. So do not let anyone tell you that lion shooting, if you hunt big maned lions, who, being super-fine trophies, will obviously have been hunted before and be adept at saving their hides, is no longer a sporting show. It will be exactly as dangerous as you choose to make it. The only way the danger can be removed or mitigated is by your ability to shoot, and that is as it should be. You are out to kill a lion, on foot and cleanly, not to be mauled. But you will be more of a sportsman to come back from Africa without a lion than to shoot one from the protection of a motor car, or from a blind at night when the lion is blinded by a light and cannot see his assailant.

(*Next month—more lion and leopard—ethics of dangerous game.*)

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—you have put up with a lot, in what you wore, to conform to style.

But now—thanks to Du-Ons—fashion at last takes your feelings into consideration and gives you underwear that's *comfortable.*

Du-Ons—one-piece—no overlapping layers at waist—nothing to pull out, roll up, or crawl. Brief legs—no excess cloth anywhere. *And* a design that fits a *man's* requirements. No pinching. No binding. What a relief! *Now* it's a *pleasure* to wear what's in *style.*

You know where you can buy good furnishings. Get your Du-Ons there. Be *sure* to ask for Du-Ons. . . For you get *all* of Du-Ons' satisfying features *only* in Du-Ons. Their distinctive design is patented. Put up in individual packs—clean, fresh, unhandled.

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NATIONAL DISTILLERS

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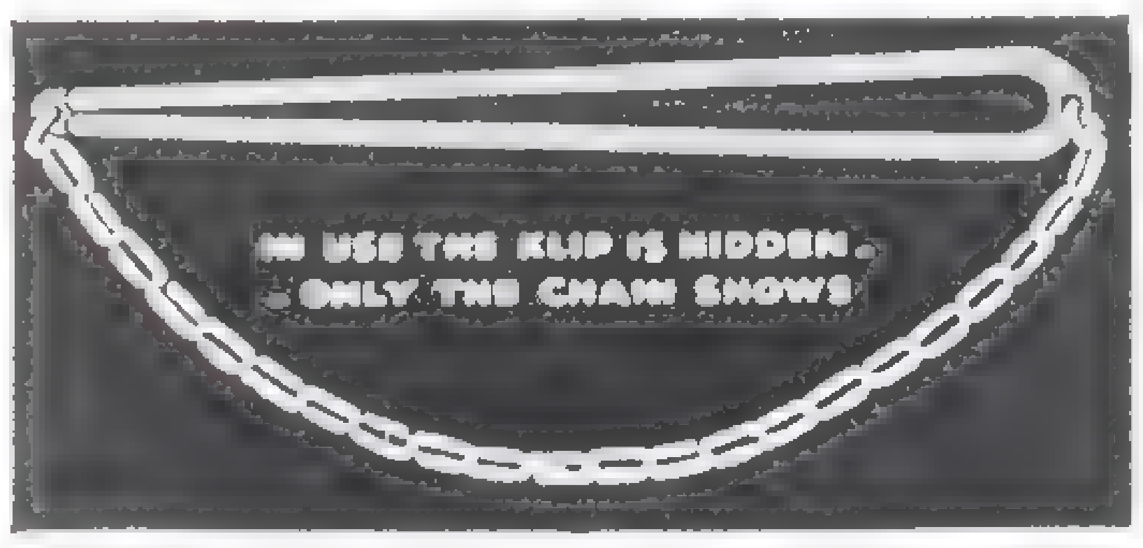
(Patented)

You'll find the cravat chain a decided favorite this spring on college campus—at smart clubs—wherever well dressed men gather. For it is *both* smart and comfortable. The klip grips the shirt—not the tie, and only the chain shows. The tie drapes naturally, comfortably—yet cannot fly about.


IN USE THE KLIP IS HIDDEN - ONLY THE CHAIN SHOWS

Jewelers and smart men's shops display the Cravat Chain and other articles of men's jewelry—distinctively styled by Swank. Look for this name when you buy Collar Holders, Tie Klips, Evening Jewelry, Cuff Links, Key Chains.

The Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass., U. S. A.
Makers of Kum-a-part Kuff Buttons

SWANK
Jewelry Accessories for Men

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 125

Communists. The program, as the editors of the New Masses have pointed out, not only makes those intellectuals who "fluctuate between the upper bourgeoisie and the proletariat" unwelcome to the Communists who take their orders from Stalin but it actually includes the "liquidation" of these intellectuals at the earliest moment, if the party achieves its aims. These Stalinists have become self-confident of late and they are not at all secret about their aims.

A novel that did not get the break it deserved when it was published some months ago is *The Bird of Dawning* (Macmillan, $2.50), by John Masefield. I had it around the house but somehow shied away from it until last week, because I couldn't imagine that the English poet-laureate would be a very good hand at novel-writing. Why I should have thought this, I don't know, because Masefield's long narratives in verse have in them the elements of good fiction. *The Bird of Dawning* was described by William McFee as the best sea story he had ever read; but the book doesn't seem to have been generally reviewed. I am quite ready to cap McFee's statement by saying that not only is it the best of the sea stories I have ever read but it is also one of the best novels of any kind I have ever read. It is powerful and breathlessly exciting from the opening page to the last. It is the story of bad blood between the captain of a ship and his second mate and of the deep complications of hate which had sinister consequences when the clipper sinks and the captain deliberately tries to cause all hands to go down with him. It is a beautiful piece of work, with true magic in the style. It deserves to be better known.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 135

death between cockroaches and elephants, with a slow pace, but a workmanlike charm in the sequences of a resourceful man going about his work of trapping wild animals.

"The Trumpet Blows" is a sit-throughable opus with George Raft acceptable in some active bull-fight scenes. . . . Otto Kruger, a dependable actor who has slipped to the rank of second man on the stage, seeming always to be substituting for Noel Coward or Paul Muni, is rapidly and deservedly becoming a first man on the screen; he makes "The Crime Doctor" something more than a good stock mystery play. . . . W. C. Fields makes pleasant comedy out of the small-town-inventor story of "You're Telling Me." Frank Morgan and Elissa Landi make "Sisters Under the Skin" a fine picture, though the story is stale. These are program pictures to see when you just want to take in a movie.

And the folks in Hollywood still fail to stumble upon what seems to me an amazingly simple thought: that you can have singing and dancing in a show without backstage plot. Why not try extravaganza treatments of ordinary backgrounds such as offices and factories? Elevator boys tap-dancing, stenographers carolling spring, and fleets of airplanes forming trick-shot formations over the skyscraper tops. Just an idea tossed out at random, gentlemen.

It is with utmost revulsion that I speak of a film called "No Greater Glory," directed by the teary-souled Frank Borzage for Columbia. The photoplay is a disgusting and sentimental idealization of war, subtly dangerous because it is a picture with direct child-appeal. The story deals with two groups of boys who conduct "wars" in a vacant lot. A couple of cackling old veterans stimulate them to imitation of the "glorious" war spirit. The boys are cutely regimentalized into opposing armies, with all the heel-clicking and rank kowtowing paraphernalia of stiff militaristic worship. They have so much fun digging trenches and building forts! And one of them gets injured, crawls out of a fever-bed to take part in the final battle, and dies clenching the flag that he has pulled from the fist of his opponent!

Adults may watch this sort of performance with indulgence; to adults it may even be interpreted as an arraignment of militarism, as "Maedschen in Uniform" was an arraignment of the regimental type of school for girls. But children, seeing this picture, will be moved only to imitation. Boys will rush right out and organize similar "armies," get military caps, click heels, dig trenches. Remember the wave of gangster pictures that was condoned because they taught the moral that the gangster always gets killed in the end? Sure. But kids went right out and hunted up pistols.

The gangster influence was trivial compared with what one may expect from this type of movie. Boys, at their most impressionable age, are made to feel that war is fun. Such stupidities as false bravery, blind loyalty to command rather than to cause, and the whole category of brutal lies that are cloaked under the hooligan's use of the term "manliness," are cultivated by "No Greater Glory." The picture is doubly dangerous because from the standpoint of dramatic effectiveness it is successful. The child-actors are touching in that blurry and hazy sweet manner characteristic of Borzage sentiment. Nevichek, the boy that dies, is acted with extreme sensitivity. This only serves to activate the propagandistic tendency of the film.

"No Greater Glory" is exactly the type of photoplay one might expect to be nurtured by a dictatorship intent upon developing the war spirit in its boys. At the present writing, Chicago has banned the showing of "Hitler's Reign of Terror," a documentary film by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in which there are several glimpses of the war-games prescribed by the Nazis for German children. I am not an advocate of censorship, but I think intelligent people will condemn "No Greater Glory." I should think the producers would have been intelligent enough to refrain from filming a picture for whose meaning there can be no excuse.

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Campus Blues

Continued from page 72

he often employed to suggest a fish swimming. And from this—a pantomimed charge that somebody had been played for a sucker—I realized that the talk in there dealt, alas, not with Literature, but with Women.

Uncrushed by the howl, the speaker talked on. Even while lighting another cigarette he managed to maintain an unceasing flow of words, thus repelling competition. I squirmed uneasily. Did I always use to talk that much?

Presently, without rising, he reached to the desk for stationery. He became absorbed in writing a letter, using the chair arm for a desk and writing with a large yellow fountain pen that was lost long ago.

My curiosity sharpened. Who was she? Just which siren had, at that date, been trying to break my heart? It made me feel sere and yellow to realize that the siren, whoever she was, could have children seven years old by now.

"But," I thought, "perhaps he's writing home."

This possibility evaporated when he rose and took a special delivery stamp from a green vase on the fireplace mantle. At that point I suddenly drew back from the window, for the others had clambered to their feet. They were going up to the Balt for a sandwich.

I shrank back into the hedge as their footsteps sounded in the entry. They passed me, chattering, and moved along the gravel path.

Then I saw him coming. He had stopped to seal the letter, which he now carried in his hand. On the stone step, seeing me, he halted.

"Hello," I stammered. "How are you?"

"Very well," he answered. "How the stories going?"

"Oh, fair," I said, affecting a modest tone. "I've sold fifty in the eight years I've been out."

"Fifty? That's only six a year."

"Well," I apologized, a trifle hurt, "they don't get much easier to do—in spite of what you thought."

"Still writing for the pulpwoods?"

"No, I gave them up the year I got out."

"What magazines have you been in?"

As I mentioned the names I watched him hopefully. He was interested; he nodded politely but without awe. I got the impression that he had expected more.

Then he told me about the story he was working on. I could have informed him—but tactfully refrained—that it was destined to fail. He told me about the latest of his detective stories that had appeared in the pulpwoods. And he spoke about his current problem.

He was, it seemed, writing something new for him—a love story. It was not good. An editor had written him to this effect, pointing out an unnatural stiffness about the female characters. Plainly this had depressed the author.

"The editor," he added, "advised me to stick to hairy-chested fiction. He said all my women squeak."

How well I remembered that! I could have told him how he would learn to eliminate the shrillest of that squeaking; but then there were so many things I wanted to tell him, things that had nothing to do with his fiction problems.

I wanted to talk about his health. I wanted to warn him that he was developing a tendency to smoke too much; that the scandalously irregular hours he loved were only hastening the day when his literary enthusiasm would bump into such limiting factors as eye-strain and depleted physical stamina.

But I could not do it. Talk, you see, was too dangerous. I might let slip a hint of some of the griefs that lay in wait for him. I was kept mute by the thought of the heart-aches that destiny was reserving for his particular benefit. With me they were things of the past; he had yet to go through them.

For that reason I stood silent in front of the man I used to be. And soon his classmates, who had halted under a window beyond the next entry, called impatiently. "Come on, hurry up," a voice shouted. "Don't stand there talking to yourself."

As I watched him stride away, young and confident, a wave of compassion came over me, a welter of affectionate pity. And in that pity I found my cure for the campus blues, one that will work as effectively for you if you will give it a trial:

Think of the years—one or forty—that have passed since you graduated. Those years, I know, were not entirely bleak; you and I had a share of the triumphs. But think of the blows those years brought you; think of the times when a friend suddenly proved himself mercenary; think of the trips you made to the dentist; the girls who crushed you by preferring a handsomer man; think of the times when you waited, shaking with terror, in a hospital corridor. Think of the disastrous broker's advice you gave professionally, or your rich patients who would not pay their bills, or the law cases you failed to win; or oour cuts in salary; or the raw deal you got at that foreman's hands; or your disappointment when a co-worker was made head floor-walker; or the way your starched uniform chafed your neck as you wielded your broom and shovel on the white-wings force; or think of your rejected manuscripts. In brief, review all the outrageous slings and arrows that fortune flung in your particular direction since the day you went out into the world with your diploma.

Now do you imagine you would really want to be an undergraduate once more? And live through those intervening years again? No! That would be too high a price for the privilege of turning back the clock.

Instead, count yourself lucky that you are still on your feet, with a few serviceable teeth left; regard each past year as an enemy that you are well done with. For the triumphs are never worth the heart-stabs . . .

So, with that pessimism hugged optimistically to our breasts, let's fall into line. Let the banners wave. And as the brass bands crash out, and fifty classes go swinging along, rejoice that the past is gone permanently, and celebrate your rejoicing by roaring out the marching song until your voice sets all the elm leaves a-dancing in the sun.

KEEN

- Keen as a hunting dog when first he sniffs the trail—keen as a girl in the early flush of her womanhood—so keen is this wonderful razor by Rolls of London.
- Made of the finest British Sheffield steel, superb in its temper, its alignment, its utter simplicity, the Rolls Razor is to our best knowledge the finest, keenest shaving instrument ever invented.
- With proper care its single hollow-ground blade will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

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Sole U. S. Distributors, 305 East 45th Street, N. Y.

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WITH A LIFE-TIME BLADE

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A RESORT FOR THE SPORTSMAN

A smartly managed club-resort appealing both to the sportsman who plays intently and to the man who plays more leisurely. Radium Springs is laid out through a Georgia pine wood. It is different. It is ideal if you need a little rest, a little change. A few days would do you a world of good. Own championship 18-hole golf course, radioactive spring for bathing, trap shooting, tennis. Very comfortable accommodations, excellent table. RATES STILL QUITE LOW. Fine roads and train connections. Address G. Floyd Alford, Radium Springs Club.

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DIAMOND JUBILEE SHERRY

The Apéritif of Society

It's the perfect appetizer, for it not only whets the appetite, but it sharpens your taste for the meal to follow.

A Delectable Dinner Wine

Just try to name a wine that can blend with a steaming plate of soup like mellow Diamond Jubilee Sherry!

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With its rare nutty flavor, it's the ideal accompaniment for cheese or coffee or your after-dinner smokes.

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On the neck of the bottle, you will find a golden star on a crimson ribbon. It is the Mark of Merit—the unconditional endorsement of Schenley.

GONZALEZ, BYASS & CO., LTD.

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Sherries and Ports

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Tomorrow's Man of the South

Continued from page 41

tility—against or for his environment. Since the emerging whites of the South are the most closely integrated people of the United States, almost entirely Saxon in origin, their lineage unbroken by immigration either from abroad or from other sections of this country, any one person is more like any other than is true of other parts of the United States. Of simple background to begin with, he knows his fellows too well for promoting complex personalities or encouraging individual distinctions that might lead soon again to a patriciate like the one now in its debacle. Of aristocracy of any kind, intellectual and artistic as well as economic, he is suspicious. In his hale simplicity he resembles the homespun Yankee.

Like the Yankee of that time the new young man of the South is dynamic. With no pride of family to lean on or keep his face turned to the past, with few traditions that he cherishes, he applies himself to the new business at hand. Will this be a repetition of the practice of other rising classes in history? Will it be the accumulation of wealth largely for the sake of wealth? Will the more successful exploit the others?

There is already a great deal of such inclination among the older brothers of tomorrow's men, but in the opposite direction there are influences that will restrain both the older and the younger sons of the rising poor white. One of these influences is the now spreading idea of a commonwealth more benign to the commoner. This idea is penetrating into the most remote sections of the South, as elsewhere, chiefly on the wings of government subsidies, with crossroads news of laws regulating hours of work, child and female labor, workmen's compensation, minimum wages, decentralization of wealth. What government the poor white has hitherto known meant law and order—the game warden, revenue officer, sheriff, judge and jury. The poor white looked on government as a weapon in the hands of his betters—a weapon of oppression. Now, to a steadily increasing extent he elevates his own kind to the seats of power. These men in turn choose their subordinates from the proletariat. And government in the South grows soviet, sandbagging the F F V's for the most part, but at least assuming an aspect that appears benevolent to the child-bearing peasant. With tables turned as they are—with the new philosophy of mass-domination pervasive in Southern government, the new youth who becomes employer will be disposed to consider himself less a boss and more a ward.

Even if the new Southerner were not influenced by this idea of more whole-hearted charity, or its appearance, in high places, he is inhibited—and will continue to be so—by the attitude of thousands of his kind who, failing to advance to the mild prosperity of a land owner, still live in poverty and yet are awakened by the New Deal. Worse still is the condition of the Southern industrial worker, who is more luckless than most people of his occupation in other parts of the country. Uneducated—off the thorofares of aggressive labor agitation—often in cotton mills or tobacco factories isolated in small communities—poorly organized with his fellows—he has endured his long day often of twelve hours, his pittance of a wage, the labor of his women and children under the same conditions—he has endured all this as he endures the heat of the sun or the squalor of his home. This class is the albatross hung from the neck of the emerging new young man.

Above everything else, it is the presence of the negro that distinguishes the South from other parts of the United States—the Southern man, young and old, leader and follower, from men elsewhere. In the past twenty years the white man—and the negro too—has receded from the violent hostility fomented by Reconstruction. No longer is the white man endangered by a pot shot from the gun of a hidden negro out to get any white who passes by. No longer at social gatherings is seen the stack of revolvers placed on the parlor mantel-piece by guests who carried weapons to protect themselves from a negro's attack. No longer is the negro exposed to the brutality of the white man who at the point of a gun demanded that the negro entertain him in dance and song. Race wars have practically ceased; mob lynchings grown fewer—from over a hundred recorded thirty years ago to five in 1932.

But aside from this recession the young man of the South feels in general as his fathers felt toward the negro. Accustomed as he is to looking on the black solely as a domestic servant or field hand, a shiftless clown, a singer of spirituals, he will pursue the conventional attitude of the Southerner toward the negro. He will continue to withhold from the negro any participation in affairs of state. He will make it difficult—in most instances impossible—for the negro to vote, or to hold office, or to sit on a jury, or to plead a case in court even if one of his own race is on trial. The youthful physician will not admit the colored practitioner to his medical associations. He will not accept the negro doctor on his hospital staff even to administer to a negro patient. In public carriers, he will still confine the negro to a special compartment. Any reference to social equality drives the new Southerner, as the old, into a hysteria.

Because this association between the races is paradoxical, it is difficult for the outsider to understand. Even most Southerners are only vaguely aware of its character. To understand it, one must make a distinction between the white man's attitude toward the individual negro and his attitude toward the race as a whole. To the individual negro the white man is friendly, tho condescending. Less friendly to the mulatto than to the full-blooded black, even disinclined toward the mulatto. But in either case so long as the colored man is respectful, he lives as undisturbed—as comfortably—as thousands of white people in a similar economic status. Most blacks employed as servants fare far better than whites of the same social degree. Between master and servant genuine affection often develops.

It should be noted too that the white South is no more unfriendly to the negro than the Pacific Coast is to the Japanese. In each case the antagonism is fundamentally racial, based on the natural suspicions between people of different origin.

Continued on page 158

Will it fit you in September as it did in May?

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MICHIGAN BOULEVARD 7TH TO 8TH STREET
3000 OUTSIDE ROOMS 3000 BATHS 3.00 UP

Tomorrow's Man of the South

Continued from page 156

In each case it is also economic. In the cheapness of his labor, the negro, like the Japanese, threatens the white man's standard of living. In the South it has been far below what it was in most other parts of the country. And this economic competition and natural racial antagonism are aggravated by the number of negroes—about one-fourth of the entire population. In Mississippi they outnumber the whites; in South Carolina they are almost equal in number; in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and North Carolina, they are one-half as many. Since it was chiefly the poor white who was in competition with this overwhelming number of blacks, now that he is in the ascendency he does not forget his previous struggle. With a grudge the young man remembers it for his father and for the whites still in economic juxtaposition with the negro.

In this animosity, as wherever two races meet, sex plays no little part. It is the male negro rather than the female at whom the white man has always frowned. And youth expresses the same prejudice. In the heart of the white man—the young man as well as the old—smolders a phobia against the interweaving of racial threads through the distaff of his own race. Whenever it occurs, by ravishment or otherwise, the negro man involved must pay with his life. Sometimes guiltless men are sacrificed. On the other hand, miscegenation through the negro woman is not uncommon. It persists in the new generation as in the old. Mulattoes now number about sixty-five per cent of the entire negro population. This union has become so achromatized that some people of remote colored ancestry live as white, forming about ten per cent of the white population. In this miscegenation, as in economics, the white man again finds an impediment in the male black and is unconsciously driving him from the South.

Though thousands of young men in the South discountenance this union of the races, the new generation—for better or worse—gives no evidence of making a direct effort to defer the day when the South, like much of Brazil, will be populated largely by mulattoes.

It is the presence of the negro, as well as the racial integrity and rusticity of the white, that keeps the South's new young man provincial. Though to a less extent than his predecessors, he is suspicious of the outsider, because he feels that the outsider is ignorant of the eccentricities of Southern social life. He resents the stranger's impatience with conditions that are objectionable but as indigenous as the palmetto and Spanish moss. Innovations of promise he examines with curiosity—the new mechanical cotton picker, variation of crops, the introduction of such a thing as the tung oil tree, educational standards imposed by national associations, the NRA. But such things he examines with a jealous care—one eye on the negro, the other on his own elevation. Like Southerners who have gone before, the young man is still a law unto himself. What applies to the rest of the country does not necessarily apply to him. Although the NRA for example, makes no distinction of race, he will maneuver in devious ways to take the bloom of such a scheme for himself and leave the boll for the black, just as the Southerner has always maneuvered by poll tax and educational tests to keep the negro from the vote.

A lover of the out-of-doors, a hunter and a fisherman, a thoroughly affable companion—indifferent to the arts, indifferent to religion, bigger in heart than in soul—tomorrow's man of the South will be a doer rather than a thinker. The young man is making an effort—a far greater and more earnest effort than his aristocratic predecessors ever made—an effort all the more commendable in the face of the difficulties to which the South is peculiarly subject. And he is achieving, perhaps more in education than in any other respect and particularly in agricultural education. These achievements, however, tomorrow's man will restrict to conform with his social structure. The feudal plantation artistocrat has almost disappeared; the poor white has awakened and is furnishing his sons for the new leadership; but the old peon, both white and black, still slumbers on. And herein there will still stretch around tomorrow's South a Chinese wall as enduring as if it were built of stone.

Without Flowers

Continued from page 48

had caught itself in the door and the cab rolled on leaving a bare and bewildered young man stranded in the middle of traffic. This was no time to dally and his companion assured him that although his lean frame was uniquely angular, he did possess "a certain air," and she hurried him to the curb. She glanced at the lighted dial of the Mercantile Tower—12:35; one minute to go.

"Look! There he is," Miss Q cried. Peter had but a fleeting glimpse of a gray topcoat when the gleaming black and chromium of the Duesenberg swallowed, then screeched to a halt.

Peter grew weak at the sight of the crumpled heap on the wet pavement, whereas his gay little partner kicked and jabbed her way through to obtain a better view. He watched, shocked; no, she was not visible to the crowd, yet her presence was apparently felt. Men paled at her and turned away sickened. Odd—people were not so much afraid of the thing on the pavement as they were of her. Peter looked at her anew, wondering how man could fear this impishly fascinating creature. But he, too, had been afraid of her. Strange, when she was so sweet.

Here she was back again and with her the man in the gray topcoat. The dapper gentleman grinned amiably, certainly not the least bit crushed. Miss Q was more than pleased with her newest addition: "Formerly starring in 'Lucky Lady' at the Casino, you know." Peter, who had shelled out $5.50 night before last, smiled and commented on Mr. Trimble's dancing. Then looking doubtfully at the dancer's legs, and recalling the grinding wheels of the powerful black car, Peter thought that perhaps he should have been more tactful. Jerry Trimble, however, was quick to reassure him with a snappy tap.

The three of them strolling arm in arm passed a news-stand. Peter Hembley Leaps To Death. Newsboys screamed it. Unnoticed, Peter snatched a paper and read. Further on: wiped out as firm collapses. Peter was not altogether happy about this; of course the newspapers had dug up the oldest picture they could find.

SUMMER TIME IS PALM BEACH TIME

●

Don't wait for a hot day. Style doesn't wait for weather. The Summer Season is on...right now...So change over to the new Palm Beach.

The suits are tailored by Goodall... who are also the exclusive makers of the famous patented Palm Beach Cloth.

It comes in new weaves, shades and models...for business, sport, and formal evening wear...and the performance of the new 1934 Palm Beach is as noteworthy as its style.

Its porous weave is open to every breeze. It washes or dry-cleans perfectly. It resists wrinkling or mussing and sheds the dirt. (See test below.)

●

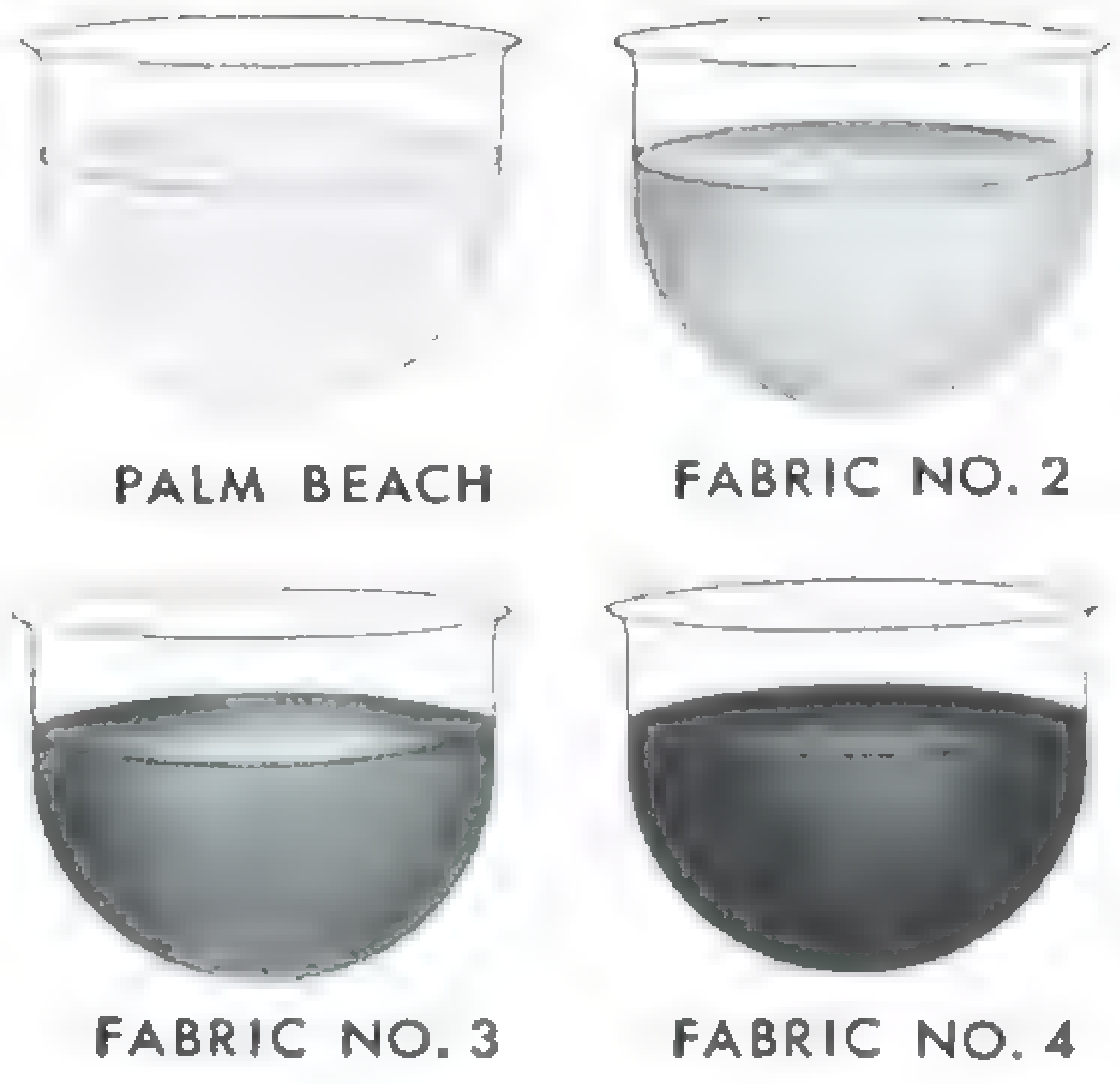
At your clothiers: in suits, ensembles, and slacks. (You'll like the SLACKS. They're smart, comfortable and cool.)

GOODALL CO · CINCINNATI

$18.50
COAT AND TROUSERS

Look for this Label...your assurance of the Genuine

TAILORED BY GOODALL
Palm Beach
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FROM THE GENUINE CLOTH

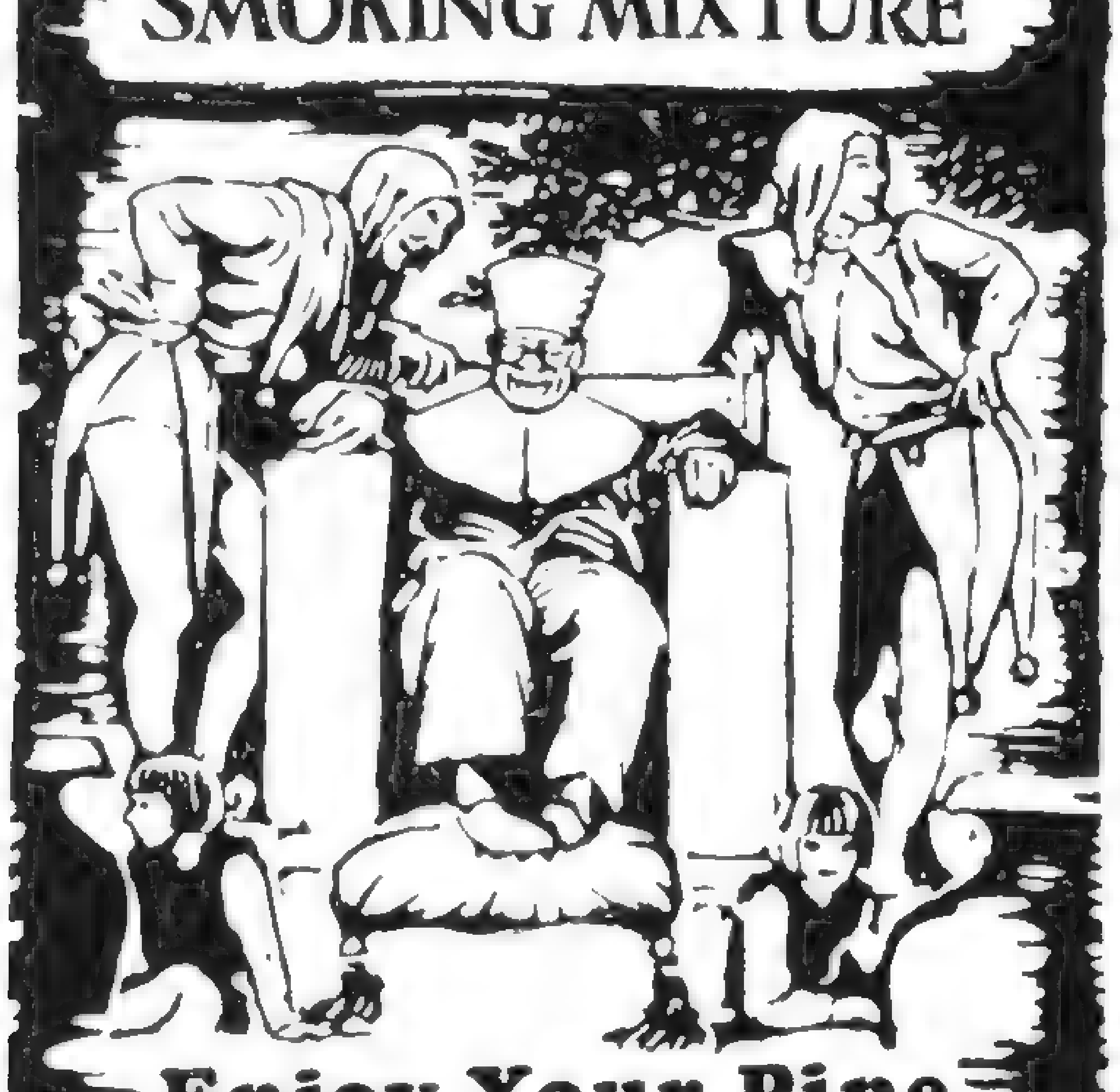


SHOWING DIRT RESIDUE AFTER RINSING

THE DIRT TEST...
Dust was blown over the face of various types of summer suitings. The suitings were then rinsed in clear water. The dirt that adhered to the fabrics is plainly shown by the color of the water after rinsing. Note that the water in the case of the Palm Beach Cloth tests is almost clear. Other fabrics tested retained *from two to five times as much dirt.*

Palm Beach Suits, because of the smooth yarns of the cloth and patented weave, shed dirt, keep clean longer and need less laundering.

OLD KING COLE
SMOKING MIXTURE



Enjoy Your Pipe

TRY "OLD KING COLE"
The Tobacco Classic
AT OUR RISK

To enjoy the fragrant luxury of a connoisseur's personal blend of 10 costly tobaccos, pin $1. to a self-addressed slip for large (6 oz.) vacuum sealed tin, postpaid . . . Unless you find Old King Cole a true smoking pleasure, return the package. Your money refunded *without question.*

Other sizes at all good dealers

OLD KING COLE
B. Wasserman Co., Dept. I
79 Madison Avenue New York City
Established 1870

IS FISHING
Your Hobby?

Remind Your Secretary

to send for this book on *Fishing*

America's foremost writers on fishing have helped compile the 9th edition of this famous book, *"Fishing—What Tackle and When."* Whether your thrill is trout fishing, muskie, bass, tarpon or salmon fishing, there are fishing facts here to interest you—to increase your fishing fun. *Mailed with our compliments.*

SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY
66 HIGH STREET, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

SOUTH BEND
Fishing Tackle for Every Kind of Fishing

Geronimo de Aguilar

Continued from page 31

here and there by a yellow bud. He heard a sound like faraway drums, then the clear tones of a gong, then the prolonged note of a flute, then laughter and blood-quickening lust-drenched outcries—all happening in utter darkness, for the mysterious light from above had vanished. Frantically Geronimo looked about for the best way to protect himself, when unexpectedly light came and five tender young girls moved toward his bed. Each bore in her hand an emerald of great size and incomparable lustre. The first emerald was shaped like a snail, the second like a horn, the third in the form of a fish with golden eyes, the fourth had been artfully carved into a loop, while the fifth and most beautiful was a vessel with golden legs. These five jewels they proffered him, at the same time saying in dulcet tones:

"This is Tochrua's gift to you."

"And this."

"And this."

"And this."

"And this."

Their circle was pierced by the lithe figure of a young woman clad in a purple veil who floated up to him.

"Tochrua," sang the girls, and she greeted the kneeling maidens in a voice that rang like tempered metal and broke off in a sob. Wound around her neck and falling in great oval coils down her breast she wore strings of pearls which shimmered behind the gauze. As she came close she whispered to Geronimo:

"Malinke, take me."

Geronimo understood full well the import of her words but steeled himself not to answer, not even to stir. As she threw out her arms like spread wings the girl with caressing fingers drew the veil down from over her head, and Geronimo beheld a miracle of beauty, a creature with skin as red as cedar wood, eyes melancholy and entreating, and a mouth like a ripe, cut open peach.

"Malinke, take me," she repeated again and again, pouring the ever new music of her voice into each more impassioned plea.

Geronimo paled and turned away, but now dark, haunting melodies assailed his ears from all sides, above and below. He tried to distract himself by conjuring up pictures with which he had of late comforted himself in his solitude, pictures of his return home and of his ultimate triumph; but in vain did he try to suppress the rising fever of his blood. The light in the room grew dimmer, until Tochrua was but a shadow; every one of her languorous gestures awakened in him a torturing curiosity and he was perilously close to losing his grasp of memory and conscience under the spell of the mysterious, alluring sounds floating through the darkness.

Morning found him on his accustomed couch, disquieted and sad. Lazily the day crept on; nobody came to see him; in silence the servants slunk through the house; the noises of market and street languished on his threshold. Wherever he turned he saw Tochrua's eyes fixed on him. Wild desire and anguish weighed heavily upon his chest. When evening came a white-haired, dark-skinned, emaciated priest entered the room, stared at him during a long silence, and finally said:

"Mark well, stranger! Tochrua must die if you spurn her."

With these words he went away and left Geronimo to his despair.

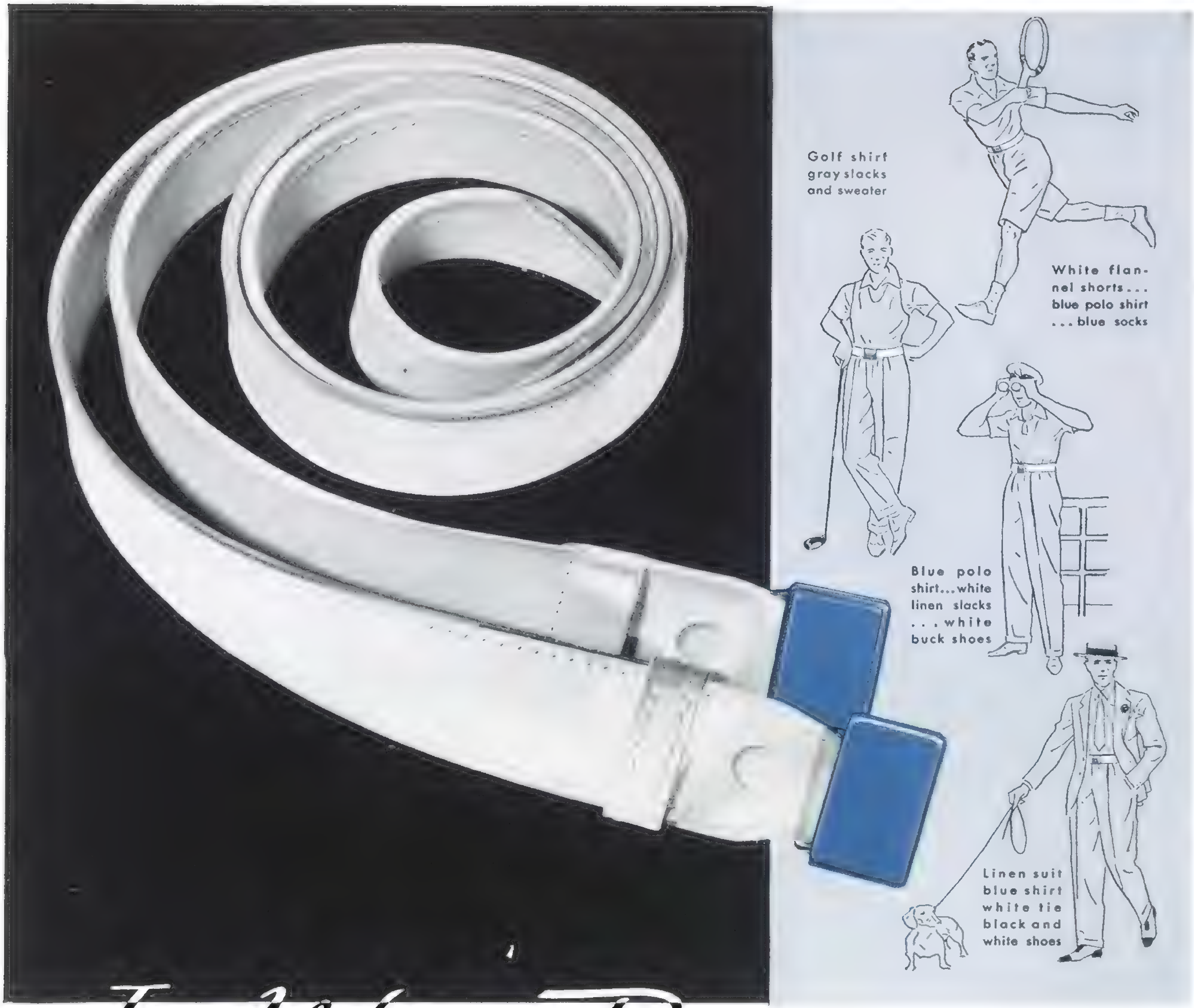
Nothing happened during the following night or the one after. But this only made Geronimo more unhappy and distraught than ever, for while he perceived their cunning his helplessness condemned him to patience. On the third night he awoke under a high cupola and his first glance about rested upon a pair of lovers locked in close embrace who gave the illusion of being suspended thus in mid-air. The cupola, supported by pillars, stood in a garden eerily illumined by tiny blue flames, surrounded by dark foliage among whose leaves were hidden silent white birds while along the paths copper-colored snakes crawled or lay coiled up. Geronimo caught no more than the flash of a woman's white shoulder, a fleeting glimpse of a face newly escaped from passion and still bright with its rapture, and again naked fleeing bodies gliding by like torches. No more, yet it proved an unending, excruciating torture. His veins were afire. A strange torpor befell him. He craved the sight of Tochrua again. All around his bed invisible hands heaped treasure upon treasure. The air heaved with sighs, and from below countless white arms stretched up toward him. Girls danced by flitting like swallows, youths drifted to and fro, and the unreal, libidinous beauty of it all threw Geronimo into a state of complete terror. No matter that he clamped his eyelids tight shut, he sensed these phantoms through his skin, he breathed their alluring odor, their steps pattered by, their garments rustled all around, every other moment the fragile but suggestive voices of stringed instruments quivered amid the medley; lust and terror made him tremble and look again.

He now beheld a wreath of diaphanous human forms, head to head, loin to loin, made spectral by the dim light. All at once Tochrua, nude and like living marble, appeared. Geronimo half arose; it seemed as though nothing on earth could prevent him any longer from clutching this wondrous apparition to his breast. At the same time he noted that her face was serious and sad; in it shone genuine understanding and exalted pity, forewarning him of their entwined fates: death for him if he took her, death for her if he did not. Thus, at the very brink of the plunge into the abyss of passion he became once more conscious of the danger, sank back and lay rigid.

When that night was over and he again dared to open his eyes and look around, a procession of boys and girls in white robes, white flowers stuck in their hair, flowed into the room. It was unmistakably a sorrowful procession; and, while singing a monotonous dirge, they intermittently cried out: "O, Malinke! O, Malinke!"

The unfortunate Geronimo understood that his vague fears had at last become definite and real; and the turmoil in his soul turned into an icy catalepsy when, during the ensuing night—and this time he was not spirited from his own room—they carried in the lifeless form of Tochrua. On a platter

Continued on page 160


Golf shirt
gray slacks
and sweater
White flannel shorts . . .
blue polo shirt
. . . blue socks
Blue polo
shirt...white
linen slacks
. . . white
buck shoes
Linen suit
blue shirt
white tie
black and
white shoes

It's White Belts...OR ELSE

● *Or else?* Yes:—or else you'll be missing one of the smartest and most attractive touches a man's turnout can have, this summer. A white belt used to be . . . well, just a white belt. But Hickok now presents white belts that are crisp new accent marks in summer attire. The buckles (either box or tongue type) are specially enameled in four jewel-colors: Sapphire (shown), Ruby, Jade, and Topaz. In the small sketches above four highly correct summer outfits have their rightness completed by the Sapphire belt . . . (incidentally, you may get some good ideas from those sketches for your own summer outfits).

These new Hickok white belts will add amazingly to the effectiveness of your wardrobe. True Hickok style leadership—and value—yet they're only $1.50. Everywhere.

HICKOK

STYLE LEADERSHIP

Geronimo de Aguilar

Continued from page 158B

of blue stone a slave bore Tochrua's heart which seemed still to beat, its red blood glistening on the bright stone. Unrestrained tears rolled down Geronimo's cheeks and all his desires seemed, suddenly, dead. All trace of lust fled from his breast, even the lust of ambition, and he felt himself growing morbidly indifferent to everything that had seemed desirable and worthy to him in the past. He felt as if he were but a thing, inanimate, far from life and death. For once he was aware of the fact that he had charged through his years like a man without a soul and that he owned nothing in this world because he had loved nothing.

And so it came to pass that no matter what artifices they conceived thereafter, whether their graceful bodies swam through the opalescent shadows like fish in lukewarm liquid or performed their ivory dances, whether silent or singing, nothing could revive his lust; for death had taken part in the game, and also because they were so beautiful to watch, these men and women, that the very pleasure of watching snuffed out the flame of desire.

One night the youths roused him and led him into the open. After a while he found himself at the foot of a tower of ascending steps the crest of which was lost in the blue-black ether. Geronimo began to climb upward. As be carried the night aloft with him and could let his eyes roam in a limitless vista, he had the sensation of having recuperated from a dangerous malady; the magnificent panorama unfolded before him wrought a complete change in his heart.

Mexican night! The heavens an overwhelming screen of stars, the horizon aflame with the livid breath of the volcanoes; near and yet far away the sea; palms rising from the night; the bluish green of the cacti; fireflies and luminous bugs humming through the branches of the mango-woods; from the forest the voices of birds, the hoarse barking of the *tukans*, the shriek of the tree-panther, and from the depth the cry of the *selvas* which even to the aborigine sounds weird.

Two priests, waiting for him on the platform of the tower, approached him with solemn tread and bowed low as a sign that he had passed the test; at that moment an irrevocable resolution took seed in Geronimo never, either by word or by action, to reveal to his prosaic countrymen the existence of this fairyland. Who would call him to account?

Back home they would think the sea had swallowed him, and it would be centuries, he thought, centuries before the civilized world would stumble upon this land. How droll! A man discovers a new country and resolves to keep it a secret—as though it were a bauble one might lock away in a drawer. Geronimo felt like a man who has been forced into marrying a woman he does not want, only to discover in her such traits of body and spirit that he flees with her where he may enjoy his unexpected happiness hidden jealously from all men. He had come to love this indigo sky, this lavishly fertile soil, with an ardor completely new to his nature. He loved the mountain looming up toward the sun like yellow marble; loved the impenetrable forests; the banana trees, the locust trees, the towering jaguar-palm and the lianes thrusting their serpentine embrace from tree to tree.

The naiveté of the natives moved him profoundly when he viewed in retrospect the villainy and corruption of his own countrymen; their physical grace and good humor and half-angelic amorality made him ashamed of the moodiness and heaviness he had been accustomed to encounter in his own kind. He remembered the obstacles he had had to hurdle from his early youth in a world controlled by envy, futility and hatred. And that he should have wanted to go back to a clime and nature which, their genesis eons gone, created humanity out of fever and suffering and turmoil and damned them to a soulless psuedo-existence, now seemed utterly incomprehensible to him.

(*Translated by Eric Posselt and Michel Kraika*)

The Welcome Bar

Continued from page 70

not wine, not even a whiskey and soda, but beer. This went so big that presently seeing his glass empty the gobs ordered a round sent to his table. He drank their health and ordered a round for the room. When he left everyone stood up and cheered, and even second class seaman Adams who had been holding Simone to his lips for twenty-two minutes, neglected her to rise with the rest.

You may imagine that a rather intimate association of this sort would enhance the linguistic abilities of the ladies of the evening. Not at all. They still spoke as little English as the boys did French, a lack which rather added piquancy than otherwise. But under the feminine influence which pervaded the bar, assisted possibly by one of Ma's virile rum punches, strange confidences would be exchanged between those tables full of sailors and girls. There was Ed Gans the watertender, for instance.

Ed explained one night to his pals and their little playmates that he came from the Baltimore Industrial School. Came as quick as he could, too. Yes, and if you'd ever eaten a meal in the Baltimore Industrial School, you'd understand why. Three nights later he was overheard weeping on Cosette's shoulder while he told her about his dear old mother back in Schenectady. Taxed with this by a comrade the following day, he replied sagely that he didn't tell all he knew the first time he met a girl!

One favorite and never-ending topic of conversation in the Welcome was what one would do after leaving the Navy. Mac seemed to have the best slant on that. He had served thirteen hitches, saved his money, and was well fixed. After discharge he was going to take a trip round the world "in one of them-there liners like we saw in the harbor of Naples." The idea being that he should wear civilian clothes and wherever and whenever he saw a gob in uniform, thumb his nose at him.

An amazing place, the Welcome, but the most amazing part was the contrast between the upper and lower stories. The ground floor was the bar, favorite resort of the Fleet in the entire Mediterranean. Above it was a hotel, as proper as the bar was improper, as expensive as the bar was cheap. Ma saw to all that. Her clientele upstairs was composed entirely of English spinsters, widows, old maids, ancient females belonging to Britain's retired civil servant and army class. They seemed somehow to experience a vicarious thrill at living above such a joint as the Welcome Bar, and realizing this, the *patronne* charged them accordingly.

Yet they never complained. No matter what the price, no matter how great the hubbub or how late it continued, they seemed to enjoy their situation. Not much got by them, either, in fact they would often hang over the low iron grilles at their windows late into the night to watch the sailors departing with their little playmates to prolong the festivities of the evening in a more intimate manner than was possible inside the bar. Often they could catch bits of the conversation carried on below half in English, half in French. One night a sailor and a girl were engaged in a vigorous dispute on the quai directly before the hotel. Every window gradually opened as their voices rose.

"Yah . . . ten francs . . . deez . . . deez francs . . ."

"Ah, *mais*, *non*, *non*, no, Beelee, you geeve me *vingt francs*, huh?"

"I tell yuh ten . . . deez francs . . ."

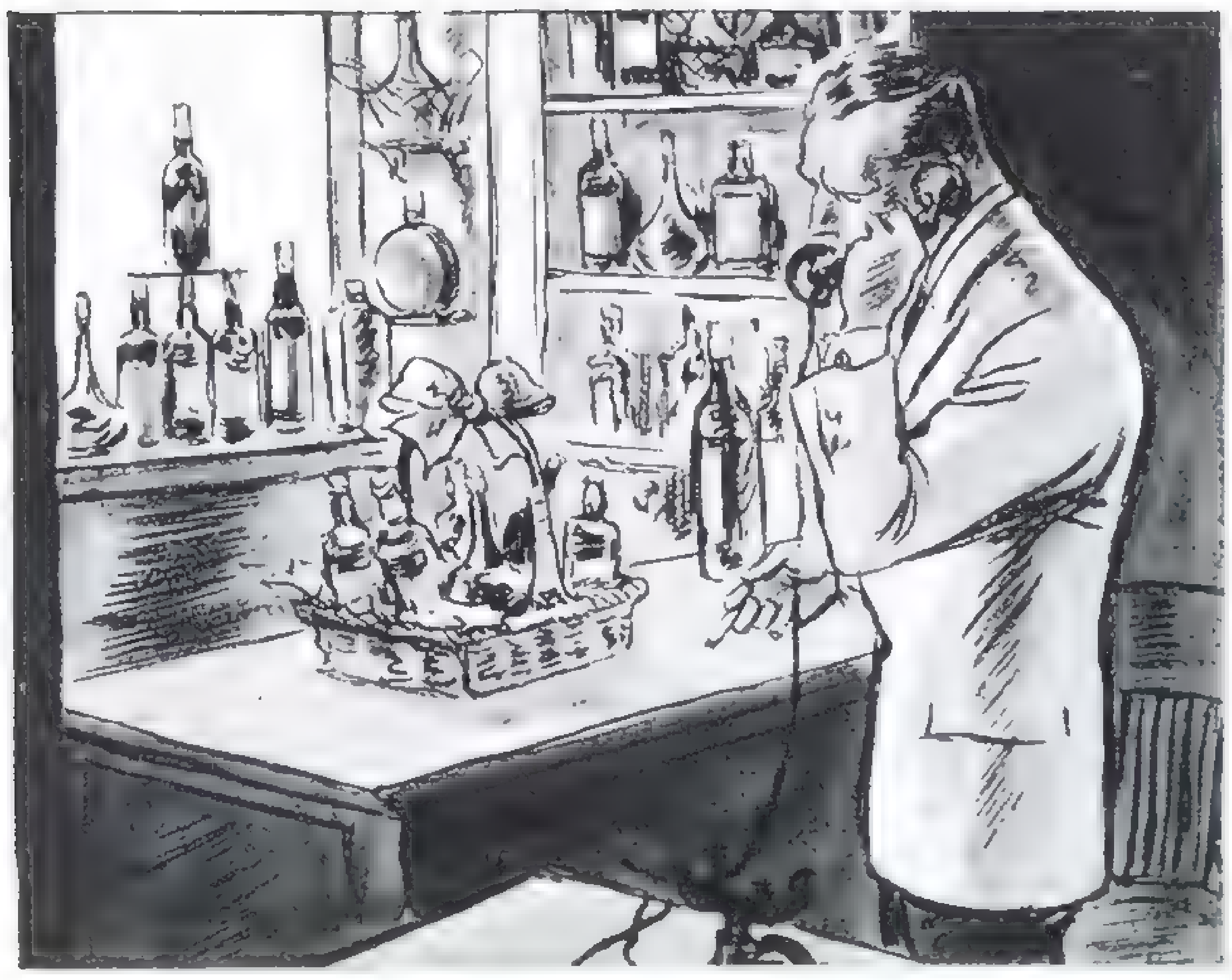
"Non, non, non, vingt . . . tventy francs."

"Aw, c'mon . . . I'll give yuh ten francs and you'll *like it* . . ."

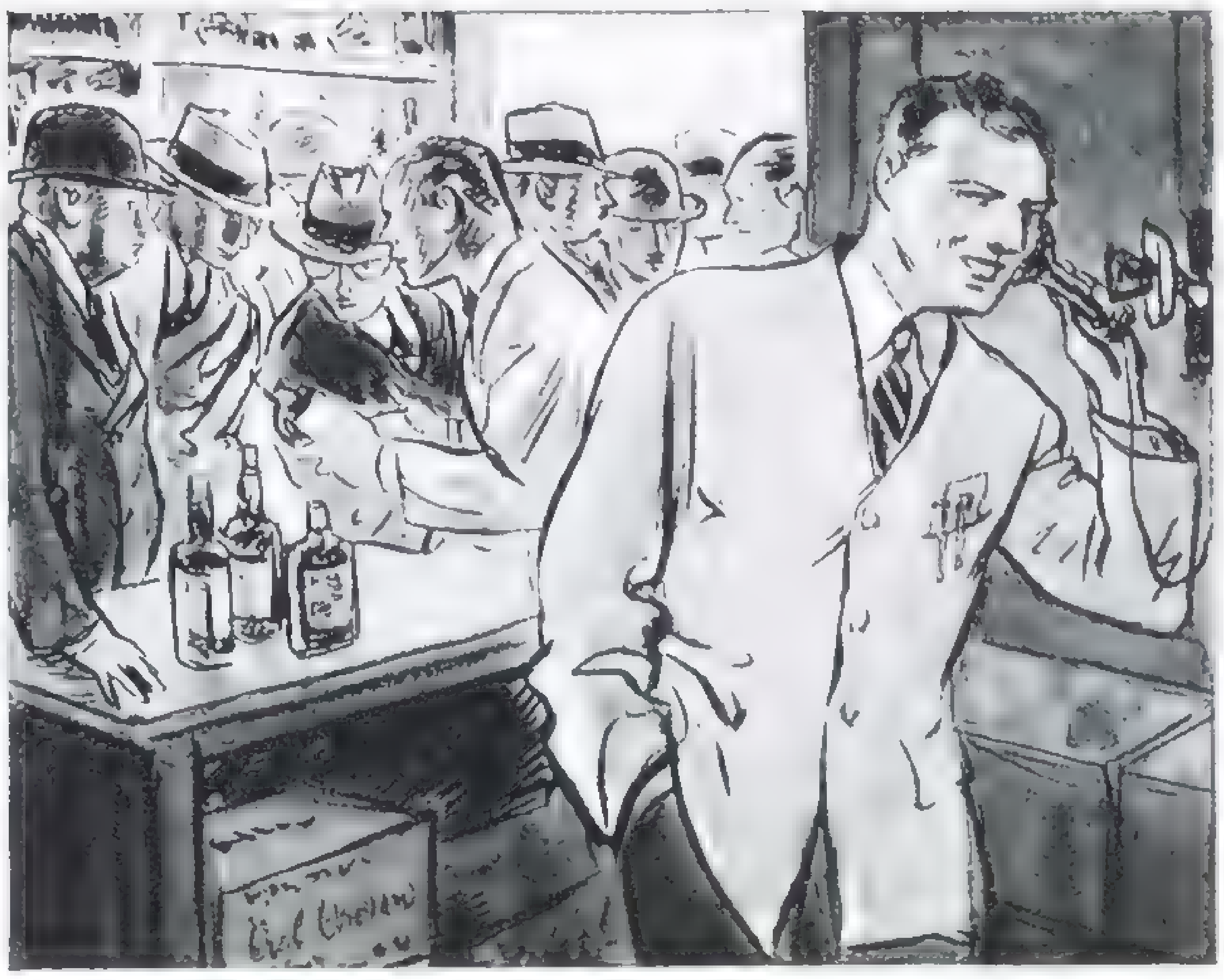
The genuine bears this seal

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

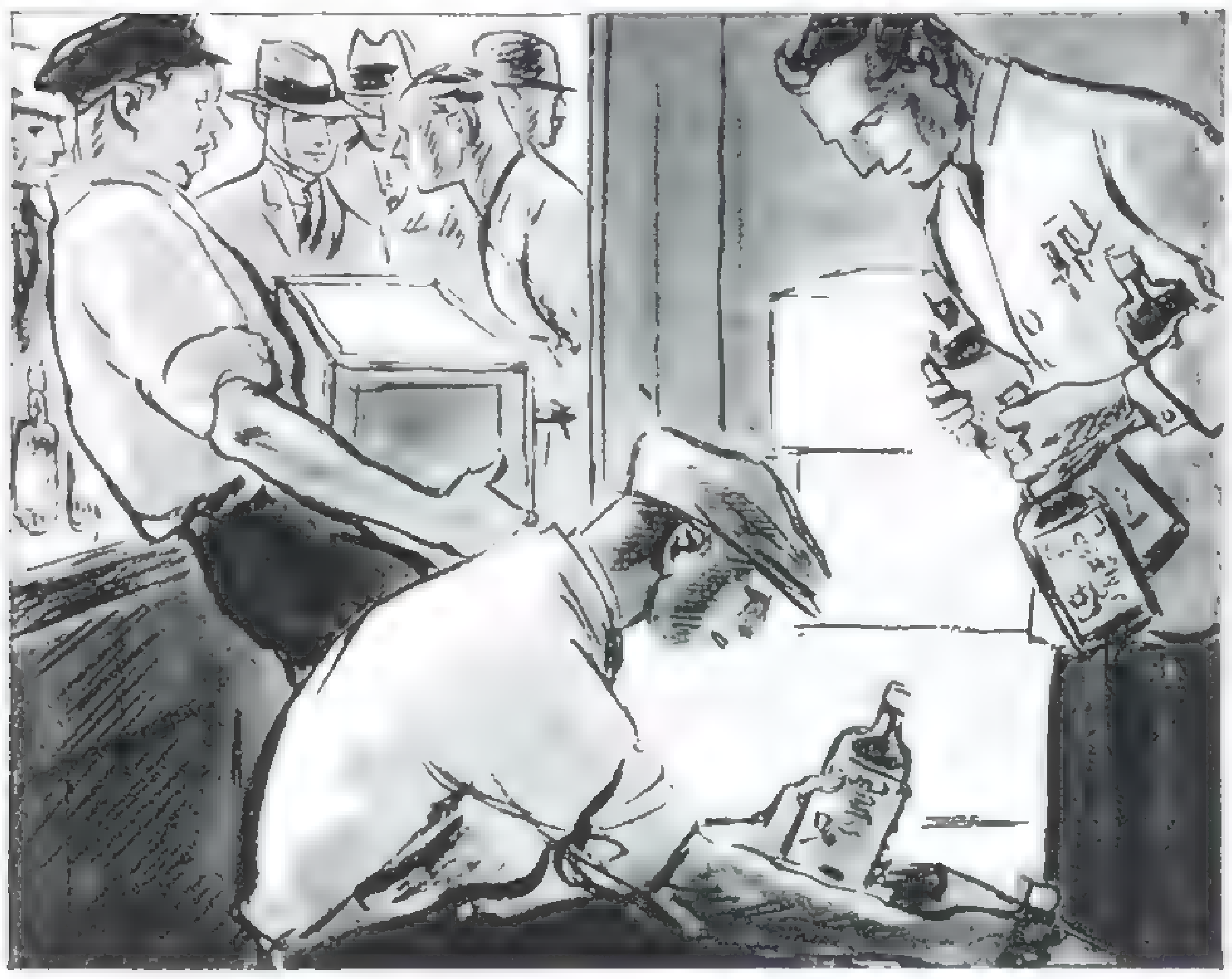
You can't fool the public about Whiskey



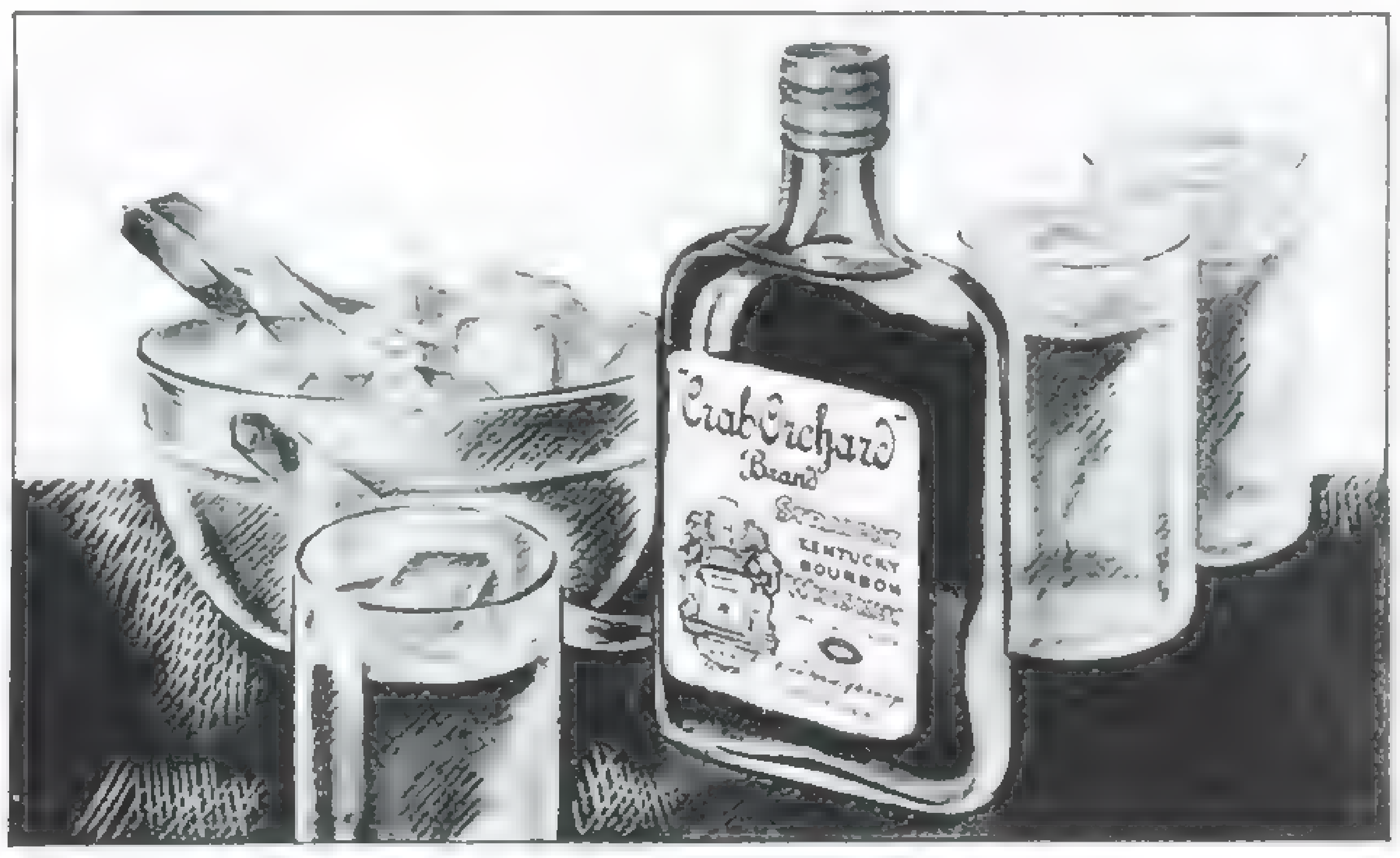
"Hello Bill, how are your whiskey sales? Mine are 'way off lately"



"Man, I'm doing a land-office business on Crab Orchard. Folks sure go for a reasonably priced *real* straight Kentucky whiskey like that!"



"Believe me, I'm through trying to kid the public with substitutes for Crab Orchard. I'm pushing Crab Orchard from now on."



People who know what's what are insisting on Crab Orchard. It is a *real* straight whiskey, distilled in old Kentucky and bottled right from the barrel. No artificial coloring. No artificial aging. Popular price.

Other straight whiskies
we recommend:

OLD McBRAYER
OLD GRAND DAD
OLD TAYLOR
OLD CROW
SUNNY BROOK
HILL AND HILL
MOUNT VERNON
OLD OVERHOLT
HERMITAGE

Crab Orchard

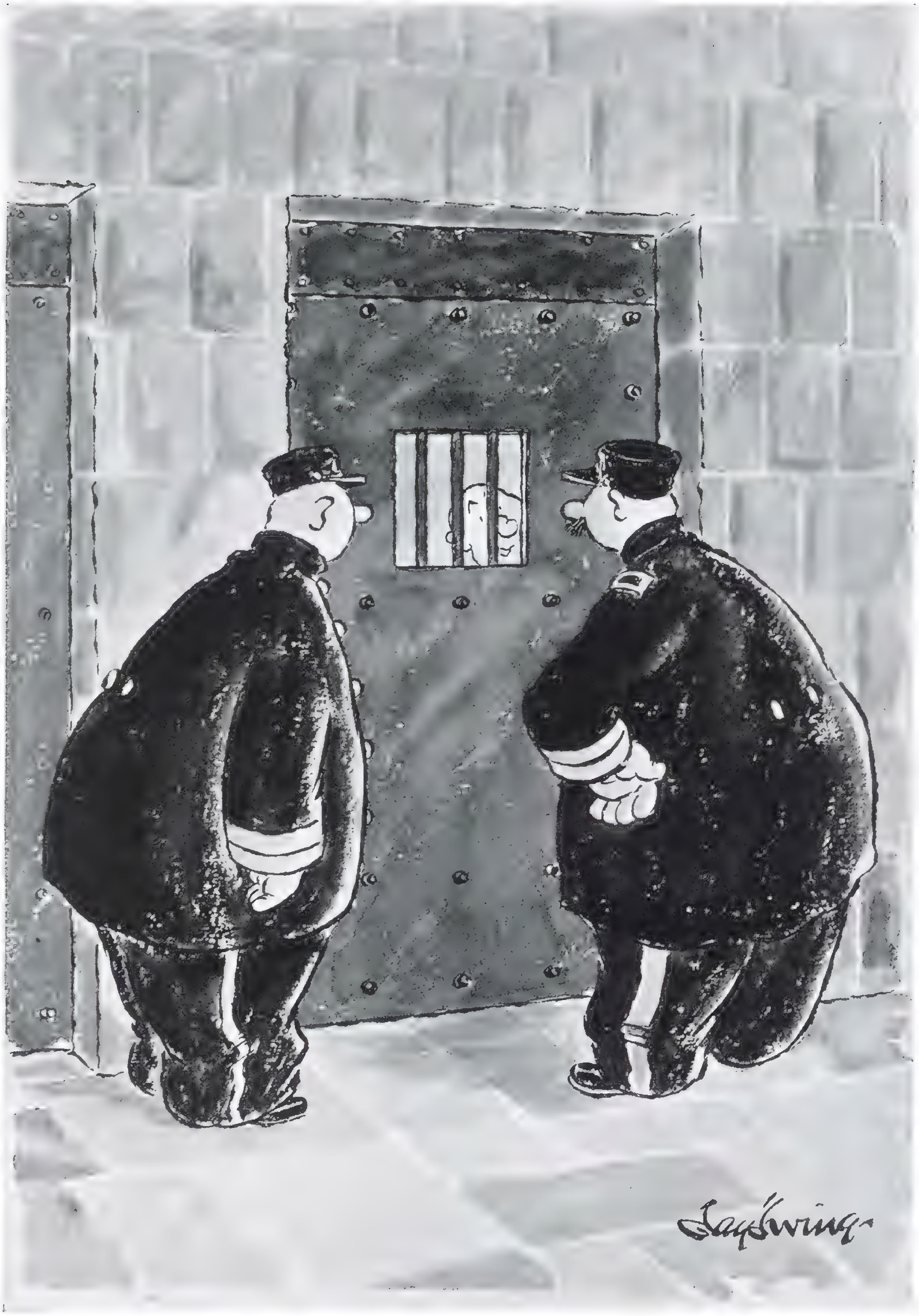
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

The American Medicinal Spirits Company, Inc.
Louisville, Ky. Chicago New York San Francisco

CRAB ORCHARD

KENTUCKY BOURBON—STRAIGHT AS A STRING

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.



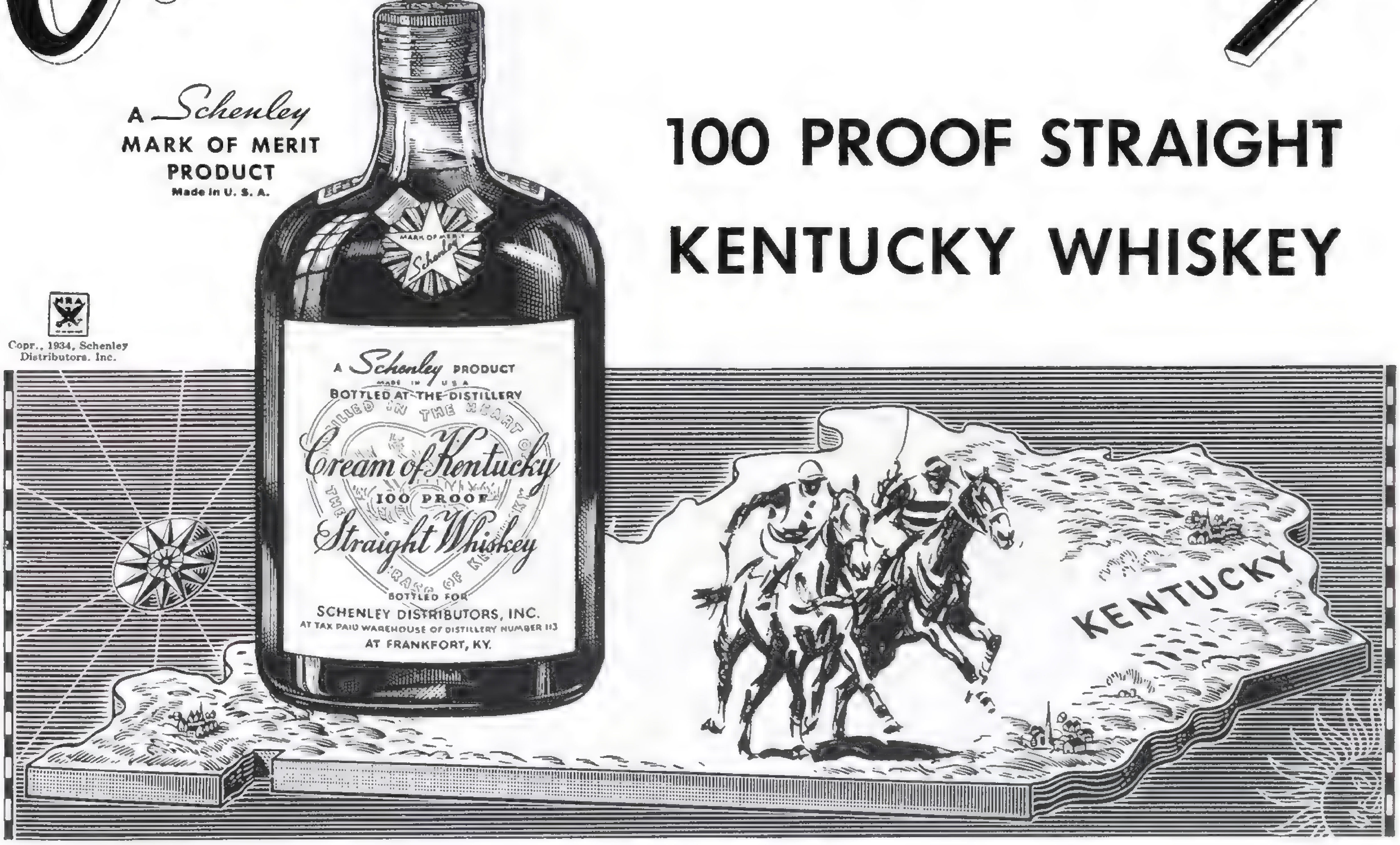
"Just a moment please, 'til I slip something on"

Schenley presents

Cream of Kentucky

A Schenley
**MARK OF MERIT
PRODUCT**
Made in U. S. A.

Copr., 1934, Schenley Distributors, Inc.


MARK OF MERIT
Schenley
A Schenley PRODUCT
MADE IN U.S.A.
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
BOTTLED IN THE HEART OF THE BLUEGRASS OF KENTUCKY
Cream of Kentucky
100 PROOF
Straight Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
AT TAX PAID WAREHOUSE OF DISTILLERY NUMBER 113
AT FRANKFORT, KY.
KENTUCKY

100 PROOF STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

—at the Price you've been hoping for

Good straight whiskey and low price have gotten together! From Kentucky—the home of thoroughbreds—comes *Cream of Kentucky*, distilled. barrelled and bottled in the heart of the Bluegrass region—straight from the wood—richly mellowed. and abundantly matured in fragrant charred oak casks. A 100 proof product from the country that knows how to make fine liquor—a 100% proof that you are going to get from *The House of Schenley* the quality you have been looking for—at a price you know is right!

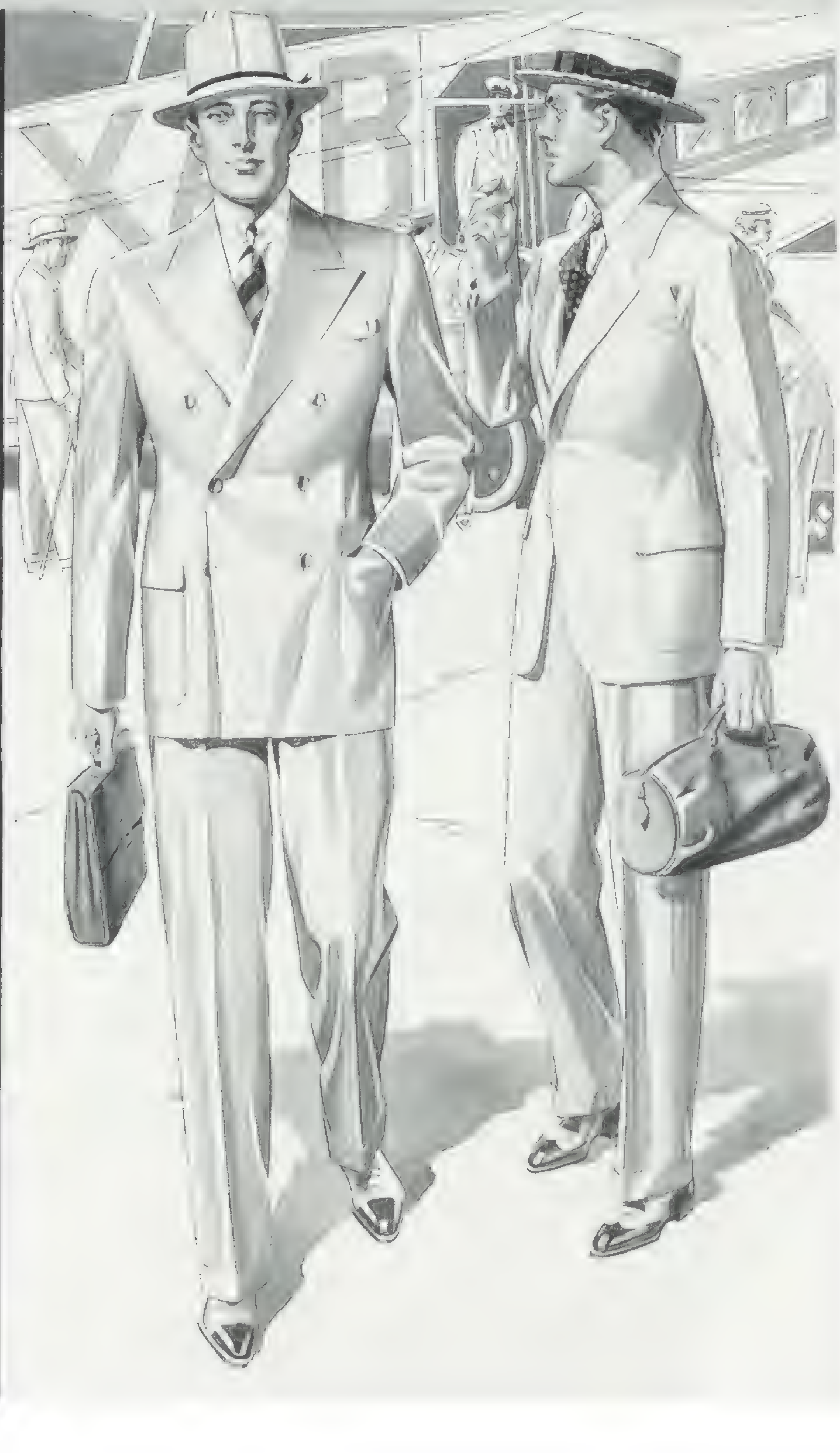
**A THOROUGHBRED WHISKEY
—YOURS INEXPENSIVELY**

*Other Schenley
Mark of Merit Whiskies*

GOLDEN WEDDING
GIBSON'S O.F.C. OLD STAGG
JAMES E. PEPPER
MONTICELLO MAYFLOWER

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

Genuine
LORRAINE SEERSUCKER
. . The "Air-minded" Summer Suit



SUITS of Lorraine Seersucker let the air in, keep the heat out... and behave altogether in a manner befitting a gentlemanly summer suit. Handsome enough to mix in any company, yet obtainable at fashion-wise stores everywhere for only $12.75... suggesting the purchase of several to provide a complete summer wardrobe. They can be laundered as easily as shirts, and kept constantly and economically fresh and crisp. Unconditionally guaranteed not to shrink or fade

HASPEL BROS · INC
NEW ORLEANS · LA

GENUINE
Lorraine
REG·U·S·PAT·OFF·
SEERSUCKER
HASPEL
TAILORED
•
NEW
ORLEANS

There are many seersuckers... but only one Genuine Lorraine... the original with a record of more than twenty years of satisfaction. This label identifies the Genuine Lorraine Seersucker suit. It is your assurance against imitation or inferior worth. Genuine Lorraine Seersucker fabrics for men's suits are tailored exclusively by Haspel Brothers.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 14A

YOU MISSED YOUR GUESS

So we have Boccaccio! I'll bet that John Grimball Wilkins read "The Decameron" as a small boy in bed nights when he should have been asleep. And if he owns a copy now, it is no doubt squeamishly hidden away behind "Little Women" in his bookcase.

If he doesn't claim to be a critic, "in such obscene filthy stories" why doesn't he keep his mouth shut?

How can J. Grimball Wilkins have the effrontery to admit that he has passed criticism on Langston Hughes story, "A Good Job Gone" before he has read it and expect anyone to believe that he is any different than what he has shown himself to be: A narrow-minded, bigoted prude?

I'll miss my guess if you don't receive enough print for a couple of extra pages for "The Sound and the Fury" in the June issue on J. E. W. alone; and would suggest to Howard Baer that here is a perfect study from "Enemies of Man" number 3!

Sincerely,
New York City D. Roland Mapes

LITTLE DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

I

Kindly refrain from sending me your magazine, Esquire. Although one of your original subscribers, I feel I have no place for your publication in my office or waiting room when such articles as The Love Match appears, which in my opinion is trash. I refer particularly to the caricature of an osteopathic physician which is obnoxious to the point of becoming meretricious. I am sure this ridicule will be of interest to the American Osteopathic Association.

Yours very truly,
Somerville, New Jersey E. A. Sailer, D. O.

II

For five dollars my name would be on your subscription list automatically. However, convalescing from tuberculosis and have been the past 4½ years, I've been doing other than earn an income. Hence this appeal!

Saw the cancellations of two of your subscribers due to objections to your intentions in considering the publishing of Langston Hughes' "A Good Job Gone." If I never saw another issue of "Esquire" it would be my pleasure to at least live to see the publication with determination enough to cater to good judgment of the masses that support them.

Should Mr. Owen R. King of Dallas, Texas and Mr. Leonard F. Allen of Phil., Penn. have actually meant they wish to cancel their subscriptions, per "The Sound and the Fury" page 12 of February issue, why not consider forwarding the balance of either subscription to someone that appreciates the good or at least accepts the better, of which there is good and bad in everything.

Respectfully,
a Convalescent—
Wisconsin State Sanatorium
Statesan, Wisconsin Raymond H. Carnfell

III

Beginning with June, Dr. Sailer's copies to Mr. Carnfell at the Wisconsin State Sanatorium.

THE HEIGHT OF SOMETHING . . .

I could say (and truthfully) that among magazines Esquire stands out as singular, as the possessor of the best artistic contributions, as one unafraid to offend prudery, and as the most waltwhitmanly—but I won't.

What I really set out to compliment you on is the pleasant *smell* of your magazine. In reading Esquire one feasts with the eyes (and the mind) as well as with the olfactory sense.

Let cynics smile audibly at this my praise for a quality so irrelevant and inconsequential to the purpose and nature of a magazine, but that is precisely why I bestow it: Esquire does not need the pleasant smell—yet has it.

And—when and if other publications attain to the grise of Esquire in general respects, they will still have to contend with the smell problem, although, for the sake of literature, I hope that such an odorous revolution shall not take place—some of the magazines would smell so much like a gaudy prostitute!

Yours very truly,
New Orleans, La. Pompilio Romero N.

Continued on page 166

Sip a MYERS' Rum Highball

Smooth and mellow, no highball brings such satisfaction as one made with Myers' Planters' Punch brand fine old Jamaica Rum. Famous throughout the world. Every drop aged eight years or more. At your favorite bar—or mix it yourself.

MYERS' RUM HIGHBALL—
3 lumps of ice, 1 ounce of Myers' Planters' Punch brand Jamaica Rum, dash of lemon or lime . . . . Fill up with ginger ale.

Try some of the 38 other soul-satisfying recipes in our FREE RECIPE BOOK. Cocktails, punches, highballs, etc. Write for it to

FRED L. MYERS & SON
Founded 1879
444 Madison Ave., New York or direct to Sugar Wharf, Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies

MYERS' Jamaica Rum

FOR GENTLEMEN
who are never satisfied
with anything less than the finest....

$1.00 *a pair*

3 PAIRS
for $2.75

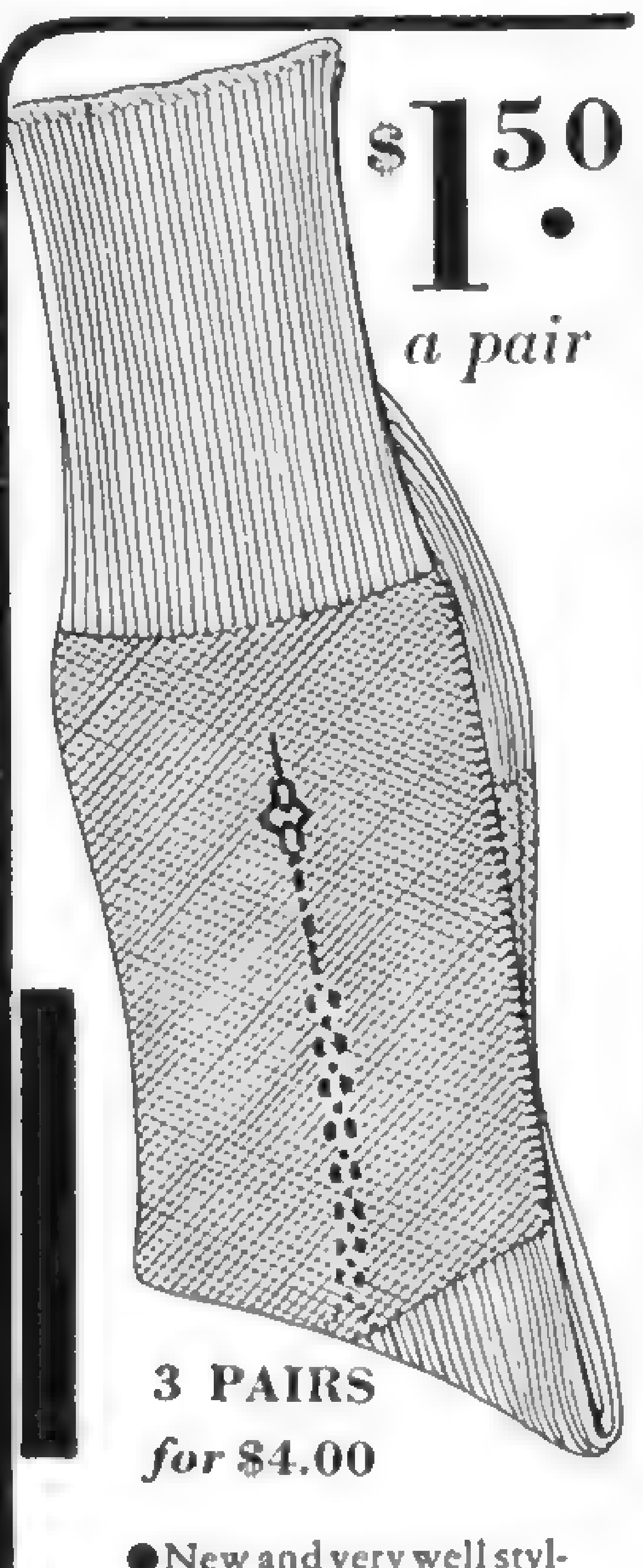
● All silk hose. Full Fashioned. Silk top. Lisle foot for longer wear. All fashionable colors.

● The quest for finer hose has led thousands of discriminating men to the better stores to ask for ESQUIRE full fashioned hosiery. ESQUIRE hose is made of pure silk, form fitting, making it very comfortable to wear. The construction is fourteen strands, made of pure dye silk, with a silk top and a lisle foot. All the finer qualities you want in a perfectly styled hose.

ESQUIRE HOSE

NICKELS & LAUBER Inc.
Makers
Philadelphia, Pa.

$1.50 *a pair*



3 PAIRS
for $4.00

● New and very well styled are the Esquire Hand Clocked Hose. Full fashioned. Silk top. Pure dye. Lisle foot. Variety of designs. All colors.

AT THE BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

BURGUNDIES

From the private cellars of the celebrated French house of **Barton & Guestier** come wines which have delighted the tastes of connoisseurs for over 200 years. To those in search of fine Burgundies we recommend B & G Red and White Still Wines and Royal Purple Sparkling Burgundy.

A *Schenley* MARK OF MERIT PRESENTATION

B & G

Barton & Guestier
Bordeaux, France

These advertisements are not intended to offer these products for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

PADDY IS IRELAND'S Irish

..and has been for 150 years

In the land o' shamrocks, PADDY is the favorite. Not a drop bottled till it's reached its 10th birthday — which accounts for its mellow flavor. . . .

If you know "Irish" you know **PADDY**; *if you don't know "Irish" learn from* **PADDY**.

AGED 10 YEARS

PADDY'S Irish

THE CORK DISTILLERIES CO., LTD. CORK, IRELAND

Sole Distributors in U. S. A. AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO. (Incorporated) Brooklyn—New York

An Austin, Nichols Importation (Incorporated)
PADDY
CORK DISTILLERIES CO. LTD.

MEN! wear White Shoes

No trouble at all now to keep them clean and white as new in a minute or two with

SHUCLEAN

MAKES ALL WHITE SHOES WHITE

OIL PASTE

BLACK • BROWN • RUSSET • OX BLOOD

And here's the biggest easiest opening can of quality polish on the market—Whittemore's Oil Paste — you'll be glad of the extra generous quantity in each can.

Whittemore's SHOE POLISHES
25¢
Whittemore's
SHUCLEAN
Cleans and keeps all kinds of White Shoes WHITE
Will Not Rub Off
OIL PASTE

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 165

HOLMES COULDN'T BE WRONG?

It seems to me that it must be obvious that those of us who read your magazine must do so because we enjoy it and that it is hardly necessary to tell you that we do. But I also realize that it is human nature to enjoy a few words of praise, and so I will say that I do enjoy Esquire very much. Some day, if I feel that I have some constructive (but never destructive) criticism to offer, I shall perhaps do so.

My chief purpose in writing at this time is to answer or at least remark upon a point in "A Note on Mr. Sherlock Holmes," by Vincent Starrett (May, pp. 96 & 98), an article which I found both interesting and stimulating. Mr. Starrett points out the error in *The Red Circle*, where Holmes and Watson, apparently decipher a message in Italian correctly, in spite of the fact that they make a very serious error in their method which should have sent them wide of the mark. But he does not point out the obvious fact that the mistake must have been Watson's.

We must realize, I think, that Dr. Watson was confused about the details at this part of his explanation. That Holmes himself in the final analysis did *not* make this mistake I think is amply proven by the fact that he deciphered the message correctly. But Watson never did understand! And in writing about it he made all the details fit what he thought were the known facts. We must remember too that in at least one place, Dr. Watson admits that Mr. Holmes reproved him for paying too much attention to the story as a whole and not placing the requisite emphasis upon the details of the analysis. However trustworthy a chronicler and raconteur Dr. Watson may have been I feel certain that here we have definite proof of some details inaccurately recorded.

There can be no question that Holmes himself discovered the error afterward and since it has never been corrected I am sure that mention will be made of it, probably to illustrate some important point, in *The Whole Art of Detection.* Why that book has not yet appeared is I believe also evident. It will not be published until after the death of the "immortal" Holmes. After all Holmes did love to have the last word. And even upon his death he intends to have the last word—by allowing his *magnum opus* to be published only then.

Sincerely,

Chicago, Ill. Henry D. Ephron

SAY THAT AGAIN, SLOWLY

Your magazine is without doubt a great success and is the finest I have ever read in every respect. There is only one criticism I have to make. That is of your full page, colored cartoons. They are really too fine to throw away with the advertisements. I suggest that you mount them on the same page, on reverse sides of course, so that they may be bound into book form. Make this correction and you will have another life subscriber.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania W. Channing Sapp

MORE CHEERS FOR HUGHES

I have just finished reading "The Folks at Home" by Langston Hughes. It is one of the most hauntingly beautiful things I have ever read. I feel sure I shall never forget it. Whoever Langston is, he knows people and beauty and feeling. And he knows music; not just the name of music, but the heart of what it does to one in loneliness.

I hope that you will print Mr. Hughes whenever he sends anything in. And I hope all the people in the world who think Negroes should be strung on telephone posts have fifty cents in their pockets to buy Esquire and read "The Folks at Home."

I am from England. And I think along with all that is fine in America (and there is much) the Negro is part of it. He is the laughter of it, and the gentle sweetness of it, like lovely long untidy grass in summer. His philosophy is always tender and never weighed with rents and taxes but of streams and pussywillow and things here with Adam.

I shall remember Mr. Hughes' Roy Williams a long time.

Sincerely,

Snider, N. Y. Doris M. Stead

A FAREWELL TO A. D.

However, a copy of your April number has just come to my notice, and my attention was called to the first article therein—"a. d. in Africa," by Ernest Hemingway, which I consider so pernicious in its possible influence, that I am urged to write you the following comment.

Your author states "According to Dr. Anderson the difficulty about a. d. is to diagnose it"—and while such statement may apply to the "carriers" of the infection, our modern methods of investigation are fairly certain to reveal the disease, when such is present and the examination is made by one who really knows how.

It is also very important that such conditions should be "diagnosed," for a carrier with heavy infection is certainly a danger to those who come in contact with him.

Further along, your author states that "Anyway, no matter how you get it, it is very easily cured"—which is by no means true.

In fact, some of our leading investigators of this disease have declared that "once infected, always infected"—and while this may not be 100% so, it is true to a greater extent than those unfamiliar with the condition seem to appreciate.

As to the "emetine" which "kills the amoeba the way quinine kills the malarial parasite"—this, also, is only sometimes true.

However, were emetine so infallible as your author indicates, you may be sure there would not be the half-dozen or so additional remedies, each of them with some virtue, produced by the different pharmaceutical manufacturers in the onslaught against the entamoeba histolytica—the pathogenic amoeba, responsible for this disease.

Very sincerely yours,

Chicago, Ill. Charles E. M. Fischer, M.D.

JUST PART OF THE SERVICE

When I subscribed to Esquire you published an excerpt from my postal card. The results of this publicity so far have been a half-dozen letters, one of which was from an old friend in Chicago who enclosed two-bits he had been owing me for over a year. Do you want your commission for collection of this debt, or is that a part of your service to readers?

Yours very truly,

U. S. Air Corps James E. Crittenden
Langley Field, Virginia

KINDERGARTEN FOR JOHN GROTH

The first time I bought your mag I did so because it looked out of the ordinary and because it cost fifty cents. Had it cost a quarter I'd never have bought it. Since then I've made a dash for my favorite stand, grabbed a copy and hunted a soft, cozy corner, one near a gin fizz and the smell of spearmint leaves.

I've been reading your Sound and Fury column and I must say that the contributors are certainly a group of honest-to-gawd men. I can't remember reading a real man's magazine before that gave such an unlimited taste selection. However, there are some things that might be corrected, for better or worse.

Someone suggested cutting space by making smaller drawing panels. Why for? Pictures will sell anything, and a man likes a good sized outfit. Your full page pictures look man-size. Keep them that way. I might suggest that along with pictures you portray various scenes at times, according to the season, of sports or vacation places. Why say, have any of you fellows ever seen *our* Mojave Desert in the Springtime? Maybe you say you haven't, but all of the Arabian Desert pictures of Lost Patrols and Foreign Legion stories are taken at Bakersfield's back yard. And why not give California a break? Imagine God's own country going to seed by letting a lot of Eastern stuff slip in. I suggest a cosmopolitan lot of stories, articles, etc., dealing with *all* the U. S.

Your what-to-wear pictorials are okay, but don't forget that most of that stuff goes okay for the East, but California sets the sports Spring styles in hand with Florida.

I also agree that the price of fifty cents is *not* too much to ask. Lower your price and the mag loses its flavor. I for one pay the fifty cents because this mag has a drug-like influence over my pocket-book. Kindly make this a real man's magazine, continue your good work at selecting good authors and forget that women ever look at magazines. The fact that you give a new author a break is consoling also. There are plenty of good unheard-ofs so why not give them a chance?

Emil Ludwig, Konrad Bercovici, Georges Surdez, and Joseph Schrank are all doing good work along with the rest, but I'll be damned if I can see anything in John Groth's pictures. I've been to Mexico myself, but I can't make heads or tails out of that scribbling. You should see some of the nice things California children put out in kindergarten!

So keep up your high standard, but think of the man in the West. Best wishes for years of continued good luck.

Sincerely yours,

Bakersfield, Calif. Roderick J. McVeigh

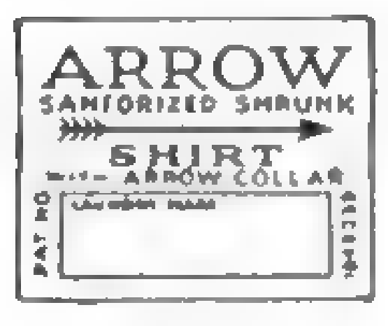
P.S.—Speed up those presses just a bit and congratulate your advertising manager for the best ads in the States!

What! No underwear?

The true test of any underwear is this—it should be so downright comfortable that it feels like no underwear at all.

Arrow passes this test with flying colors!

Arrow Shorts, for instance, are cut full without being baggy. We haven't skimped a single inch in the cutting. That's why they won't climb or twist. That's why they won't try to bind with a death-like grip. And because we have removed the seam from the crotch and placed it out of the way you'll never be chafed and plagued again.



They're Sanforized-Shrunk, too—they keep their perfect fit always.

Arrow Undershirts are a perfect running mate to Arrow Shorts. For they mould to your figure. They "give" with every little movement of your body. And no laundry in the world can ever take that resiliency from them—can ever give them a baggy night-shirt look.

Made of special soft, super-spun cotton, Arrow Undershirts are delightfully cool in summer.

Your Arrow dealer is featuring Arrow Underwear. Try it.

©CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.

Shown above are Arrow Stride shorts in a white oxford . . . Crew, a broadcloth that comes in blue, tan and green. The Undershirts are Arrow Sprinter, a novelty French rib; and Crew in a Swiss rib.

NRA

ARROW UNDERWEAR *perfect fit guaranteed*

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARROW SHIRTS

Compare the price of 7-year old John Jameson with that of any whiskey anywhere near its high quality
JOHN JAMESON & SON
JJ&S
DUBLIN WHISKEY
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL ITS SEVEN YEARS OLD
RFH

Not a drop is sold till it's seven years old !

The *youngest drop* of John Jameson is full seven years old. The *youngest drop* has been aged in the wood at least seven years before bottling.

And John Jameson is pure pot still whiskey—straight and unblended—made by the traditional method, just as it has been for a hundred and fifty years. This method costs *us* more but doesn't cost *you* more. In fact, at present prices, this whiskey is an extraordinarily good buy. Be sure, however, you get the RIGHT Jameson—JOHN Jameson.

JOHN JAMESON
Pure Old Pot Still
IRISH WHISKEY
JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET, DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND
Established A.D. 1780
BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING
IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO. N.Y.

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

Blood and Steel

Continued from page 125

esthetic was used, and the jagged flesh and hair was cut away with scissors. As the doctor put in the steel clamps, the muscles on the boy's back played and quivered as if he were being lashed with a whip, and he gripped the frame of the chair until it seemed his knuckle bones must come through his white skin. This was the "pretty sport."

Preparations were under way for the next duel. The leather coats and bandages were laid down on the floor and the blood wiped off with rags. As the still damp coats were put over the next contestants' shoulders, they shivered at the clammy touch. The routine was the same as in the previous duel, this, too, being an honor duel. The second pair of fencers were far superior to the first, and the swords clashed at an increased tempo. One of the boys was not even scratched at the end of the 240 slashes, and his opponent not badly marked. For the moment I thought I was going to be the most seriously wounded of anybody during the fight, for in one of the exchanges a flashing sword tip, some eight inches long and sharp as a razor, broke off and hurtled through the air, narrowly missing my leg. This incident caused me to abandon my ringside seat and retire to a respectful distance.

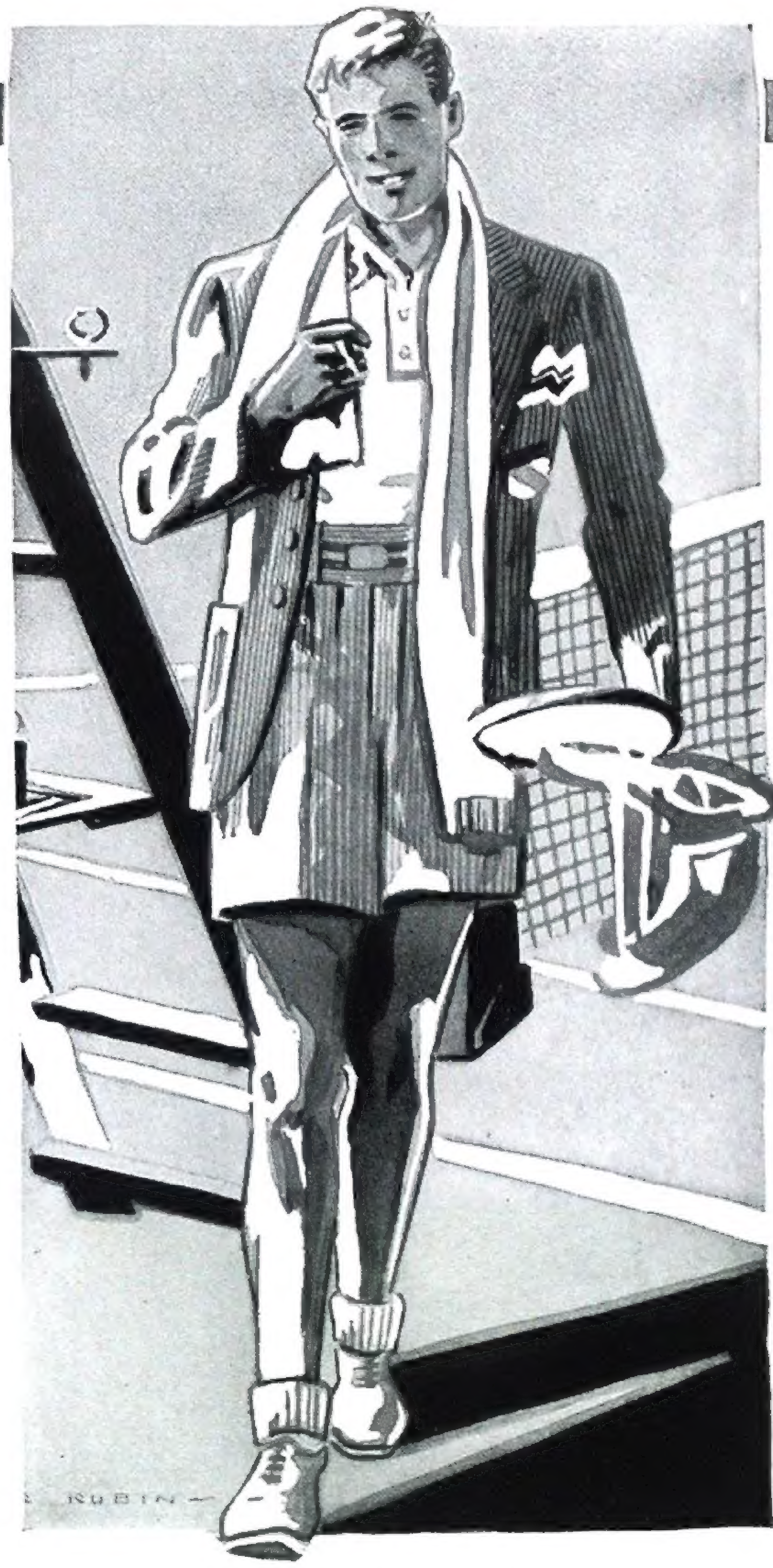
The third duel was a repetition of the first, one of the boys fainting in his chair, and being carried, a bloody caricature of a man, to the doctor's corner. There is no use in describing the sickening sight once again, and the only outstanding feature of the encounter was that one of the "Testanten" kept insistently objecting that the opposing second was getting in the way of the sword play. The judges sensible answer to most of the protests were, "Mag sein" (It may be). The central figures are so crowded together that small details of position are difficult to see. After one particular violent outburst from the "Testant," the judge asked for a vote of the spectators, and a show of hands absolved the second of over-interference. This was the last of the honor duels, and I was curious to see the difference between the ordinary duels and one where honor was involved. I inquired from my patient friend, as the "wreckage" of one of the duels walked unsteadily by, his head padded with cotton, and strings of gut hanging from sewed up gashes in his face, just what were the type of insults which resulted in an affair of honor. I expected an answer tinged with romance, something about a woman's virtue, certainly something relating to a woman. No, the honor involved in the duels we had just seen, it seemed, was not that of a person, but of a fraternity. When one fraternity insulted another, the three officers of each club met in an affair of honor duel, which had slightly different rules than the conventional "Schlagereien" we were shortly to witness. When I pinned him down as to what the insult to the fraternity had been, my companion admitted he wasn't sure, but he thought that the rival fraternity had written a careless letter to his fraternity. My romantic expectations were punctured. I felt sure as I glanced at the same bandaged head again, that if I were an officer in one of the clubs, they would have to try a whole lot harder to insult me than to write a careless letter.

While the students were dressing for the "Schlagereien," it was explained to me that these were the duels required of each member of the dueling fraternities. In most of these fraternities each member had to fight six or more Mensurs in four semesters, but it appeared hardly necessary to have a limit, as most members fought from eight to ten times. But at least six duels in the four semesters had to be "Genugend" (satisfactory), this being the only decision at the end of the duel; there is no winner or loser. After three unsatisfactory duels in a row a member was excluded from the fraternity. The number of duels fought determine the rank in the fraternity; one is a "Fuchs" (fox), corresponding to our freshmen, until one has had two satisfactory duels. Then one becomes a "Bursche" (fellow), corresponding to our upper class man. The sequence of colors on the fraternity cap and on the band across the chest indicates whether a member is a "Fuchs" or a "Bursche."

But the preparation for the next bout was finished, and the two fencers stood ready. I turned my attention from the theory to the practice and noted that the stance now used differed from that of the previous duels. The fighters stood directly facing each other, feet apart, with both feet on a line. The right arm and chest were now completely protected, and the only exposed surfaces were the face, with the exception of the heavily be-goggled eyes, and the head. The right arm was held extended, the hand being on a higher plane than the head. This meant that the striking was even more a wrist action than in the other type of dueling, and it appeared to me that less vicious slashes could be made. But as the fencing started, the blood seemed to flow just as freely. The boy who had fainted in the first duel was now acting as one of the "Testanten," paler, but just as vociferous as his predecessor. His opponent was still standing around naked to the waist, caked blood on his chest and back. The room was chilly, so much so that I sought a place near the huge stove in one corner, but the half naked boy was seemingly oblivious to the cold as he was to the pain of his bandaged head.

The clash of steel on steel grew monotonous. Then suddenly the judges ordered the duel to stop. One of the fencers had flinched at a blow, jerked his head back a fraction of an inch. "Unsatisfactory" (Ungenugend), was the judge's decision, and both fighters were stripped of their pads. Mensur justice is swift. None of the spectators seemed perturbed over the incident; it was all in the order of the day. There seemed, as a matter of fact, no emotion displayed by anyone over anything. The spectators were silent during the duels, only whispering occasionally among themselves. The fencers neither spoke to each other before or after the duels. I rather expected that after you had carved a fellow alive, you would at least go over and shake his hand. But emotion and sentiment play no part in this game. It is a test of cold steel and courage, not an entertainment; the idea is to take your medicine like a man.

There were five more duels to come, but I had had enough of "blood and iron" for one morning, and I stiffly thanked my companion, bowing and clicking my heels. I shut the door of the "Grosser Saal" behind me with a sigh of relief. The duels had lasted four hours, and when I sat down to a tardy breakfast, I shivered as the sharp steel of my knife bit into a roll.



CROMPTON Corduroy

Tennis..and CORDUROY

TENNIS enthusiasts will enthuse over this eminently practical and smart turn-out for the courts. We call it the Davis Cup Ensemble. It aspires to the number one post in your warm-weather sports wardrobe.

It is developed in Crompton Softing Corduroy—a fabric which is currently receiving cheers from the best-dressed sportsmen around these parts. The jacket is a comfortable box model worked out in bright pastel Corduroys such as Hunting Yellow, Skipper Blue, Indian Tan and other spry shades.

The Corduroy shorts show high-rise waist and pleated front in the English tradition.

It's a grand turn-out for beach and resort wear, too!

Do you like it? Ask your retailer about it. And be sure to mention Crompton Corduroy if you want the right colors. Or, if you wish, write to us and we'll see that you're taken care of!

CROMPTON—RICHMOND COMPANY—INC.
1071 SIXTH AVENUE AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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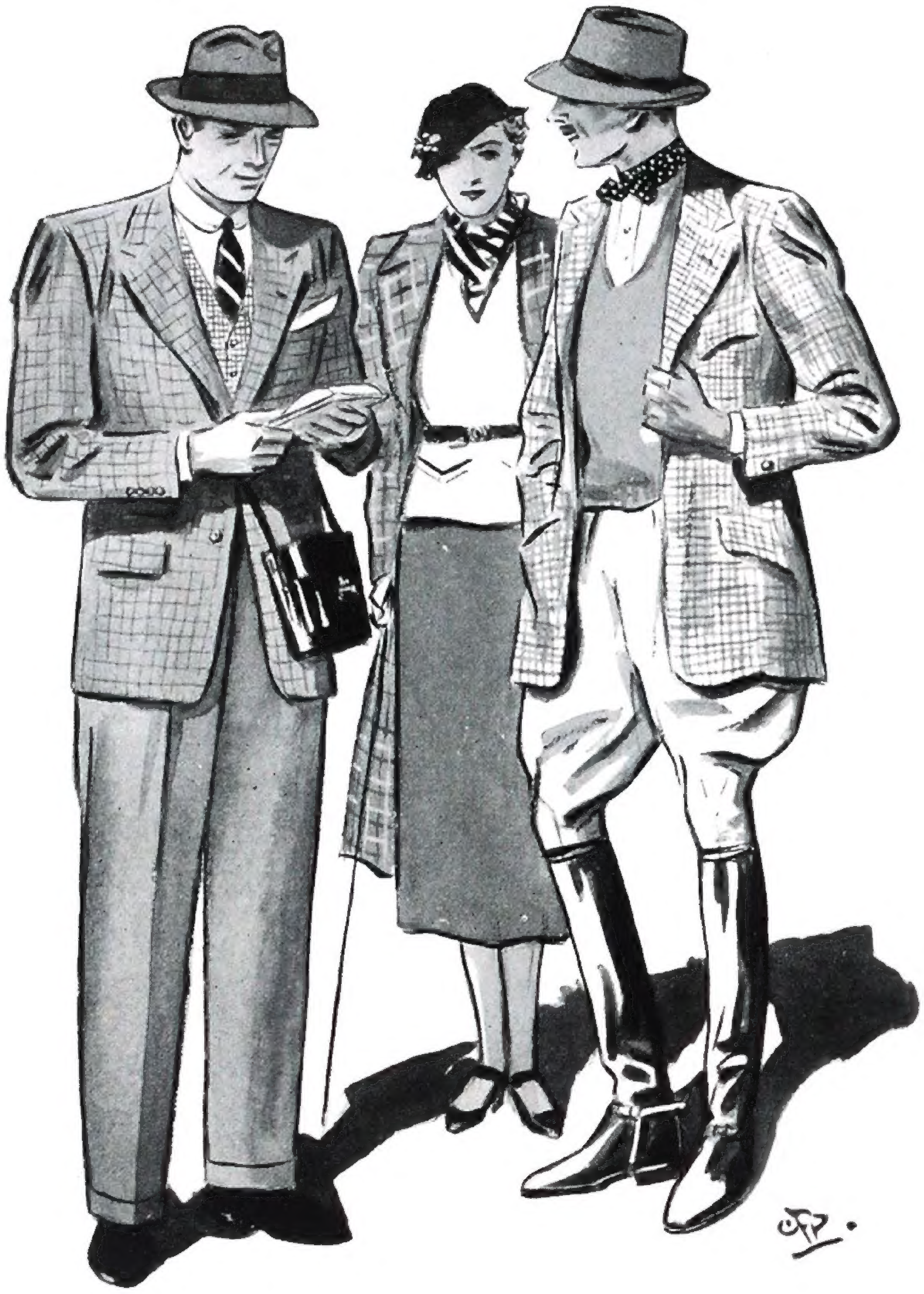
CROMPTON CORDUROYS



Rogers Peet interprets
Fashion for men!

The Rogers Peet label says: "Style Authority". The Rogers Peet label says: "no finer fabrics, no finer tailoring—and a modern style smartness that matches traditional quality and value". The Rogers Peet label is your guarantee of the fullest measure of lasting satisfaction.

Write for free copy of our new Fashion Book—"What to Wear and When to Wear It".

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

NEW YORK: Fifth Avenue at 41st Street; also Broadway at Liberty, Warren, 13th, and 35th Streets
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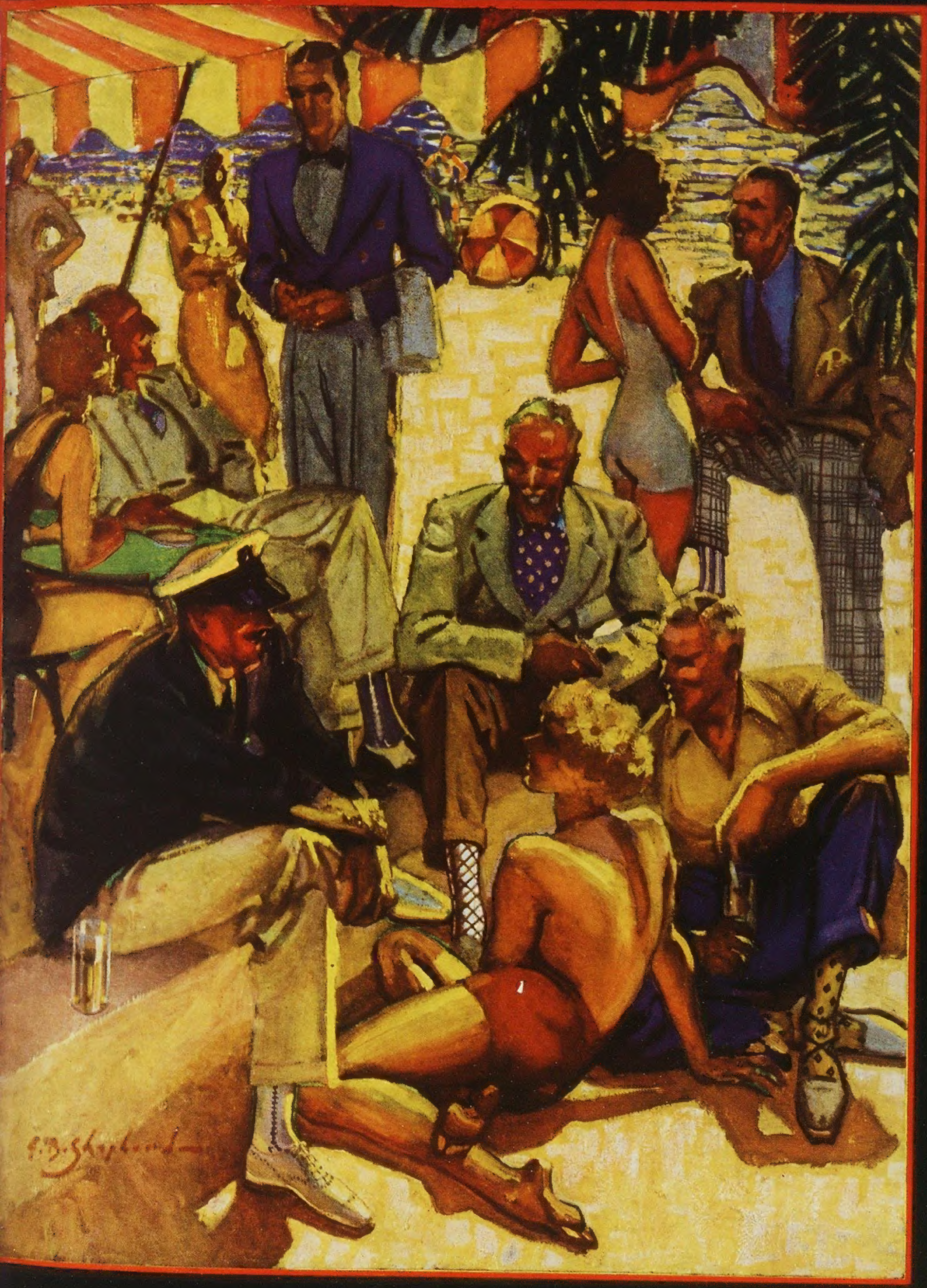
Rogers Peet Clothing is featured in Princeton and New Haven by Douglas MacDaid, Inc., also by principal stores in the larger cities throughout the United States.



The Quality Socks for
Summer and Sportswear
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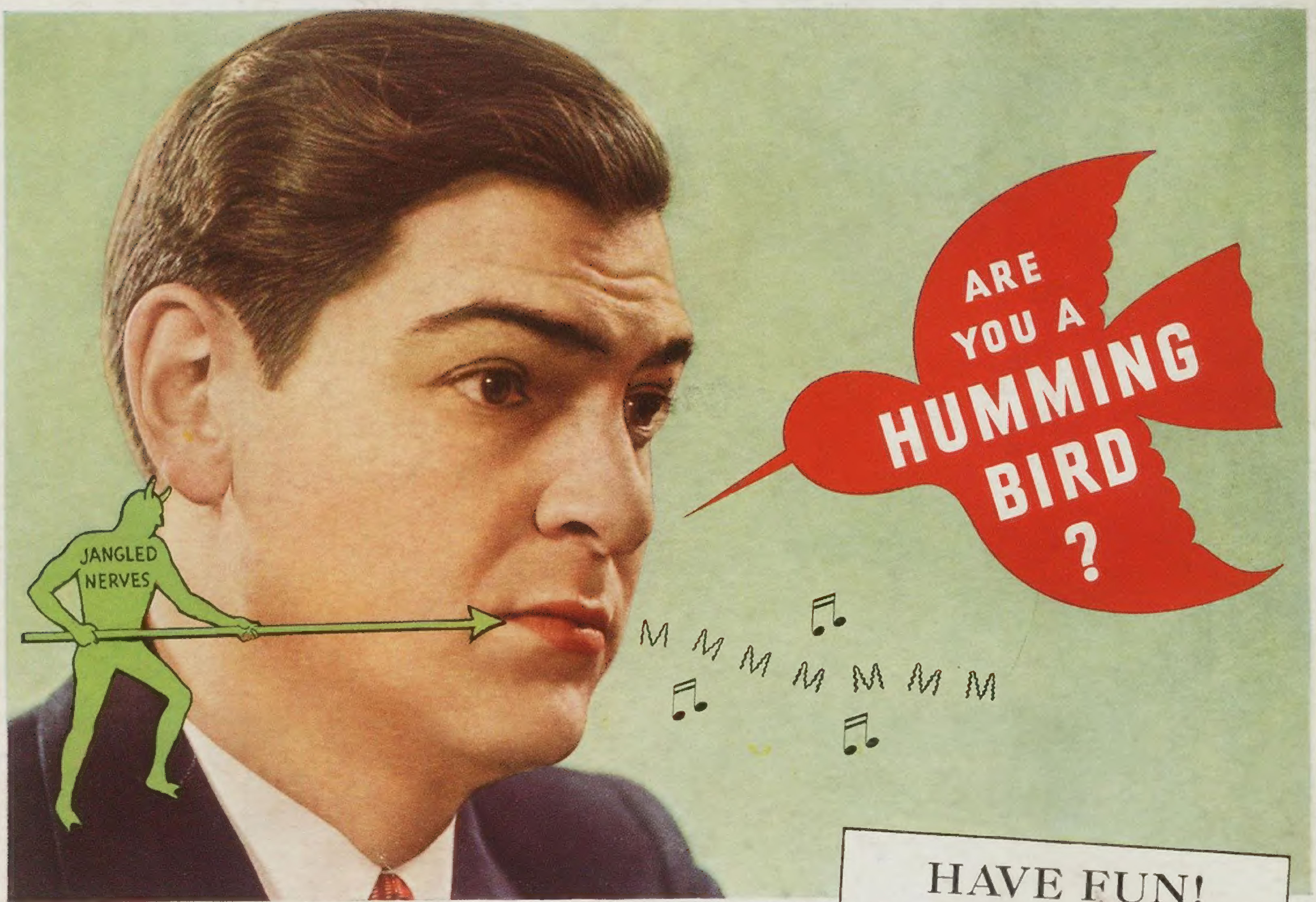
ARE YOU A HUMMING BIRD ?
JANGLED NERVES
M M M M M M M M

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

It's irritating and it means . . . jangled nerves

Yes, it's irritating to listen to that constant, tuneless humming—and more than that, the humming is a sign of jangled nerves.

If you notice any of those telltale nervous habits in yourself—if you whistle through your teeth—juggle your keys—drum on the table—then it's time to start taking care of yourself.

Get enough sleep—fresh air—recreation—and watch your smoking . . . Remember, you can smoke as many Camels as you want. Their costlier tobaccos never jangle your nerves.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand of cigarettes!

HAVE FUN!

Send for FREE *Game Book*

New—illustrated book of 20 ways to test nerves . . . Fascinating! Amazing! "Show up" your friends. See if *you* have healthy nerves. Send fronts from 2 packages of Camels with order-blank below. Free book is sent postpaid.

KNOW YOUR NERVES
20 NEW NERVE TESTS — FASCINATING! EDUCATIONAL! See if you can do them
CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

CLIP HERE . . . MAIL NOW

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Dept. 88-B, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I enclose fronts from 2 packs of Camels. Send me book of nerve tests postpaid.

Name..
(Print Name)

Street..

City.................................*State*..............

Offer expires December 31, 1934

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

CAMELS

SMOKE AS MANY AS YOU WANT
. . . THEY NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES